

Benjamin

1423169

Maids of honor

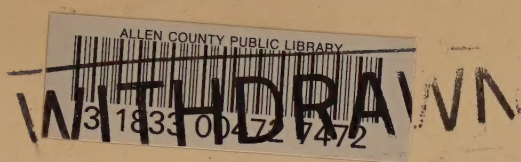
ANNEX

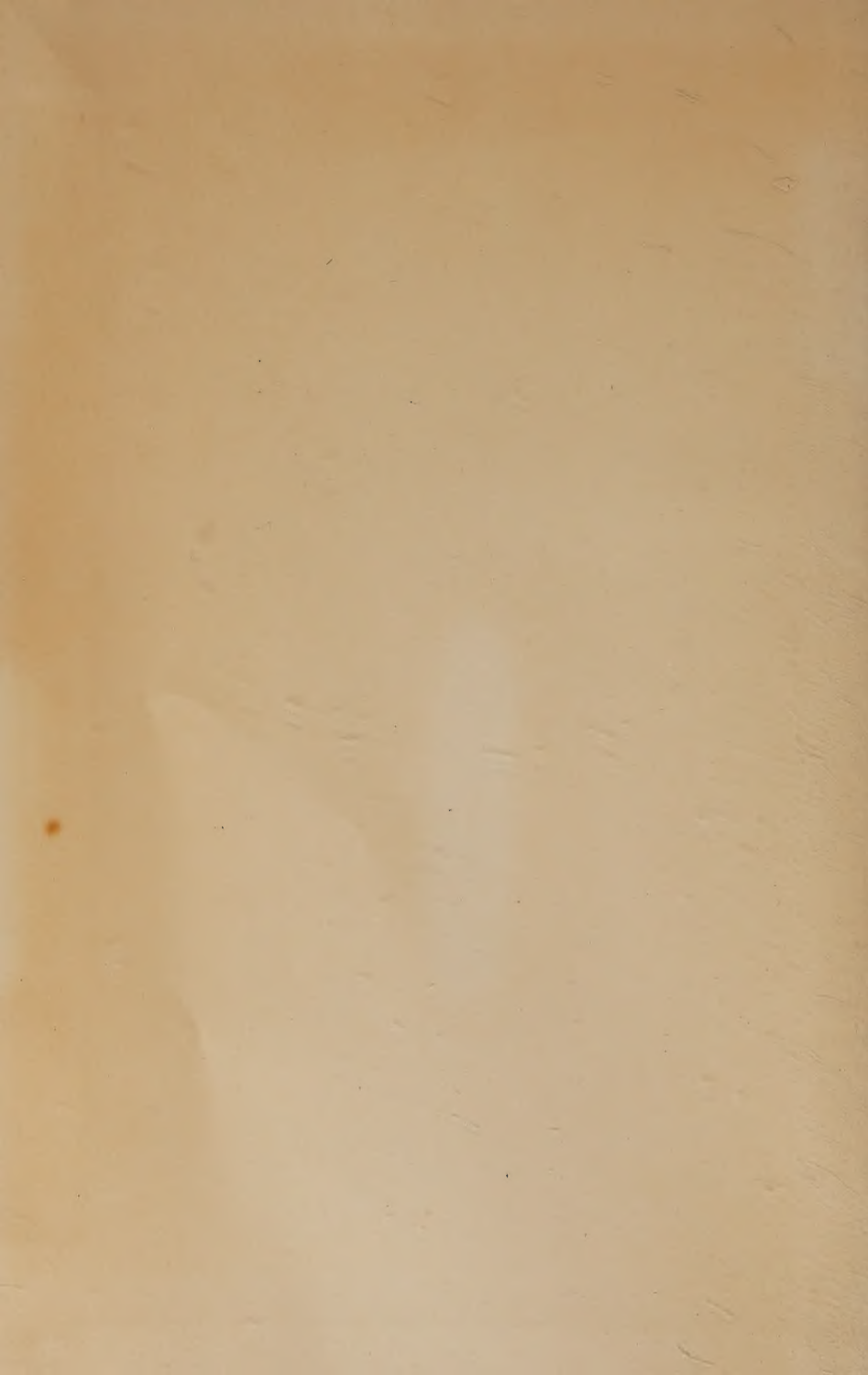
DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS FROM POCKET

PUBLIC LIBRARY

FORT WAYNE AND ALLEN COUNTY, IND.

STO





MAIDS OF HONOUR

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
THE THACKERAY COUNTRY
SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY
VICTORIAN NOVELISTS
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM BECKFORD
OF FONTHILL
THE LIFE OF JOHN GAY
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM COBBETT
THE WINDHAM PAPERS. With an Introduction by
the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.
THE WELLESLEY PAPERS
THE BERRY PAPERS
THE LIFE OF PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: HER LIFE
AND LETTERS
LADY SUFFOLK AND HER CIRCLE
THE FIRST GEORGE
"FARMER GEORGE"
"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE"
AN INJURED QUEEN: CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK
BEAU BRUMMELL: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS
THE BEAUX OF THE REGENCY
NELL GWYN: THE STORY OF HER LIFE
SOME ECCENTRICS AND A WOMAN
REGENCY LADIES

THE LONDON SCENE
BATH UNDER BEAU NASH
BRIGHTON: ITS FOLLIES, ITS FASHIONS, AND ITS
HISTORY
ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS



AUBREY HAMMOND



Frontispiece

By Aubrey Hammond

MAIDS OF HONOUR

MAIDS OF HONOUR

by
LEWIS MELVILLE

WITH COLOURED FRONTISPIECE
BY AUBREY HAMMOND

AND SIXTEEN HALF-TONE ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW  YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

1927

Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

1423169

TO
THOMAS DAVID MELDRUM BURNSIDE,
OF HENLEY HOUSE, WELLS,
SOMERSET

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. CAROLINE OF ANSPACH (1683-1737)	
(I) PRINCESS OF WALES	11
II. CAROLINE OF ANSPACH (1683-1737)	
(II) QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND	36
III. THE HON. MRS. HOWARD, <i>née</i> HENRIETTA HOBART; afterwards COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK (1681-1767). I .	61
IV. THE HON. MRS. HOWARD, <i>née</i> HENRIETTA HOBART; afterwards COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK (1681-1767). II	81
V. CHARLOTTE CLAYTON, <i>née</i> DYVE; afterwards LADY SUNDON (<i>d.</i> 1742)	116
VI. MARY CLAVERING; afterwards COUNTESS COWPER (1685-1723)	142
VII. MARY PIERREPONT; afterwards LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (1689-1762)	157
VIII. MARY LEPELL; afterwards LADY HERVEY OF ICKWORTH (1700-1768)	176
IX. (I) THE HON. MARY BELLENDEN; afterwards MRS. JOHN CAMPBELL (<i>d.</i> 1736)	199
(II) MARY FARRINGTON; afterwards MRS. JOHN SELWYN	205
(III) MARGARET MEADOWS	206
(IV) SOPHIA HOWE (<i>d.</i> 1726)	208
X. (I) HENRIETTA LOUISA JEFFREYS; afterwards COUNTESS OF POMFRET (<i>d.</i> 1761)	212
(II) FRANCES THYNNE; afterwards COUNTESS OF HERT- FORD, and later DUCHESS OF SOMERSET (<i>d.</i> 1754) .	222

CHAPTER	PAGE
XI. LADY CATHERINE HYDE; afterwards DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY (<i>d.</i> 1777)	226
XII. (I) THE HON. ANNE VANE (1705-1736)	246
(II) FRANCES ANNE HAWES; afterwards VISCOUNTESS VANE (1713-1788)	254
XIII. AUGUSTA OF SAXE - GOTHA, CONSORT OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES (1719-1772)	267
XIV. HANNAH LIGHTFOOT (<i>b.</i> 1730)	284

ILLUSTRATIONS

MAIDS OF HONOUR. (By Aubrey Hammond)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CAROLINE, CONSORT OF GEORGE II. (After Kneller)	Facing page 12
HENRIETTA HOWARD, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK. (After Charles Jervas)	62
JOHN GAY. (After Kneller)	78
CHARLOTTE, VISCOUNTESS SUNDON	116
MARY, COUNTESS COWPER. (After Kneller)	143
THE REJECTED POET: LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU AND ALEXANDER POPE. (After W. P. Frith, R.A.)	158
ALEXANDER POPE. (After Kneller)	160
HORACE WALPOLE, FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD. (After Hone)	172
MARY LEPELL, LADY HERVEY. (From a Miniature formerly at Strawberry Hill)	176
LORD HERVEY OF ICKWORTH. (After Vanloo)	189
HENRIETTA LOUISA, COUNTESS OF POMFRET. (After Caroline Watson)	212
CATHERINE, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY. (After Mary Granville).	226
THE HON. ANNE VANE. (After John Vanderbank)	246
AUGUSTA, CONSORT OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES. (After Vanloo)	268
FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES. (After B. Dandridge)	272
HANNAH LIGHTFOOT. (Ascribed to Sir Joshua Reynolds).	284

MAIDS OF HONOUR

CHAPTER I

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH (1683-1737)

I. PRINCESS OF WALES

CAROLINE, as she was always called, though she was baptized Wilhelmina Caroline, who was born in 1683, was the daughter of John Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, and his consort, Eleanora Erdmuthe Louisa, daughter of John George, Duke of Saxe-Eisenach. Her father died when she was four years old, and his widow married, in 1792, the Elector John George IV of Saxony. She was left an orphan four years later. She was then taken charge of by her guardian's wife, the Electress Sophia Charlotte, the consort of the Elector Frederick III of Brandenburg (who in 1701 was crowned King of Prussia under the style of Frederick I). Sophia Charlotte took a strong liking to the girl, and so did the old Electress Sophia. They encouraged her to cultivate her very considerable intellectual gifts, which had already been developed by no less a person than Leibnitz. The trouble about the young members of royal families then, as now, is the question, not so much of matrimony, but of whom to marry. One of the names put forward for Caroline when she was about fifteen was that of the Archduke Charles

(subsequently Emperor Charles VI), but this meant conversion to the Church of Rome. A priest was appointed to instruct her in the faith, but the girl—who perhaps was not in love with the proposed alliance—was controversial and disinclined to accept the Jesuit's arguments : it has been put on record by the Electress Sophia that Caroline used to burst into tears after heated discussion with the priest. In the end, Leibnitz drafted for her a letter to the Elector Palatine in which she broke off negotiations. The Electress Sophia (and also it is believed Leibnitz) had always favoured an alliance with her grandson, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, who, if not in love with her, at least was attracted. The scheme prospered, and the marriage took place on September 2, 1705, when the bride was two-and-twenty and the bridegroom the same age.

The next nine years were spent peacefully in Hanover, and that probably was the happiest period of Caroline's life. Caroline to a considerable extent took the place in the affections of the Electress Sophia that had been given to her daughter, Sophia Charlotte. They had many tastes in common, and enjoyed being together at Herrenhausen. The Electress often spoke of the happiness of the marriage, and in these first years of matrimony husband and wife were more than content. The eldest son, Frederick, was born in 1707, and between then and 1713 she gave birth to three daughters. Later, in England, she bore her consort five more children, two of whom died in infancy.

One of the main topics of conversation at Herrenhausen was, of course, the succession to the British throne. The Electress Sophia at her age could scarcely hope to live long enough—as a matter of fact Anne survived her only by a few weeks ; but she was anxious



CAROLINE, CONSORT OF GEORGE II
(*After Kneller*)

there should not be any hitch that should prevent her son, George Lewis, Elector of Hanover, from succeeding Queen Anne. The possible rift in the lute was the strong Jacobite element at the Court of St. James's, and also, it was believed, rightly or wrongly, Anne's personal predilection for the Pretender.

Whatever the Queen's feelings, there is no doubt that she was beyond all question jealous of her successors. Though she had not abandoned hope of having another child, still, on her accession she permitted, though reluctantly, the inclusion of the name of the Electress Sophia in the Prayer for the Royal Family in the Book of Common Prayer, and sent the Earl of Stamford to Hanover with an early impression of the new edition. Also about the same time she wrote to the Elector.

"A St. James, ce 16 Avril, 1702.

" Mon Cousin,

" La douleur que vous faites paroître dans votre lettre du 19^e Mars, pour la Mort du feu Roy Mon Frère, est très juste, et les Sentimens que vous y temoignés avoir pour moy, me sont fort agréables. Je suis très aise que le public soit si bien satisfait des declarations que j'ay faites, et j'auray soin ques les effets y repondent. Je ne manquerez pas d'avoir une amitié et une consideration toute particulière pour votre famille, au bien de laquelle je me trouve interessée par tant de liens, et comme ses Interestes sont tous unis et concentrés dans votre personne, cela ne peut qu'augmenter l'estime et la bienveillance que vous trouverés toujours en celle qui est avec beaucoup de verité,

" Mon Cousin,

" Votre bien affectionnée Cousine,

" Anne R."

William III and Mary had more than once suggested that the Electress Sophia should take up her residence in England, and the proposal greatly appealed to her, for she declared she would dearly love to see England and it was a fond wish of hers that her body should be laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. However, during the lifetime of her husband, the Elector Ernest Augustus, she could not bring herself to leave him, and after his death in 1698 she thought it her duty to remain with her children.

In 1705, Dr. Thomas Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury, strongly urged her to come to England—to which suggestion she replied :

“ MY LORD,

“ I received your Grace’s letter : You have no reason to make any excuse that you have not writ to me more often. For I do not judge of people’s friendship for me, by the good words they give me, but I depend upon your integrity, and what you tell me in general of the honest men of England. I desire no further assurance of their goodwill and affection to me, unless they think it necessary for the good of the Protestant religion, the public liberties of Europe, and the people of England. I thank God, I am in good health, and live in quiet and with content here, therefore I have no reason to desire to change my way of living, on the account of any personal satisfaction, that I can propose to myself. However, I am ready and willing to comply with whatever can be desired of me, by my friends, in case that the Parliament think, that it is for the good of the Kingdom, to invite me into England.

“ But I suppose they will do this in such a manner,

as will make my coming agreeable to the Queen, whom I shall ever honour, and endeavour to deserve her favour, of which she hath given me many public demonstrations, by what she hath done for me in England and Scotland, which you can judge of more particularly. And I most remember that she ordered me to be prayed for in the churches.

“ I doubt not, but her Majesty is as much inclined at present to establish the safety of the three Kingdoms upon such a foot, that they may be exposed to the least hazard, that is possible ; and that she will begin with England.

“ Mr. Howe has acquainted me with her Majesty’s good inclinations for my family ; which makes me think that, perhaps, her Majesty sees this is a proper time for her to express herself in our favour. But whether I am right in this point or not, my friends in England can best judge.

“ It is but reasonable, that I should submit myself to their opinions and advice, which will ever have the greatest weight with me.

“ Therefore I write the more plainly to you, and tell you my thoughts, that you may communicate them to all you think fit. For they will then see that I have great zeal for the good of England, and a most sincere respect for the Queen.

“ This is the best proof that I can give, at present, of my esteem for your Grace. But I shall be glad of further opportunities to assure you, that I am, and shall ever be most sincerely

“ My Lord,

“ *Votre très affectionnée à vous servir,*

“ SOPHIE ELECTRICE.”

The daughter of Elizabeth, Princess of Great Britain, Sophia always regarded herself as an Englishwoman. "The Electress is entirely English in her person, in her behaviour, in her humour, and all her inclinations," John Toland wrote in 1705 in *An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover*, and to be English was a sure passport to her favour, even before the Act of Succession, whereas even afterwards she made no distinction at the Court in her reception of Whig or Tory. "There it is enough that you are an Englishman, nor can you ever discover by your treatment which are better liked, the Whigs or the Tories." Toland is again the authority. "There are the instructions given to all servants, and they take care to execute them with the utmost exactness. I was the first who had the honour of kneeling and kissing her hand on account of the Act of Succession, and she said among other discourse, that she was afraid the nation had already repented their choice of an old woman, but that she hoped none of her posterity would give her England any reasons to grow weary of their dominion."

In 1705, Lord Halifax, Joseph Addison, and Sir John Vanbrugh went to Hanover to present copies of the Bill of Naturalisation for the Electoral family and the Regency Act, and to invest with the Garter the Electoral Prince, who shortly afterwards was created Duke of Cambridge.

Anne was determined that no member of the House of Hanover should come to England during her lifetime. So well known was this feeling, that Lord Chancellor Harcourt, in 1714, delayed to issue the writ of summons to attend the Queen in Parliament to the Electoral Prince, to which, as Duke of Cambridge, he was entitled. The Electress Sophia was nervous, and wrote to Baron George von Schütz, then in London: "*Je vous prie de dire à Monsieur le Chancelier Mylord Harcourt qu'on est fort*

étonné ici qu'on n'a pas envoyé un writ à mon petit-fils le prince électoral pour pouvoir entrer au parlement comme duc de Cambridge, comme cela est dû par la patente que la reine lui a donnée. Comme il a toujours été de mes amis aussi bien que mon cousin, je crois qu'il ne trouvera pas mauvais que vous lui demandiez de la raison."

There was a great hubbub in London. Harcourt told Schütz that the writ was prepared, but that it was not customary for peers to demand their writ except when on the spot. The Cabinet decided that it could not be refused, in spite of the fact that the Queen did not wish it to be issued. The writ was handed to Schütz, who was at the same time told not to present himself at Court.

The bad temper aroused in London spread to Hanover. The Elector George Lewis declined to receive Schütz on his return, and reprimanded him for taking any action in the matter—he being the agent of the Elector and not of the Electress Sophia. It was generally felt that, the writ having been issued, the Electoral Prince should have been sent to England; but this the Elector refused to allow. The decision was unquestionably wise, for there were those who believed that had the Electoral Prince taken his seat, an invitation to the Pretender to come to London would have followed; but it is doubtful if it was wisdom alone that inspired the decision, for already George Lewis was jealous of his heir. As the Electoral Prince wanted to go to London, this matter may have been the original of the quarrels between father and son that presently arose.

When these discussions were repeated to Anne she at once wrote to the Elector :

“As the rumour increases that my cousin, the Electoral Prince, has resolved to come over to settle in my lifetime, in my dominions, I do not choose to delay a

moment to write to you about this, and to communicate to you my sentiments upon a subject of this importance.

“ I then freely own to you that I cannot imagine that a Prince who possesses the knowledge and penetration of your Electoral Highness, can ever contribute to such an attempt ; and that I believe you are too just to allow any infringement shall be made on my sovereignty which you would not choose should be made on your own. I am firmly persuaded that you would not suffer the smallest diminution of your authority ; I am no less delicate in that respect ; and I am determined to oppose a project so contrary to my royal authority, however fatal the consequences may be.

“ Your Electoral Highness is too just to refuse to bear me witness that I gave, on all occasions, proofs of my desire that your family should succeed to my Crown ; which I always recommend to my people, as the most solid support of their religion and their laws. I employ all my attentions, that nothing should efface these impressions from the hearts of my subjects ; but it is not possible to derogate from the dignity and prerogatives of the Prince who wears the crown, without making a dangerous breach on the rights of the successors ; therefore, I doubt not, but with your usual wisdom, you will prevent the taking such a step ; and that you will give me an opportunity of renewing to you assurances of the most sincere friendship with which

“ I am, etc.,

“ ANNE R.”

To this letter George made reply, after a delay caused by his mother's death.

“ HANOVER,

“ *June 15th, 1714.*

“ MADAM,

“ I received the letter with which your Majesty honoured me, of the 30th of the last month, the contents of which both surprised and gave me uneasiness. I had flattered myself I had given your Majesty the most convincing proofs of my respect for your royal person, and of my gratitude for your kindness. Your Majesty cannot be ignorant, that I always relied with the utmost confidence upon the wisdom of the Government, without taking the smallest concern in factions (far from being capable of encouraging them), and that I always wished your authority and your royal prerogatives might be maintained in all their lustre ; no one after your Majesty having more interest therein than I and my family.

“ It is so essential to me to cultivate the honour of your good graces, that it is natural to imagine the presence of one of the princes of my family in your kingdoms, could never have any other desire than to confirm a good understanding between the two Courts, and to render to your Majesty all possible service. If your Majesty will be so good as to take the trouble of looking to the memorial which I ordered to be delivered to Mr. Harley, you will see there with what sincerity I desire to concert with your Majesty whatever may be further necessary to confirm the succession established by the laws. I entreat your Majesty to pay to it the attention which such important interests deserve, and to be persuaded that nothing shall ever be capable of altering the respect with which

“ I am, etc.,

“ GEORGE LEWIS.”

The Electress Sophia died at Herrenhausen on June 8, 1714; Queen Anne passed away on the following August 1.

It is perhaps worthy of mention here that the Electress Sophia was the only member of her family who cast longing eyes on the British throne. Her eldest son viewed the possibility of the succession with something akin to horror, and so did the Electoral Prince. Once a suggestion was made that it would be all to the good if the Elector would undertake, on ascending the British throne, to resign the sovereignty of his German dominions to the next heir : George Lewis declined even to discuss this, saying definitely that in no circumstance would he accept the British Crown at the price of giving up Hanover. He also refused to listen to the proposal, put forward after this statement, that the British Crown should go to some other Protestant member of his House. "If that Crown come to my family," he said, "no one shall wear it after my Mother before me." Marshal von der Schulenburg was probably right when he said that George Lewis would not have been deeply grieved had the British Throne been wrested from him, and Dean Lockier was "fully persuaded that the Elector would never have stirred a foot if there had been any strong opposition."

George I did his duty according to his lights. It was his duty as head of his House to be King of Great Britain and Ireland, and he never dreamt of giving up that dignity. He only regretted that it had come to him. He was fifty-four years of age, and at that time of life it is hard to give up all one's cherished associations. He was not an ambitious man. He was content with his rank as a Sovereign Prince of the Empire, he was devoted to his country, where he was extremely popular with his

subjects, and he would have given much to have been allowed to spend the rest of his life at his beloved Herrenhausen.

George I was in no great hurry to come to his new dominions. He did not arrive until September 20—some seven weeks after his accession. He was accompanied by his son George Augustus, who was at once created Prince of Wales. It was not until nearly the end of the year that Caroline followed them.

Caroline endeavoured to steer an even path between the political and religious parties; but there was no opportunity for neutrality when her father-in-law and her husband came into open conflict in 1717. The King, it is believed, had admiration for her ability, but no liking for her—he spoke of her as “*cette diablesse Madame la Princesse*.” She was, when put to it, a hefty fighter, and ably seconded the efforts of her consort to make himself objectionable to his Majesty.

The quarrel had been long in coming to a head. It had been said that it had its origin in the younger George’s devotion to his mother, lingering in the castle of Ahlden, whose innocence he firmly upheld. The dislike of the Elector for the lad, who was the offspring of a woman who had brought dishonour to his House, was not diminished by the fact that when he grew up the Electress Sophia took him rather than his father into her confidence. The matter of the application of the writ of summons for the Duke of Cambridge had not improved the situation. “I do not think that the Electoral Prince will get his father to consent to his entering the Council of State, though he desires it ardently,” Count von der Schulenberg wrote to Leibnitz, July 12, 1714. “I confess that the father treats the son too harshly, in not choosing to gratify him in the slightest of his wishes,

particularly in regard to a regiment and a few thousand crowns a year in addition to his income ; but, on the other hand, the son demeans himself in a way that his father has just reason to complain of. He says, among other things, that he dare not put him into the Council of War, knowing of a certainty that he blabs everything to the women. Just now they are on good terms, so that it really depends only upon the Prince to make matters take another course."

In England the Opposition was not slow to take advantage of the disagreement between father and son. They promptly endeavoured to widen the breach by proposing, in a vote on the Civil List, that a separate revenue of £100,000 a year should be settled on his Royal Highness—which delighted the Prince and infuriated his Majesty. When George I decided in 1716 to pay a visit to his beloved Hanover, the question arose of the appointment of a Regent. The Prince of Wales was clearly the person indicated, but the King was unwilling to nominate him unless he could join others with him in the administration and limit his authority by the most rigorous restrictions. Bernstorff presented the King's views to the Council ; but after the matter had been considered, Townshend replied that "on a careful perusal of precedents, finding no instance of persons being joined in commission with the Prince of Wales, and few, if any restrictions, they were of opinion that the constant tenour of ancient practice could not be conveniently departed from." Compelled to yield the point, George I did so ungraciously, and instead of appointing the Heir-Apparent Regent, named him "Guardian of the Kingdom and his Majesty's Lieutenant during his absence beyond the seas"—a title that had been in abeyance since the days of the Black Prince. As if he had not

engendered sufficient bad blood, the King, who had already quarrelled with his son about the latter's devotion to the Duke of Argyll, removed the Duke from the Household of his Royal Highness and dismissed him from the command of the Army in Scotland. Finally, before departing in July he wrote "To my dearest son," a long letter in which he forbade him to exercise any, even the most minor, of the prerogatives of the Crown.

"Now I have mentioned the Prince," Walpole wrote to Stanhope, who had accompanied the King to Hanover, "it is fit you should know how it stands with him, which is in appearance much better than it was, and instead of pretty extraordinary treatment, we meet civil receptions. He seems very intent upon holding the Parliament, very inquisitive about the revenue, calls daily for papers, which may tend to very particular informations; and I am not sure, they are not more for other people's perusal than his own. By some things that daily drop from him, he seems to be preparing to keep up an interest of his in Parliament independent of the King's; but if that part is to be acted, I hope it is not impossible to bring him in to other and better measures, but for this I do not pretend to answer. As for our behaviour to his Highness, we take care not to be wanting in duty and respect, not to give any offence or handle to such as are ready to take any opportunity to render business impracticable, and we hope we demean ourselves so, that neither they who would misrepresent us to the King for making our court too much to the Prince, nor they who would hurt us with the Prince for doing it too little, can have any fair advantage over us, but this is a game not to be managed without difficulty."

George I was furious when he heard of the interest that the "Guardian of the Kingdom" was showing in

affairs, of his royal progresses in various parts of the country, and of the favour he continued to show the Duke of Argyll. The Opposition certainly did its best to fan the flame of jealousy. He vowed that whenever in future he went abroad he would appoint a Council of Regency. He removed Townshend from the Secretaryship of State for the Northern Department, and reluctantly offered him the post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—which was accepted as reluctantly as it was offered, and held only for a few months. Townshend and Walpole declared for the Prince; Sunderland and Stanhope for the King. So bitter was the quarrel that, according to Horace Walpole, on the death of George I, Queen Caroline found in his cabinet a paper in the handwriting of Charles Stanhope (elder brother of the first Earl of Harrington) containing a proposal of Lord Berkeley to seize her husband and convey him to America, “whence he would never be heard of more.”

The long-expected break between father and son soon came in connection with the christening of Caroline's fifth child, George William, who was born on November 2, 1717. The King was to be a godfather. The Prince desired that his uncle, the Duke of York, should be the second sponsor; the King, hearing of this, named the Duke of Newcastle. The ceremony took place in the bedroom of her Royal Highness, and no sooner was it concluded than the Prince crossed over to the Duke of Newcastle, and, with a threatening gesture, said, “You are a rascal, but I shall find you.” The King thought the words were, “You rascal, I shall fight you,” and, provoked by this outrage in his presence, and believing it was a prelude to a duel, put his son under arrest. Later he sent the Dukes of Roxborough, Kent, and Kingston to enquire what were the words used, and the Prince

repeated them, adding that he meant, " I shall find a way to be revenged " : thereupon he was released, but at the same time was ordered to leave St. James's Palace. The King retained in his custody his elder grandchildren, and their parents were debarred from seeing them—an action entirely indefensible except in law.

The incident was at once seized upon by a witty ballad-monger, and his verses had at the time a great vogue.

" THE CHRISTENING

" AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

" (To the tune of ' Chevy Chase ').

" God prosper long our noble King,
His Turks and Germans all ;
A woful Christ'ning late there did
In James' House befall.

" To name a child with might and main
Newcastle took his way ;
We all may rue the child was born,
Who christened was that day.

" His sturdy sire, the Prince of Wales,
A vow to God did make,
That if he dared his child to name
His heart full sure should ake.

" But on a day, straight to the Court
This duke came with a staff—
Oh ! how the Prince did stamp and stare !
At which this duke did laugh.

" Hereat the Prince did wax full wroth,
E'en in his Father's hall :
' I'll be reveng'd on thee (he cry'd),
Thou rogue and eke rascal !'

"The duke ran straightway to the King,
Complaining of his son ;
And then the King sent three dukes more
To know what he had done.

" 'Then,' quoth the Prince, 'he is a rogue
Against my will to stand' ;
Then Roxboro' said, 'Great Sir, indeed,
He did it by command.'

" 'By G——! thou liest, I know thy heart,
And thy presumption too' ;
And then he added words of wrath,
So to the King they flew.

" 'We saw the Prince,' quoth Roxboro'. '—*Bon.*
'T'appease him we're not able ;
He gave me, Sire, the lie.'—*'Comment ?'*
'And bid us kiss.'—*'Diable !'*

"The King then took his gray-goose quill,
And dipt it o'er in gall,
And by Master Vice-Chamberlain,
He sent to him this scrawl !—

" 'Take hence yourself, and eke your spouse,
Your maidens and your men ;
Your trunks and all your trumpery,—
Except your chil-de-ren.'

.

"Then up the street they took their way
And knockt up good Lord Grant-ham.
Higgledy-piggledy they lay,
And all went *rantam scantam*.

"Now Sire and Son had play'd their part,
What could befall beside ?
Why the poor babe took this to heart,
Kickt up its heels and died.

“ God grant the land may profit reap
From all this silly pother,
And send these fools may ne’er agree,
Till they are at Hanover.”

The Prince and Princess, after staying with her Royal Highness’s Chamberlain, Lord Grantham, at his house in Albemarle Street, took up their residence at Leicester House. Also, the Prince first rented, and then purchased, Richmond Lodge in Richmond Gardens, the property of the Duke of Ormonde—which presently was settled on Caroline. At this latter place their Royal Highnesses lived in complete seclusion, save for their Ladies and Gentlemen.

The battle between the Sovereign and the Heir-Apparent raged fiercely. The King declined to receive those who visited at Leicester House, and declined to allow a guard there ; further, he caused the Ambassador to the Court of St. James to be notified that his son was in disgrace. “ You see how near a happy reconciliation is,” Edward Harley commented. George I even went as far as to propose to his Ministers an Act of Parliament to compel his son, on succeeding to the British throne, to resign his claim to the Electorate of Hanover, and he would listen to no opposition to his wishes until Lord Chancellor Macclesfield put it to him strongly that such a course was most dangerous in that it might be followed by dangerous consequences to the then reigning monarch. To that argument he reluctantly yielded. In his anger he supported the proposal of Lord Sunderland of a Peerage Bill, which would cripple his successor’s power by lessening the royal prerogative, and, in connection with this, he sent a message to the House of Commons in which he stated that he had much at heart the settling of the peerage of the whole kingdom on such a founda-

tion as might secure the freedom and constitution of Parliament in all future ages, and he was willing his prerogative should not stand in the way of so great and necessary a work. "The Lords, in a committee of the whole House, discussed eleven resolutions, which were proposed as the groundwork of the future Bill," Mahon has stated. "By these it was provided that the English peers should not be increased beyond six of their present number, with an exception in favour of Princes of the Blood ; that for every extinction there might be a new creation ; that no peerages should hereafter be granted for any longer tenure than to the grantee and the heirs male of his body ; that instead of the sixteen elective peers from Scotland, the King should name twenty-five as hereditary from that part of the kingdom, and that this number, on the failure of heirs male, should be supplied from the remaining Scotch peers." In this matter, too, the King did not have his way, for though the House of Lords was all in favour of a Bill that would enhance its importance, the Commons, led by Walpole, rejected the measure.

"I hear that King George has arrived in England," the Duchess of Orleans wrote on December 14, 1719. "The poor Prince of Wales, thinking to please his father, sent a page with his compliments and congratulations on his safe return, but the King refused to even hear the message, sending back the young page with bitter and scornful words, and he also has withdrawn the permission he had accorded to the Prince to occasionally see his little girl. This seems to me cruel and unfair conduct." The Princess of Wales now began to take a hand in this affair. ["Mr. Walpole," she said at this time, "this will be no jesting matter to me ; you will hear of me and my complaints day

and hour and in every place, if I have not my children again."

The bitter quarrel between father and son was the more momentous because the Hanoverian dynasty was by no means too firmly seated on the British throne. The Jacobites, though still suffering from the failure of the rebellion of '15, were, notwithstanding, still a body by no means negligible, either as regards position or numbers. All the pro-Guelphs, therefore, took such part as they could in endeavours to bring about a reconciliation, or, what was the next best thing, something that would appear to the nation at large as a reconciliation. No one interested herself more in this matter than Lady Cowper, who noted in her diary the trend of events.

"June 26, 1716. Baron Bernstorff promises his endeavours, but fears the King will not come to terms with the Prince, but will see to put off the going that day to the House. Goes to the Princess, then to the Prince, then to me; says he does not find the Prince pliant. The Prince consents to what Lord Cowper does. Lord Cowper goes with Baron Bernstorff to the King. Lord Sunderland and Lord Townshend would have the Prince brought to new terms. Lord Cowper opposes it. Lord Sunderland would have that part relating to the Prince struck out of the Speech—carried against Lord Sunderland. Baron Bernstorff comes to tell me all goes well. They go to the Princess to tell the remainder of the news. Her joy."

"June 28. Hear of a new broil. They insist on new terms. Lord Cowper dines with Lord Townshend. The King angry; insists on humbling the Prince, and making him part with Argyll, Islay, etc. Will come to new terms, or send over for D.E. [*i.e.*, the Prince's brother,

Ernest Augustus, who was at this time in Hanover], and make him guardian of the realm and Duke of York. I wish to give advice. They are all mad, and, for their private ends, will destroy all. . . .

“The Prince will support Argyll. Try to appease them. The Prince in an agony ; shakes me by the hand ; resolved not to depart ; sends for Lord Townshend ; promised to give him good words. Talk of challenge sent by the Duke of Argyll to Lord Cadogan. Prince determined not to part with Duke of Argyll. Prince wrote to the King.”

“July 4. Go to the Princess before ten. Prince not up. Princess says he is resolved to send for Baron Bernstorff and tell him he is resolved to sacrifice everything to please and live well with the King, so will part with the Duke of Argyll. Designs to send also for Monsieur Robethon, to give him a pension.”

Negotiations were broken off, and, though there were alarming excursions, there was nothing definitely done until the early spring of 1720. “The Princess,” Lady Cowper noted on April 10 of that year, “says that Walpole came to her with offers of reconciliation, and she bid him go to Lord Cowper and acquaint him. He did, and Lord Cowper was not come to town, and the servants said, as reported, that he would not come till Monday (though he came that night) ; but Walpole was glad to put off the message as long as he could. Walpole came to Lord Cowper in the House of Lords and told him he had overtures of the King from Craggs, that no terms were to be insisted on either side, but the Princess was to have her children again, and that the Prince was to write to the King, that he should return to live again at St. James’s ; that Lord Sunderland had promised to

come into all measures of the Court, and in particular that of raising £600,000 to pay the debts of the Civil List, and that this was the only opportunity for the Prince to make an advantageous bargain for himself, for the Tories had promised to come up to any personal thing against him. About three o'clock I had a letter from the Princess to desire Lord Cowper to come to her immediately, which he did. The Prince and Princess in great anguish of mind. Lord Cowper advises the Princess to insist upon the restoring her children. The Princess persuaded by Walpole to trust him in everything, and, instead of taking Lord Cowper's advice to insist, desires Walpole to get them if he can, and that in a very faint manner. The Prince won't go to live at St. James's. Lord Cowper persuades him, and says it will not appear to the world to be real without it. A letter agreed upon to be writ to the King."

About two weeks later, Lady Cowper had glad tidings to relate : " St. George's Day, Patron of England. At twelve Lord Lumley waited upon the King with the Prince of Wales's letter, and Mr. Craggs went back with him to the Prince with a message from the King. The Prince took his chair and went to St. James's, where he saw the King in his Closet. The Prince made him a short compliment, saying it had been a great grief to him to have been in his displeasure so long ; that he was infinitely obliged to his Majesty for his permission of waiting upon him, and that he hoped the rest of his life would be such as the King would never have cause to complain of. The King was much dismayed, pale, and could not speak to be heard but by broken sentences, and said several times, '*Votre conduite, votre conduite*' ; but the Prince said he could not hear distinctly anything but those words. The Prince went after he had stayed

about five minutes in the Closet, and from thence to see the two youngest princesses, and after, Princess Ann, who was told of the reconciliation by my Lady Portland before the Prince came into her. The Princess was gone home from St. James's time enough to meet the Prince going there. She found my Lord Pembroke in her apartment, and went into the Closet with him, and stayed till the Prince came back, with the Beefeaters round his chair, and hallooing and all marks of joy which could be shown by the multitude. He looked grave, and his eyes were red and swelled, as one has seen him upon other occasions when he is mightily ruffled. He immediately dismissed all the company, and I was ordered to be there at five in the afternoon. At five I went, and found the Guards before the door, and Square full of coaches ; the rooms full of company ; everything gay and laughing ; nothing but kissing and wishing of joy ; and in short, so different a face of things, nobody could conceive that so much joy should be after so many resolutions never to come to this, as I have heard."

Another account is to be found in a letter from Edward Harley to the Earl of Oxford. " Lord Sunderland, Lord Stanhope, and Craggs," he wrote, " persuaded the King at leastwise to appear reconciled to the Prince, upon which, after a consultation with Walpole, Townshend, and Devonshire, Mr. Craggs went to invite the Prince to Court. This was managed with such secrecy that the Germans [at Court] knew not a word of it thirty minutes before the Prince went, and were not a little confounded at it. The French Resident had been apprised of all from the beginning, and sent it to the Regent before the Court had it. When the King saw the Prince upon his knees he spoke not a word to him, good, bad, or indifferent, but made a sign to him to rise with his hand, nor

did the Prince speak one word to the Duke of Newcastle, though he stood in his way on purpose."

There were rejoicings all over the country when the news of the "reconciliation" became known. "I suppose you have had no small share in the joy this happy reconciliation has occasioned," the Hon. Mrs. Molesworth wrote, on April 30, 1720, to Mrs. Howard, who, however, had had nothing to do with it. "Mr. Molesworth testified his zeal at the expense of his sobriety; for he was not satisfied to make his men drunk, but got drunk himself, and it was no fault of his that I was not so too; in short, he celebrated the news in a manner that alarmed the country people, for after he had made them ring the bells all day, in the evening he made his troop draw up before his lodging and he at the head of them, and began the King and Prince's health together, and then the Princess, and after, the rest of the royal family; at every health he made his troop fire round a volley of shot; he invited several gentlemen to pledge these healths, and when they had done they threw the glasses over their heads. When this was done he carried them all with him to drink a bowl of punch. As to his men, after they had despatched a barrel of ale they thought themselves not glad enough, and he, to make them so, went amongst them and gave them money to finish in wine. He is at present a little disordered with that night's work."

The poetasters burst into song to a man. Says one of these bards :

"So now our great, august, heroic Prince
Pays low his mighty sire obedience,
Both gloriously united firmly stand,
Ev'n faction dies with a factious land.
Though late with clouds o'ercast this happy isle,
Britain and Europe now begin to smile.

Though fogs and mists obscure our hemisphere,
The noble planets now again appear.
The sun which long behind a cloud concealed
Was lately, shines with radiant beams revealed.
A Caroline is at St. James's seen,
Great is her virtue who is beauty's queen.
A Prince whose wisdom in retirement shown,
I dare presage the future times shall own
Will make him glorious on a British throne ;
At this each loyal breast with transport beats,
Gives thanks to Heaven, and the great joy repeats."

The Princess of Wales was not present at the actual so-called reconciliation, but soon afterwards she went to Court on the occasion of the King's birthday. "In the morning we waited on the Princess at Court, where was one of the greatest crowds I ever saw," Lady Cowper noted. "At night we all went in the same train. The Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Chamberlain, had got drunk for our sins ; so the Princess's Ladies had no places, but stood in the heat and crowd all the night. The Duchess of Shrewsbury downright scolded aloud about it, and he told her, for conclusion, that places were provided for the Princess's family, which they did not keep, but that ladies of the town came and took them. 'Twas not his fault, and he could not turn out the ladies of the town for us. There was so great a crowd, and we were so ill-used, that four of us went away, and left only Lady Dorset in waiting. It is plain we were to be used thus, and I am almost tempted to think it was also one of the doughty articles of reconciliation."

Lady Cowper, speaking of a subsequent Drawing-room, wrote in her diary : "The whole thing looked like two armies drawn up in battle array ; for the King's Court was all at the top of the room behind the King, and the Prince's Court behind him. The Prince looked

down, and behaved prodigious well. The King cast an angry glance that way every now and then, and one could not help thinking 'twas like a little dog and a cat—whenever the dog stirs a foot, the cat sets up her back, and is ready to fly at him. Such a crowd was never seen, for not only curiosity, but interest, had brought it together.”

The reconciliation was, indeed, a farce. On the day following the visit of the Prince to St. James's, father and son met again, but neither addressed a word to the other. For the rest of his life, the King was reasonably gracious to the Princess, but studiously avoided his heir. He, to the indignation of the Prince, forbade the wearing of mourning either in London or Hanover on the death of his consort, Sophia Dorothea, in 1726. The sentiments of the Prince were supposed to be expressed in the following lines :

1423169

“ A mother dead, and am I from the throne
Commanded not to show myself her son ?
Well ! since the decent sable I'm denied
For her, my parent on the surer side,
Remember, George, 'twill be my turn some day,
This, and all former favours to repay ;
And when that long-expected time I see,
Let Kendal, at her peril, mourn for thee.”

CHAPTER II

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH (1683-1737)

II. QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

AFTER the King had insisted upon the removal of the Duke of Argyll from the Household of the Prince of Wales, Lord Lumley, afterwards Earl of Scarborough, was appointed Master of the Horse to his Royal Highness. Lumley was an universal favourite. Hervey, not unduly given to praise, wrote of him as "a man of worth, family, quality, sense, figure, character, and honour . . . amiable and beloved . . . equally fit to be trusted in the most important affairs or advised with in the most delicate; having knowledge, application, and observation, and (without the *éclat* of showy parts) a discerning, practical, useful, and sound understanding." Pope, too, paid handsome tribute :

"God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And wish to goodness, need I Scarborough name?"

The Lords of the Prince's Bedchamber were the Earl of Deloraine, Lord Belhaven, Lord Herbert (afterwards ninth Earl of Pembroke), Lord Stanhope, Carr Lord Hervey, Lord Sandes, Lord Paget, Lord Hertford (afterwards seventh Duke of Somerset), and Lord William Manners. The Grooms of the Bedchamber were Colonel John Campbell (who married Mary Bellenden,

and much later succeeded as fourth Duke of Argyll), Colonel (subsequently General) Charles Churchill, Colonel John Selwyn (who married Mary Farrington and by her was the father of the famous George), the Hon. Langham Booth, Charles Cathcart, John Montgomery, Henry Bellenden (brother of Mary), and, for a while the Hon. John Hervey, as he then was styled.

The Duchess of St. Albans (wife of a son of Charles II by Nell Gwyn) was Groom of the Stole to the Princess of Wales, who had as her Ladies the Duchess of Bolton, the Duchess of Montagu, the Countess of Berkeley, the Countess of Dorset, and Lady Cowper. The Women of the Bedchamber were the Hon. Mrs. Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Walpole (wife of the Minister), Mrs. Pope, and Mrs. Titchborne. Among the Maids of Honour were "Molly" Lepell, Mary Bellenden, Sophia Howe, Miss Meadows, Miss Bradshaw, Dorothy Dyve, and Anne Vane.

Sir Walter Scott, speaking at second-hand, remarks on the wit of Mary Lepell, the vivacity of the beautiful Mary Bellenden, and the gaiety of Miss Howe and Miss Bradshaw ; but thought it his duty to reflect with some severity on the freedom of their conduct. "We used to feel indignant at the frolics of the Maids of Honour at the Court of Brobdingnag, to which Gulliver has given circulation," he said when reviewing John W. Croker's edition of the correspondence of Lady Suffolk, "and at the reports of other ways of the period, who alleged that the attendants of Queen Caroline were great adepts in the noble art of 'selling bargains.' But we must now apologise to the traveller and the wits for having suspected them of outstepping the limits of truth and probability, and admit that our grandmothers, however portentous the length of their stays, did not,

after all, lace them so tightly as we have hitherto suspected."

Those were strange times—when poets were welcome at Court and ran tamely about the apartments of the Maids of Honour. Indeed, Pope and his literary friends were in high favour at Leicester House and Richmond. Well and truly did they pay their footing.

Pope wrote, in 1717, "A Court Ballad" which he called "The Challenge":

"To one fair lady out of Court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk and Pope a sport,
And wit and love no sin!
Come these soft lines with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.
With a fa, la, la.

"What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

"Then why to Courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with Townshend?
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And every speech with 'Zounds' end;
To hear them rail at honest Sunderland,
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.
With a fa, la, la.

"Alas! like Schütz I cannot pun,
Like Grafton court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
Like Meadows run to sermons;
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlbro' stay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

“ In truth, by what I can discern,
Of courtiers ’twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
From Court, than Gay or Me :
Perhaps in time, you’ll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

“ At Leicester Fields, a house full high,
With doors all painted green,
Where ribbons wave upon the tie,
(Milliner, I mean ;)
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of Me.
With a fa, la, la.

“ But should you catch the prudish itch,
And each become a coward,
Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich,
And sometimes mistress Howard ;
For virgins, to keep chaste, must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

“ And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends ;
God send the King safe landing ;
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing ;
Preserve the limits of those nations,
And take off ladies’ limitations.
With a fa, la, la.”

John Gay, too, had something to say of the Ladies of the Court, and he expressed himself in the verses he wrote upon Pope having finished his translation of the *Iliad*, which verses he styled *Mr. Pope’s Welcome from Greece* :

“ What lady’s that to whom he gently bends ?
Who knows her not ? Ah, those are Wortley’s eyes.
How art thou honour’d, number’d with her friends ;
For she distinguishes the good and wise.

The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends :
 Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies ;
 Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well
 With thee, youth's youngest daughter, fair Lepell.

" I see two lovely sisters hand in hand,
 The fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown ;
 Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land ;
 And smiling Mary soft and fair as down."

.

Life at the King's Court was dull indeed, with the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington ruling the roost ; but at Leicester House and Richmond and Hampton Court, where most were younger, existence at most times there was more bright. All who wanted nothing from the King, or who wanted something and could not get it, flocked to join the circle of the Prince and Princess of Wales. " Both assemblies and masquerades have taken the place of formal visiting, and the women are more agreeable triflers than they were designed. Puns are extremely in vogue, and the license very great. The variation of three or four letters in a word breaks no squares, insomuch that an indifferent punster may make a very good figure in the best company." Thus my Lord Chesterfield, who shows that at Leicester House no austere royalty uttered the devastating comment upon a story : " We are not amused."

" I will not trouble you," Hervey wrote to Mrs. Clayton, " with any account of our occupations at Hampton Court. No mill horse ever went in a more constant track, or a more unchanging circle ; as that, by the assistance of an almanack for the day of the week, and a watch for the hour of the day, you may inform yourself fully, without any other intelligence but your memory, of every transaction within the verge of the

Court. Walking, chaises, levées, and audiences fill the morning. At night the King plays at commerce and backgammon, and the Queen at quadrille, where poor Lady Charlotte runs her usually nightly gauntlet, the Queen pulling her hood and the Princess Royal rapping her knuckles. The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Caroline. Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another (as Dryden says) like some discontented ghost that oft appears and is forbidden to speak, and stirs himself about as people stir a fire, not with any design, but in hopes to make it burn brisker. At last, the King gets up ; the pool finishes ; and everybody has their dismissal . . . and thus the evening and the morning make the day."

It may be mentioned, by the way, that the Court at Hanover was about as exciting. There is a passage in Vehse's *Geschichte der Höfe des Hauses Braunschweig in Deutschland und England* which makes this sadly clear. "Our life is as uniform as that of a monastery. Every morning at eleven, and every evening at six, we drive in the heat to Herrenhausen, through an enormous linden avenue ; and twice a day cover our coats and coaches with dust. In the King's society there never is the least change. At table, and at cards, he sees always the same faces, and at the end of the game retires into his chamber. Twice a week there is a French theatre ; the other days there is play in the gallery. In this way, were the King always to stop at Hanover, one could make a ten years' calendar of his proceedings, and settle beforehand what his time of business, meals, and pleasure would be."

Pope, who had the *entrée* to the palaces, thoroughly enjoyed himself. "I went by water to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which

were not so modest a nature as to keep themselves or me concealed : for I met the Prince, with all his Ladies on horseback, coming from hunting," he wrote. " Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists) and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversing with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with the fever and (what is a hundred times worse) with the red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat ! All this may qualify them to make excellent wives for foxhunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour in the Princess's apartment : from thence (as Shakespear has it) to *dinner, with what appetite they may*—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe, no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court ; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you Mrs. Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain [Thomas Coke], all alone, under the garden wall. In short, I heard of no ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kielmansegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away."

Caroline was fond enough of her children, but her affection for them was rather on the surface. " In a few days after Parliament was up, the Princess Royal

and the Prince of Orange embarked at Greenwich for Holland," Hervey relates. "Never was there a more melancholy parting than between her Royal Highness and all her family, except her brother, who took no leave of her at all, and desired the Prince of Orange to let her know his reason for omitting it was the fear of touching her too much. Her father gave her a thousand kisses and a shower of tears, but not one guinea. Her mother never ceased crying for three days ; but after three weeks (except on post days) her Royal Highness seemed as much forgotten as if she had been buried three years, so quiet a smoother is absence of the deepest impressions royal minds are capable of receiving." Caroline would stand no nonsense with her children. "Her Majesty did not even wait for a complaint, when she could repair a grievance," Lady Craven relates. "Lady Caroline Stanhope, who afterwards married the [second] Earl of Harrington, had been one day closetted with the Queen. When the audience was over, Lady Caroline was descending the stairs of the palace of St. James's as the Duke of Cumberland was going up. Pretending to bow at the feet of her Ladyship, he suddenly seized a part of her dress in such a manner as to produce from the hand of the indignant fair a violent slap on the face. In a rage at the treatment he had experienced, he hastened to the apartment of the Queen, and represented to her what had happened. Her Majesty immediately sent for Lady Caroline, upon whose return, instead of reprimanding, she graciously thanked her for punishing one, however high his rank, who could lose sight of his dignity in want of respect for a female."

The Princess of Wales was unquestionably the most dominant figure at her Court. She would tolerate no sister near the throne. If she did not remove Mrs.

Howard—of whom more anon—it was only because she feared that someone less tractable might succeed that lady in the facile affections of her Consort. Besides, Mrs. Howard took little or no interest in politics—and Caroline was a born parliamentarian. But woe to him or her who courted Mrs. Howard unduly, and woe especially to anyone who sought her influence. Lord Bathurst wanted an earldom, and unwisely induced Mrs. Howard to interest herself in the matter—the earldom was well and truly refused. One reason that Lord Chesterfield did not advance in public life was his opposition to Walpole, the other was his trust and belief in Mrs. Howard, which the Princess resented. “The reason why Lord Chesterfield could not succeed at Court was this,” says the not too reliable author of *Walpoliana*. “After he returned from the Embassy at The Hague, in 1732, he chanced to engage in play at Court one night, and won fifteen hundred pounds. Not choosing to carry such a sum home, he went to the apartment of the Countess of Suffolk and left the money with her. The Queen’s apartments had a window which looked into the staircase leading to those of the Countess, and she was informed of the transaction. She ruled all, and positively objected to Chesterfield ever being named.”

Another instance of Caroline’s power, or, perhaps it may be better styled adroitness, was displayed in the case of Sir Spencer Compton. He had sat in the House of Commons since 1698, when he was about twenty-five years old, and seven years later, he having abandoned the Tory traditions of his family, the Whigs appointed him Chairman of Privileges and Elections, which he held until 1718. In the new Parliament, which assembled in 1715, he was elected Speaker, although, in his speech to the King on that occasion, he remarked that he had

“neither memory to retain, judgment to collect, nor skill to guide their debates.” Surely an excess of modesty, since he accepted the appointment, which he held for twelve years. It was a good age for younger sons. Compton was the third son of James, third Earl of Northampton, for from 1722 until 1730 he held the vastly profitable office of Paymaster-General. George Lewis, when he ascended the throne as George II, commanded Compton to draw up the King’s Declaration to the Council. According to Mr. Russell Barker, “he found himself quite unable to do so, owing to his ignorance of the proper forms of expression used on such occasions.” It is difficult to accept this, because, in the first instance, the permanent officials would have provided, at least, the draft. Walpole, who had brought to Compton the King’s instructions, himself wrote the Declaration, which Compton carried to the King at Leicester House. George II intended that Compton should be Prime Minister, but Compton felt very nervous of occupying a post for which, even in his own opinion, he was incompetent. The Queen strongly supported his contention of incompetence, and strenuously backed Walpole, who was in no doubt as to his abilities. “On the death of George I,” Horace Walpole tells the story, “my father killed two horses in carrying the tidings to his successor : and, kneeling down, asked who should compose the King’s speech. The King told him to go to Sir Spencer Compton. That gentleman, unused to public business, was forced to send to Sir Robert to request his assistance in the composition. The Queen, upon this, asked the King if it were not better to employ his father’s Minister, who could manage his business without the help of another ? My father was instantly appointed.”

Compton accepted a barony (Wilmington) in 1728, and remained in Walpole's Cabinet as Paymaster-General for two years, when, now being Earl of Wilmington, he proceeded Lord Privy Seal, and then Lord President of the Council. When there was being made an effort in 1741 to throw Walpole out of office, Bubb Dodington wrote to Wilmington, "You, and you only, have all the talents and all the requisites that this critical time demands to effectuate this great event, and save your country, if it is to be saved." In the following year Wilmington was appointed First Lord of the Treasury; but with Newcastle and Carteret as Secretaries of State this was but a barren honour. As Sir Charles Harbory-Williams wrote in his *New Ode to a Great Number of Men Newly Made* :

" See yon old, dull important lord,
Who at the long'd-for money-board
Sits first, but does not lead ;
His younger brethren all things make ;
So that the Treasury's like a snake,
And the tail moves the head."

Wilmington was as a rule ineffectual ; but occasionally he said things that many a man of more wit would gladly have fathered. When he was Speaker, and a member complained that he could not make himself heard, and stated that he had a right to be heard, the reply came from the Chair, "No, Sir, you have a right to speak, but the House have a right to judge whether they will hear you." Again, Wilmington said of the Duke of Newcastle that "he always loses half an hour in the morning which he is running after the rest of the day without being able to overtake it."

Walpole knew women as well as he knew men. He angled for the support of Caroline. After the accession

of George II, Sir Spencer Compton proposed that Parliament should settle upon the new Queen a jointure of £50,000 a year ; Walpole promptly proposed that the jointure should be £100,000 a year, and had his way. Her Majesty never forgot this. When there was a rift between Walpole and Townshend she was to be found at the side of the former, and her attitude had something at least to do with his victory. So open was her partisanship that when Walpole withdrew his unpopular Excise Bill in 1733, not only Walpole, but also a fat woman, meant for her, were burnt in effigy in the City of London. She had a great regard for Hervey, and was at times in difficulty to soothe Walpole's jealousy of that courtier.

“ The Queen's confidence in Lord Hervey every day increased,” Hervey wrote in his *Memoirs*. “ Sir Robert Walpole's jealousy of him increased too, not from his being in the rank of a rival, but from a weakness in this great man's composition, which made him grudge this show of favour even where, I believe, he had not the least suspicions—or where, I am very sure, at least he had no reason given him to justify suspicions—that this favour would be employed to his disservice ; for Lord Hervey always looked upon Sir Robert as his benefactor, who had placed him in that situation ; as an able master from whom he had learned all he knew in the beginning of the secrets of the Court, and most of what he knew of the policy requisite for his conduct there ; and was sensible it was to his favour, protection, and commendations that he owed originally his having any credit there. But that credit was now higher than Sir Robert wished it ; and though Lord Hervey did not know that he endeavoured to destroy or weaken it, yet he plainly perceived—after the Queen had accidentally told Sir Robert

Walpole of her having talked of things to Lord Hervey which Sir Robert had not communicated to him or sent messages by him to Sir Robert—that Sir Robert did not like it, which made Lord Hervey always cautious of bragging of such favours ; but he could not venture to desire the Queen to be more cautious in concealing them ; and as Sir Robert knew that he did not want any assistance from Lord Hervey, he was uneasy at his having any power to hurt him, though he was not apprehensive of its being so employed.”

George II went more than once to Hanover—for which he had the same deep affection as his father before him—leaving Caroline at home as Regent. There is little or nothing to record of his earlier visits, but when he went there in 1735 he met the attractive Madame von Wallmoden. She was a daughter of Johann Franz Dietrich von Wendt, a General in the Hanoverian Army, and a niece of the Countess of Darlington. In 1727, when she was twenty-three years of age, she married Gottlieb Adam von Wallmoden, of Calenberg, Hanover. George made amorous overtures to her, which were at once encouraged. Her husband apparently being complaisant, the liaison started forthwith. Let Hervey, who had the information at first hand, tell the story.

“ There was one trouble arose on the King’s going to Hanover which her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame von Wallmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the declining power of the Queen, and the growing interest of this new favourite. By what I could perceive of the Queen, I think her pride was much more hurt on this occasion than her affections, and that she was more uneasy from thinking people

imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so.

“It is certain, too, that from the very beginning of this new engagement the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival’s picture at six hundred miles’ distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, and what he gave her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser and the merits of the purchase as he set them forth, I think he had no great reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats—a greater proof of his economy than his passion.

“But notwithstanding all the Queen’s philosophy on this occasion, when she found the time for the King’s return put off so late in the year that for six weeks together the orders for the yacht were by every post and courier in vain expected, she grew extremely uneasy, and, by the joy she showed when the orders arrived, plainly manifested that she had felt more anxiety than she had suffered to appear whilst they were deferred.

“Yet all this while the King, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a week with a letter of sometimes *sixty pages*, and *never less than forty*, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, to whose perusal few were not committed, and many passages in them were transmitted to him by the

King's own order, who used to begin several paragraphs with '*Montrez ceci et consultez là-dessus le gros homme.*' Among many extraordinary things and expressions these letters contained, there was one in which he desired the Queen to contrive, if she could, that the Prince of Modena, who was to come the latter end of the year to England, might bring his wife with him ; and the reason he gave for it was that he heard her Highness was pretty free of her person, and that he had the greatest inclination imaginable to pay his addresses to a daughter of the late Regent of France, the Duke of Orleans—'*un plaisir*' (for he always wrote in French) '*que je suis sûr, ma chère Caroline, vous serez bien aise de me procurer, quand je vous dis combien je le souhaite.*'

"Such a request to his wife respecting a woman he never saw, and during his connection with Madame von Wallmoden, speaks much stronger in a bare narrative of the fact than by any comment or reflections ; and is as incapable of being heightened as difficult to be credited.

.

"But, at the very moment her Majesty was uttering these truths, the love of rule, the thirst of dominion, and the jealousy of prerogative were so strongly implanted in her—the German and the Queen so rooted in her mind—that the King himself had not more at heart all the trappings and pageantry of sovereignty than she the essential parts of it ; nor could she more easily brook any checks to the authority of the Crown than he any contradiction to his opinion.

"His Majesty stayed but two days after his arrival at Kensington, and then removed to London to keep his birthday and settle there for the winter ; but during his

short stay at Kensington most of the inhabitants of the Court spoke of his behaviour to the Queen as quite different from what it had formerly been—some of them from seeing instances of the change, and others from fancying they saw them because they expected to see them.

“ The accumulated trifles that contribute to forming opinions of this kind are much easier observed than related, and depend upon the combination of so many little circumstances that to try to describe them would be a task as tedious as imperfect. One example, however, I will give. In the absence of the King, the Queen had taken several very bad pictures out of the great drawing-room at Kensington, and put very good ones in their places. The King, affecting, for the sake of contradiction, to dislike this change, or, from his extreme ignorance in painting, really disapproving it, told Lord Hervey, as Vice-Chamberlain, that he would have every new picture taken away, and every old one replaced. Lord Hervey, who had a mind to make his court to the Queen by opposing this order, asked if his Majesty would not give leave for the two Vandykes, at least on each side of the chimney to remain, instead of those two signposts, done by nobody knew who, that had been removed to make way for them. To which the King answered, ‘ My Lord, I have a great respect for your taste in what you understand, but in pictures, I beg leave to follow my own. I suppose you assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces and spoiling all my furniture : thank God, at least she has left the walls standing ! As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or on ; but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them

taken away and the old ones restored. I will have it done to-morrow morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all.' 'Would your Majesty,' said Lord Hervey, 'have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?' 'Yes, my Lord; I am not nice as your Lordship. I like my fat Venus much better than anything you have given me instead of her.' Lord Hervey thought, though he did not dare say, that, if his Majesty had liked his *fat Venus* as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations. However, finding his jokes on this occasion were as little tasted as his reasonings approved, and that the King, as usual, grew more warm and more peremptory on everything that was said to cool and alter him, his Lordship was forced to make a serious bow; and though he knew the fat Venus was at Windsor, some of the other pictures at Hampton Court, and all the frames of the removed pictures cut or enlarged to fit their successors, he assured his Majesty that everything should be done without fail next morning, just as he had ordered.

"Lord Hervey told the Queen, next morning at breakfast, what had passed the night before, who affected to laugh, but was a good deal displeased, and more ashamed. She said the King, to be sure, was master of his own furniture, and asked Lord Hervey if the pictures were changed, who told her No, and why it was impossible they should. She charged him not to tell the King why, but to find out some other reason. Whilst they were speaking the King came in, but, by good luck, said not one word about the pictures. His Majesty stayed about five minutes in the gallery, snubbed the Queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always stuffing; the Princess Emily for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke of Cumberland for

standing awkwardly ; Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine ; and then carried the Queen to walk and be resnubbed in the garden. The pictures were altered according to the King's direction soon after, and the excuse Lord Hervey made for their not being done that morning was the man's being out of the way who was always employed on those occasions. . . .

“ The King's passion for Madame von Wallmoden increased. He wrote to Caroline that he proposed to bring her with him from Hanover to London. Her Majesty, complaisant as she had shown herself in the case of Mrs. Howard, was not at first prepared to accept the suggestion amiably. Walpole was called in for counsel, and very unpalatable counsel he gave, and in the bluntest possible manner. On his behalf, it must be said that, if the subject was discussed at all, it could only be done plainly. The Minister afterwards told Hervey that he had said to the Queen that ‘ if he had a mind to flatter her into her ruin, he might talk to her as if she was now five-and-twenty years old, and try to make her imagine that to alarm the King with apprehensions of losing her affection might awaken his fear and bring him back.’ But as this was not the case, he said he should be unpardonable if, in order to talk in a style that might please her, he should give her counsel that would ruin her ; he said it was too late in her life to try new methods, and that she must never hope now to keep her power with the King by reversing those methods by which she had gained it ; that nothing but soothing, complying, softening, bending, and submitting could do any good ; but that she must persist in those arts, must press the King to bring this woman to England ; and that if her Majesty would do this, trust to him and take his advice, he would

engage she should get the better of her. He taught her this hard lesson till she wept ; and her Majesty, instead of reproaching him for the liberty he had taken, promised to do everything he had desired her, and thanked him for the friendship he had shown towards her. When Sir Robert Walpole related this passage to Lord Hervey, he added, ‘ My Lord, she laid her thanks on so thick, and made such professions of friendship and gratitude, that I found I had gone too far, for I am never so much afraid of her rebukes as her commendations, I know how to justify against the first, but not against the latter, as I know them often to be false, and dare not receive them but as if I thought they were true.’

“ In the end, Caroline wrote a ‘ most submissive, kind, and tender letter,’ in which she assured the King that ‘ she had nothing but his interest and his pleasure at heart ; that she had long known such was her duty, and that she hoped he had long known such was her practice ; that she hoped the uninterrupted series of her conduct ever since he had known her would make his recollection convince him of this truth more fully than all she could say ; and the letter ended with making it her earnest request to the King that he would bring Madame Wallmoden to England ; and giving him repeated assurances that his wife’s conduct to his mistress should be everything he desired when he told his pleasure, and everything she imagined he wished when she was left to guess it.’

“ The King sent instructions to the Queen that Lady Suffolk’s apartments should be prepared for Madame von Wallmoden. In the letter in which this command was given, the King was most gracious and almost inhumanly cynical. ‘ He extolled the Queen’s merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of

all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her,' Hervey relates. 'He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head and the value he set upon her heart. He told her, too, she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him.' '*Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline ! Vous connaissez mes faiblesses, il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous, et plutôt à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez ! Plût à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer.*' George gave a full description of his mistress. He did not claim for her that she was a regular beauty. '*Qu'elle n'avait pas un esprit éclatant, mais enjoué et amusant, mais à l'égard du cœur elle est sûrement la meilleure créature du monde.*'

" 'Well now, Sir Robert,' the Queen said to Walpole, 'I hope you are satisfied. You see this *mignonne* is coming to England.' " The rest of the conversation on this occasion is related by Hervey. Sir Robert shook his head. 'What do you mean by that ?' said the Queen. 'I mean,' said Sir Robert, 'that your Majesty is not pleased with me when you think she is coming, and that you imagine by this letter that she will do what *she* no more designs than you wish. Madam, it is very plain to me that she won't come, and that—I wish I could speak Latin to you—I would tell your Majesty that when the King assured her she might depend on your Majesty's goodness to her, I believe her answer was *Sic notus Ulysses ?*' 'Pray, explain that to me,' replied the Queen. 'The explanation, Madam,' said Sir Robert, 'is that

she has had a character of your Majesty only from your enemies ; that she mistrusts when she pretends to confide ; that she fears your goodness when she says she relies upon it, and never intends to trust to what—I soften her thoughts when I only say—*she doubts*. I must add, too, Madam, though the King tells you more than I believe any man from the beginning of the world ever told his wife of his mistress, yet depend upon it he does not tell you all, and there are some things pass between them—as communicative as you think him, and as he really is—unreported. However, Madam, get him here and be ruled by me. We will, notwithstanding all this, bring her here and humble her too. Lord Hervey said to me the other day, in speaking on this subject, “ If you can but once get this favourite to St. James’s, she will in three months be everything Lady Suffolk was, but deaf ” ; and it is really, Madam, the true state of the case, and your only option is whether you will fear her at a distance or despise her near.’ ‘ Well,’ said the Queen, ‘ we shall soon see.’ ”

As a matter of fact, Madame von Wallmoden did not come over at this time.

It has been well said of Caroline that she tended her husband “ with love, and with every manner of sacrifice, with artful kindness, with entire self-devotion, until her life’s end.” As for George, he frequently said words to the effect that he never knew a woman who was worthy to buckle her shoe. On her deathbed, as all the world knows, she begged him to marry again. “ *Non, non,*” he said, crying bitterly, “ *j’aurai des maitresses.*” To which, with a disdainful shrug of her shoulders, she retorted, “ *Ah ! mon Dieu, cela n’empêche pas.*” The King was faithful to his word. He did not marry again. After the period of mourning for his Consort was passed

he sent for Madame von Wallmoden, and installed her in St. James's Palace. A divorce was arranged in 1739, and in the following year the lady was created Countess of Yarmouth, and they lived happily ever after. Her second son, Johann Ludwig, was reputed to be the fruits of her intimacy with the King. He was brought up at the English Court, but as he was born in 1736, that is to say, before the divorce, the paternity is doubtful.

Caroline's last hours have been related by Hervey, who had it at first hand from the Princess Caroline :

"Nobody now remained in the room with the Queen but the King, the Duke of Cumberland, and her four daughters, of whom she took leave in form, desiring they would not leave her till she expired. She told the King she had nothing to say to him. 'For as I have always,' said she, 'told you my thoughts of things and people as fast as they arose, I have nothing left to communicate to you. The people I love and those I do not, the people I like and dislike, and those I would wish you to be kind to, you know as well as myself; and I am persuaded it would therefore be a useless trouble both to you and me at this time to add any particular recommendations.'

"To the Princess Emily she said nothing very particular; to the Princess Caroline she recommended the care of her two younger sisters, and said, 'Poor Caroline! it is a fine legacy I leave you—the trouble of educating these two young things. As for you, William,' continued she to the Duke of Cumberland, who was in his seventeenth year, 'you know I have always loved you tenderly, and placed my chief hope in you; show your gratitude to me in your behaviour to the King; be a support to your father, and double your attention to make up for the disappointment and vexation he must receive from your profligate and worthless brother. It is in you only I

hope for keeping up the credit of our family when your father shall be no more. Attempt nothing ever against your brother, and endeavour to mortify him no way but by showing superior merit.'

"She then spoke of the different tempers and dispositions of her two youngest daughters, and the different manner in which they ought to be treated—cautioning the Princess Caroline not to let the vivacity of Princess Louisa (afterwards the Consort of Frederick V, King of Denmark) draw her into any inconveniences, and desiring her to give all the aid she could to support the meek-and-mild disposition of the Princess May (afterwards Princess Frederick of Hesse-Cassel).

"She then took a ruby ring off her finger, which the King had given her at her coronation, and, putting it upon his, said, 'This is the last thing I have to give you—naked I came to you, and naked I go from you. I had everything I ever possessed from you, and to you whatever I have I return. My will you will find a very short one ; I give all I have to you.' She then asked for her keys, and gave them to him. . . .

"When she had finished all she had to say on these subjects, she said she fancied she could sleep. The King said many kind things to her, and kissed her face and her hands a hundred times ; but even at this time, on her asking for her watch, which hung by the chimney, in order to give it him to take care of her seal, the natural *brusquerie* of his temper, even in these moments, broke out, which showed how addicted he was to snapping without being angry, and that he was often capable of using those worst whom he loved best ; for on this proposal of giving him the watch to take care of the seal with the Queen's arms, in the midst of sobs and tears he raised and quickened his voice, and said, ' Ah ! my God !

let it alone ! The Queen has always such strange fancies. Who should meddle with your seal ? Is it not as safe there as in my pocket ? ’

“ The King, when the Queen asked if Sir Robert Walpole had come, desired to know if she had anything she wanted to say to him, to which she answered, ‘ No, nothing ; my asking if he was come was mere curiosity.’ Lord Hervey told the King Sir Robert was in the outward room, upon which his Majesty ordered Lord Hervey to bring him in. Sir Robert with some difficulty, from his great bulk and natural awkwardness, knelt down and kissed his Majesty’s hand ; but with much less difficulty (for he was at present thoroughly frightened) dropped some very proper tears, and asked, ‘ How is the Queen ? ’ To which the King replied, ‘ Come and see yourself, my good Sir Robert,’ and then carried him to the Queen’s bedside. The interview was short, but what the Queen said was material, for these were her words : ‘ My good Sir Robert, you see me in a very indifferent situation. *I have nothing to say to you, but to recommend the King, my children, and the kingdom to your care.*’ As soon as Sir Robert came out of the room he told Lord Hervey what had passed, who, asking him what he thought of the Queen, he said, ‘ My Lord, she is as much dead as if she was in her coffin ; if ever I heard a corpse speak, it was just now in that room.’ He then repeated again what the Queen had said to him in the presence of the King and the Princesses, which Lord Hervey found made a great impression on his pride, whatever it did on his tenderness, for he repeated it to everyone he saw for a fortnight afterwards.”

Pope wrote to Allen that, “ The Queen showed the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character

the historians will allow her I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony—that of sincere tears.” The poet paid further tribute to her in the “ Epilogue to the Satires ” :

“ That I might sing, without the least offence,
And all I sing should be the nation’s sense ;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina’s urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts performed, and all her children blessed ! ”

CHAPTER III

THE HON. MRS. HOWARD, *née* HENRIETTA HOBART;
AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK (1681-1767)

I

AFTER the Princess of Wales, the most prominent, though not necessarily the most influential, at Leicester House, and later at St. James's Palace, was the Hon. Mrs. Howard. She was the daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, fourth baronet, of Blicking Hall, Norfolk. Of her early years nothing is known; even the date of her birth is in dispute. John William Croker, the first editor of her correspondence, accepting a statement that she was seventy-nine when she died, assumes that she was born in 1688, and as Horace Walpole remarks that she was very young when she married, this may possibly be accurate. On March 2, 1706, she became the wife of the Hon. Charles Howard, a man of thirty-one, the third son of the fifth Earl of Suffolk, to which title he succeeded in 1731 as ninth Earl, a dignity he enjoyed only two years. Hervey described him "wrong-headed, ill-tempered, obstinate, drunken, extravagant, brutal"—but that, no doubt, was in his later years. Chesterfield says that he was "a most unamiable man, sour, dull, and sullen." "How she came to love him, or how he came to love her, is unaccountable," he added, "unless from a certain fatality which often makes hasty marriages soon attended by long repentance and aversion. Thus they loved, thus they married, and then

they hated each other for the rest of their lives." They must have been strongly attracted to each other, for Henrietta's dowry was small and Howard's means cannot have been considerable.

After a year or two of married life, during which their only child, Henry, afterwards tenth Earl of Suffolk, was born, the young couple began to realize that they had to solve the problem of how to live on next to nothing a year. There was no post for either of them at the Court of Queen Anne ; but, they seemed to have asked themselves, as did so many needy folk at home, could they not find something, anything, with a salary, at Hanover ? Anyhow, to that country they went. Arrived, they found that the position was not so simple as it had appeared to them in London. The Electress Sophia, heir-apparent to the British throne, had probably been their objective, but in 1710 she was already eighty years of age, and her chance of succession—Anne being but fifty-five—was remote. To pay special court to her was to antagonize her eldest son, the reigning Elector George. However, they did their best, by dividing their forces. Howard secured the countenance of George, while his wife, Horace Walpole says, made herself "extremely acceptable to the intelligent Princess Sophia."

Caroline, the Consort of the Elector's son, George Lewis, was keenly alive to the importance and desirability of the succession to the British throne, and all who came to Hanover found in her a more than willing hostess. The Duke of Marlborough was received with marks of distinguished consideration, though it is unlikely that Caroline, any more than anyone else, received his protestations of devotion to the House of Hanover with belief. James Craggs the younger was a more welcome visitor. She made herself very charming to Lord



HENRIETTA HOWARD, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK
(After Charles Jervas)

Halifax when he came on a mission to invest the Electoral Prince with the Order of the Garter ; and very gracious was she to the Earl of Clarendon when he came to convey the official sympathy of Queen Anne on the death of the Electress Sophia.

She smiled upon the Howards, and gave them to understand that when the sad day came that the Elector should be summoned to England, Mrs. Howard should be one of her Women of the Bedchamber. Such undertakings were satisfactory enough, but they were of no pecuniary value so long as Queen Anne lived. When the Howards returned to England in 1713 they were all but penniless. They took lodgings in the neighbourhood of Golden Square, but in the name of Smith, for Howard was in danger of arrest for debt ; and as they could not afford a servant, Henrietta had to act as maid-of-all-work for herself, her husband, and the child.

George I succeeded to the British throne on August 1, 1714, and the new Prince and Princess redeemed their promise to the Howards. The Lady became a Woman of the Bedchamber of her Royal Highness ; the gentleman was attached to the personal suite of his Royal Highness.

The Prince of Wales fell a victim to the charms of Mary Bellenden—of this something will be said presently—but the young Maid of Honour rejected his amorous overtures, and he proceeded to make love to Mrs. Howard, who was more complaisant. In short, she was his Royal Highness's mistress from soon after his arrival in England in 1714 for the period of a score of years.

Mrs. Howard, it would seem, accepted the position *faute de mieux*. She had no desire to blazen forth in the glory that surrounds a royal mistress, nor is there any reason to believe that she was at any time in love with

the Prince of Wales. It may perhaps be best described as a *liaison* of convenience.

“From her steady decorum,” Horace Walpole wrote, “I should conclude that she would have preferred the advantages of her situation to the ostentatious *éclat* of it; but many obstacles stood in the way of total concealment; nor do I suppose that love had any share in the sacrifice she made of her virtue. She had felt poverty, and was far from disliking power. Mr. Howard was probably as little agreeable to her as he proved worthless. The King, though very amorous, was certainly more attracted by a silly idea he entertained of gallantry being becoming than by a love of variety; and he added the more egregious folly of fancying that inconstancy proved that he was not governed; but so awkwardly did he manage that artifice that it but demonstrated more clearly the influence of the Queen. With such a disposition, secrecy would by no means have answered his Majesty’s views: yet the publicity of the intrigue was especially owing to Mr. Howard, who, far from ceding his wife quietly, went one night into the quadrangle of St. James’s and vociferously demanded her to be restored to him before the guards and other audience. Being thrust out, he sent a letter to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury reclaiming her, and the Archbishop by *his* instructions consigned the summons to the Queen, who had the malicious pleasure of delivering the letter to her rival.”

So far as can be gathered from contemporary accounts, there was nothing very striking about Mrs. Howard. She was not beautiful; she was not witty, which, in this instance, mattered not at all, for George would not have appreciated any form of humour more elaborate than horse-play. Horace Walpole has recorded that she was

“ of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair ; was remarkably genteel, and always well dressed with taste and simplicity. These were her personal charms, for her face was regular rather than beautiful ; and those charms she retained with little diminution to the death at the age of seventy-nine. Her mental qualities were by no means shining ; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild.” Her description by one of her oldest friends supplements, and occasionally contradicts, this account. “ Her figure was above the middle-sized and well shaped,” Lord Chesterfield wrote. “ Her face was not beautiful, but pleasing. Her hair was extremely fair, and remarkably fine. Her arms were square and lean, that is ugly. Her countenance was an undecided one, and announced neither good nor ill-nature, neither sense nor the want of it, neither vivacity nor dullness.” Hervey credited her with “ good sense, good breeding, and good nature.” Walpole must be quoted again as one who knew her as well as any and better than most. “ Her mental qualifications,” he wrote, “ were by no means shining ; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth, and her accurate memory, were always in unison, and made her too circumstantial in trifles. She was discreet without being reserved, and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connexions, she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life ; and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned, her friends even affecting to suppose that her connexion with the King had been confined to pure friendship, but unfortunately his Majesty’s passions were too indelicate to have been confined to Platonic love.”

Some particular charm she must have had, for she attracted many devoted friends. All the Maids of Honour loved her and clung to her and corresponded with her ; she herself wrote not indifferent letters. " Molly " Lepell, Mary Bellenden, Sophia Howe, " Peggy " Meadows, all clung to her. Swift conceived a liking for her ; and Pope was frequently with her, although he complained to the Misses Blount that she " would not stir a day's journey either east or west for one, though she had dying or languishing friends on each quarter, who wanted and wished to see her." Pope expressed this opinion in his *Moral Essays* :

" ' Yet Chloe sure was formed without a spot.'—
 Nature in her then erred not, but forgot.
 ' With every pleasing, every prudent part,
 Say, what can Chloe want ? '—She wants a heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
 But never, never reached one generous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmoved,
 As never yet to love, or to be loved.
 She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
 And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair !
 Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt,
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear ;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slandered one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
 She bids the footmen put it in her head.
 Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise ?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies."

As against these lines may be quoted Pope's verses :

"ON A CERTAIN LADY [AT] COURT

"O know the thing that's most uncommon ;
(Envy be silent, and attend)
I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

"Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay through Folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir ?
Yes, she has one, I must aver,
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear."

Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough, made "gallant" love to Mrs. Howard at the time when he was verging on seventy. He had been soldier, sailor, courtier, politician, diplomatist, and had won renown in most of these professions. He himself was something of a wit, and he had a knack of turning out a pretty set of verses, as may be instanced from that which he addressed to Mrs. Howard :

"I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
'Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation ?'

"Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply :
'See, the heart without motion, though Cela pass by ?
Nor the beauty she has, nor the wit she borrows,
Gave the eye any joy, or the heart any sorrows.

"'When our Sappho applauds—she, whose wit so refined
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind—
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire ;
Ev'ry word I attend, but I only admire.

“ ‘Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim,
’Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
Those stars of the world are too good for the skies.

“ ‘But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel without art, without care ;
When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.’

“ O wonderful creation ! A woman of reason !
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season ;
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne’er dreamt it was she ? ”

High-flown compliments were exchanged between the Earl and the lady, and many a letter passed between them. Mrs. Howard, whenever she was at a loss, called in to help her in composition John Gay, who probably never made love to anybody in his life. “ After you have told me that you hate writing letters,” she wrote to the poet, “ it would be very ungrateful not to thank you for so many as you have written for me. Acting contrary to one’s inclinations, for the service of those one likes, is a strong proof of friendship ; yet as it is painful, it ought never to be exacted but in case of great necessity, as such I look upon that correspondence in which I have engaged you.

“ Perhaps you think I treat you very oddly, that, while I own myself afraid of a man of wit, and make that a pretence to ask your assistance, I can write to you myself without any concern ; but do me justice, and believe it is that I think it requires something more than wit to deserve esteem. So it is less uneasy for me to write to you than to the other, for I should fancy I purchased the letters I received (though very witty) at too great

an expense, if at the least hazard of having my real answers exposed.

“The enclosed will discover that I did not make use of every argument with which you had furnished me ; but I had a reason, of which I am not at this time disposed to make you a judge. Conquest is the last thing a woman cares to resign ; but I should be very sorry to have you in the desperate condition of my knight-errant. No ! I would spare you, out of self-interest, to secure to me those I have made by you. But for the correspondence itself—one from each of the parties must here suffice.

From the Earl of Peterborough to the Hon. Mrs. Howard

“As I can as well live without meat and sleep as without thinking of her who has possession of my soul, so to find some relief, in never having any conversation with this adored lady, I have been forced, when alone, to make many and many a dialogue betwixt her and myself ; but, alas ! Madam, the conclusions are always in her favour, and I am often most cruelly condemned by myself—nay more, her indifference and almost all her rigour are approved.

“Permit me to give you an account of my last duet without my partner, and as by the original articles of our scribbling treaty you were sincerely to tell me your opinion, so remember your long silence, and give me an answer to this.

“On my part, I was representing to hear the violence, the sincerity of my passion ; but what I most insisted on was, that in most circumstances it was different from that of other men. It is true I confessed, with common lovers, she was the person that I wished would *grant*, but with this addition, that she was the only woman that

I could allow to *refuse*. In a word, I am resolved, nay content, to be only hers, though it may be impossible she should ever be mine.

“To bear injuries or miseries insensibly were a vain pretence—not to resent, not to feel is impossible ; but, when I dare venture to think she is unjust or cruel, my revenge falls upon all of her sex but herself. I hate, detest, and renounce all other creatures in hoop-petticoats ; and by a strange weakness can only wish well to her, who has the power and will to make me miserable.

“Commonly lovers are animated by the gay look, the blooming cheeks, and the red lips of the mistress ; but, heavens ! what do I feel when I see anguish and paleness invade that charming face ? My soul is in a mutiny against those powers that suffer it, and my heart perfectly melts away in tenderness. But for whom have I such concern ? For that dear lady who hardly thinks of me, or scarce regretteth she makes me wretched.

“But alas ! it was in this last dialogue I found my misery complete ; for you must know, the lady had listened with some attention—mercy was in her looks, softness in her words, and gentleness in all her air. ‘Were all this true,’ she asked, ‘what could you expect ? What do you think your due ?’

“Never was poor mortal so dismayed. Though she was absent, I had not the courage to make one imaginary request : had she been present I could only have expressed my wishes in a trembling look. Oh, wretched prodigality, where one gives all and dare demand no return ! Oh, unfortunate avarice, which covets all, and can merit nothing ! Oh, cruel ambition, which can be satisfied with nothing less but what no man can deserve !

“It was long before I could recover from the terror and amaze into which I had thrown myself. At last I

ventured to make this answer : ‘ If what I may pretend to be less than love, surely it is something more than common friendship.’ ”

*From the Hon. Mrs. Howard to the
Earl of Peterborough*

“ I do not know whether your Lordship expects I should answer every letter you write in exact time and form, in order to provoke you to write another : if you do, I fancy your last was an artifice to draw me to declare my sentiments on the subject of love first, which I think a little unfair—for the most that is expected from a woman is to be upon the defensive. Suppose I should declare my sentiments first ; your Lordship who has been so conversant with our sex might very civilly imagine that I hated contradiction ; you might be biassed to think my notions pretty enough for a woman ; and your complaisance might draw you in unawares to flatter my understanding, by agreeing to everything I said. What should I get by all this ? only the pleasure of hearing myself talk : and I fancy the women that have all their lives been treated in this well-bred manner have that pleasure wholly confined to their own dear selves ; and I look upon this as the reason why women generally talk more than men : they are seldomer contradicted, and consequently they think themselves oftener in the right. Not that I would have your Lordship imagine that I love contradiction, in order to support a dispute : no, the conversation that pleases me is when a person (if such a person can be found) will think freely before me, and speak what he thinks ; rather than the common way of playing off sentiments to show what can be said, and not what he himself thinks right.

“ I grant, my Lord, we can expect this sort of treatment

from none but friends and lovers, and none but friends and lovers deserve it ; but he that is sincere is never upon his guard, and cannot do otherwise."

It was about the summer of 1723 that Mrs. Howard received from the Prince of Wales a sum of money considerable enough to buy an estate at Twickenham, upon which she erected a mansion named Marble Hill. The design was made by the Earl of Pembroke, and the house was ready for occupation late in 1725, by which time the owner had impoverished herself so much as to entertain seriously the necessity of selling her new possession, whereupon Swift wrote in *A Pastoral Dialogue* :

" My house was built but for a show,
My Lady's empty pockets know ;
And now she will not have a shilling
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling ;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound ;
'Tis come to what I always thought :
My dame is hardly worth a groat.

.

" No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine :
My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more,
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green :
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope ;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

.

" Some South Sea broker from the City
Will purchase me, the more's the pity ;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste."

The catastrophe was averted.

Pope, who had planned the gardens of Marble Hill, was a near neighbour of Mrs. Howard, and a frequent visitor. Clearly he had the *entrée*, whether she was in residence or not. "We cannot omit taking this occasion to congratulate you upon the increase of your family, for your cow is this morning very happily delivered of the better sort, I mean a female calf; she is as like her mother as she can stare," he wrote to her, June 20, 1726. "All knights-errants' palfreys were distinguished by lofty names; we see no reason why a pastoral lady's sheep and calves should want names of the softer sounds: we have, therefore, given her the name of Cæsar's wife, Calpurnia: imagining that as Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was suckled by a cow, from whence she took that name.

"In order to celebrate this birthday, we had a cold dinner at Marble Hill. Mrs. Susan offered us wine upon the occasion, and upon such an occasion we could not refuse it. Our entertainment consisted of flesh and fish, and the lettuce of a Greek island called Cos. We have some thoughts of dining there to celebrate the day after birthday, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; because we think your hall the most delightful room in the house except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forswear all Courts; and really it is the most mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the Court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; so we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourselves as happy as we can in your house.

"I hope we shall be brought into no worse company when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wish as to getting into Court, I

disclaim it, and desire to see nothing of the Court but yourself."

Among Mrs. Howard's intimates was, as has been intimated, John Gay, at once the laziest and the best-beloved of men. He had a distaste for work that would have been truly pathetic if it had not had its humorous side—all his life he wanted something for nothing. His friends secured him the post of Secretary to the Earl of Clarendon's mission to Hanover in June 1714, the purpose of which was to convey to the Elector the sympathy of Queen Anne upon the death of the Electress Sophia. That was not enough for the poet: he wrote an "Epigrammatical Petition," and sent it by Dr. Arbuthnot to Lord Treasurer Oxford:

" 'I'm no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine folk resort;
One can live without money or plans,
But never without it at Court.

" 'If, when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue;
When abroad, and in Courts, I shall ramble,
Pray, my Lord, how much money will do?'"

The Electoral Princess being courteous to him, he felt that his future was assured, and when, after the death of Anne, she came to England, Gay addressed to her a set of shamefully adulatory verses, as the following lines show:

" Muse, fly the shades, the sylvan song forbear,
And pipe no more to please the shepherd's ear.
Aid me, bright Phœbus; aid, ye sacred Nine;
Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
Accept illustrious Fair, my grateful Song:
To you my duty and my lays belong.

My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe soft, ye winds, ye waves in silence sleep;
Let prosp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the wat'ry way."

Having implored the waves not to disturb the equilibrium of the royal lady, Gay thought he might put in a word or two for himself, and promptly proceeded to do so :

" Since all my schemes were baulk'd, my last resort,
I left the Muses to frequent the Court ;
Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd,
Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
And yet no friendly *Gazette* mention'd Gay.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue ;
He cried, ' I want a place as well as you.'
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ ;
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Straight I replied, ' With what a courtly grace,
Flows easy verse from him that has a place !
Had Virgil ne'er at Court improved his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains ;
And had not Horace sweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.' "

Caroline expressed her pleasure at Gay's exercise in rhyme, but did not take the hint to offer him a place. He was, however, given the run of Leicester House. In 1720, owing to the efforts of Pope and his other friends to procure subscriptions, his *Poems on Several Occasions* brought him in more than £1000. In the same year James Craggs the younger gave him a parcel of South Sea Company stock, and into that venture he put all the money he had. At one time he was worth £20,000, but he would not realize his fortune. In a few months

the "bubble" burst, and he was almost penniless. Again he looked to the Court, and by way of further ingratiating himself, wrote a series of "Fables" for Prince William Augustus, third son of George II, at that time aged three. A most undignified proceeding. Gay, however, was inevitably a dependent, as Pope and Swift were independents. "Our friend Gay," Pope wrote to Swift in October 1725, "is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when anyone had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He puts his whole heart at Court in that lady whom I described." "That lady," it may be presumed, was Mrs. Howard.

The story may be carried a step further. After the accession of George II he felt sure his hour had struck, and that he would now enjoy the distinctions and emoluments of a place-man. The new Queen did not, in fact, forget him. It would seem that she—to her credit—did turn around and think what she could do for the stout gentleman who had so beslavered her with honeyed words on her arrival in England and had paid her court for more than a publisher's-dozen of years. It was not easy to find anything, for there were many with greater claim. Still, she did offer him the sinecure post of Gentleman Usher to her younger child, the Princess Louisa, then in her third year, with a salary of £200 a year. What Gay expected no one knows, but certainly it was not this. His indignation was magnificent. "The Queen's family is at last settled," Gay wrote bitterly to Swift on October 22, "and in the list I was appointed Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest Princess, which, upon account that I am so far advanced

in life, I had declined accepting, and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them, but as I have no more hopes I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition."

Pope wrote Gay a letter of condolence, because he loved him—had he not what would he not have said. Still, he could not refrain from saying, "I could find it in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismissal from all Court dependance." A few days later he wrote, "I can only add a plain uncouthly speech. While you are nobody's servant you may be anybody's friend, and, as such, I embrace you in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling you shall have sixpence, nay, eightpence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat."

Swift, who loved Gay no less than Pope did, took a stronger line. "I entirely approve your refusal of that employment and your writing to the Queen," he wrote. "I am perfectly confident you have a firm enemy in the Ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something, which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated; and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a Court. A Minister is always seventy; you are thirty years younger; and consider Cromwell did not begin to appear till he was older

than you." He could not forgive the slight which he thought had been cast upon his friend. In *A Libel on the Rev. Mr. Delany* :

"How could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless Court twelve years in vain !
Fain would I think, our female friend sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend ?
Say, had the Court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse ?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold
To squire a royal girl of two years old ;
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side !"

Swift's anger is difficult to understand. Gay had not been ashamed years before to accept a sinecure of £150 a year and apartments in Whitehall ; he had not thought it beneath his dignity to write fables for a boy of three ; but he was outraged at the offer of another £200 to be in nominal attendance on a girl of two. Swift, however, did not view the situation in any such way. His fury—it was no less—was directed against poor Mrs. Howard, who, as has already been said, was impotent as regards places at Court or in the public service. "I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Miss Blount, but to no lady at Court," he wrote to Pope. "God bless you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character, too, myself, but I want your charity." To which Pope replied : "The Court lady I have a good opinion of. Yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you will like to see the inside of a Court, which I do not. . . . After all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier." It is only fair to Gay to say that he did not blame Mrs. Howard—as,



JOHN GAY
(After Kneller)

indeed, why should he have ? But he avenged himself by writing a set of verses that were handed round " to all concerned " in manuscript :

" A mother who vast pleasure finds,
In forming of the children's minds ;
In midst of whom with vast delight,
She passes many a winter's night ;
Mingles in every play to find,
What bias nature gives her mind ;
Resolving there to take her aim,
To guide them to the realms of fame ;
And wisely makes those realms their way,
To those of everlasting day ;
Each boist'rous passion she'd control,
And early humanise the soul,
The noblest notions would inspire,
As they were sitting by the fire ;
Her offspring, conscious of her care,
Transported hung around her chair.
Of Scripture heroes would she tell,
Whose names they'd lisp, ere they could spell ;
Then the delighted mother smiles,
And shews the story in the tiles.
At other times her themes would be,
The sages of antiquity ;
Who left a glorious name behind,
By being blessing to their kind :
And she'd take a nobler scope
And tell of Addison and Pope.

" This happy mother met one day
A book of fables writ by Gay ;
And told her children, here's treasure,
A fund of wisdom, and of pleasure.
Such decency ! such elegance !
Such morals ! such exalted sense !
Well has the poet found the art,
To raise the mind, and mend the heart.
Her favourite boy the author seiz'd,
And as he read, seem'd highly pleas'd ;
Made such reflections every page,
The mother thought above his age ;

Delighted read, but scarce was able,
To finish the concluding fable.
'What ails my child?' the mother cries,
'Whose sorrows have now fill'd your eyes?'
'Oh, dear Mamma, can he want friends
Who writes for such exalted ends?
Oh, base, degenerate human kind!
Had I a fortune to my mind,
Should Gay complain; but now, alas!
Through what a world am I to pass;
Where friendship's but an empty name,
And merit's scarcely paid in fame.'
Resolv'd to lull his woes to rest,
She told him he should hope the best;
That who instruct the royal race,
Can't fail of some distinguished place.
'Mamma, if you were queen,' says he,
'And such a book was writ for me;
I know 'tis so much to your taste,
That Gay would keep his coach at least.'
'My child, what you suppose is true,
I see its excellence in you;
Poets whose writings mend the mind,
A noble recompense should find:
But I am barr'd by fortune's frowns,
From the best privilege of crowns;
The glorious godlike power to bless,
And raise up merit in distress.'

"'But, dear Mamma, I long to know,
Were that the case, what you'd bestow?'
'What I'd bestow,' says she, 'My dear,
At least five hundred pounds a year.'"

CHAPTER IV

THE HON. MRS. HOWARD, *née* HENRIETTA HOBART ;
AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK (1681-1767)

II

MRS. HOWARD had many friends more disinterested than John Gay. Foremost among these was Arthur Bathurst, an active member of the House of Commons from 1705 until seven years later he was one of the twelve Tory gentlemen raised at the same time to the peerage by Anne. He was a warm supporter of Walpole, who, when he retired from office and went to the House of Lords in 1742, had him sworn of the Privy Council and appointed him Captain of the Band of Pensioners. George III granted him a pension of £2000 a year, and in 1772, three years before his death, made him an Earl. "The most surprising news is Lord Bathurst's assiduous court to their Royal Highnesses, which fills the coffee-houses with profound speculations. But I who can smell a rat at a profound distance do believe in private that Mrs. Howard and his Lordship have a friendship that borders upon 'the tender.'"

"And though in histories, learned ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love in that grave disguise does often smile,
Knowing the cause was kindness all the while.'"

So Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote to her sister, the Countess of Mar, in 1728, and shortly afterwards

returned to the subject in another letter. "You may remember," she said, "I mentioned in my last some suspicions of my own in relation to Lord Bathurst, which I really never mentioned for fifty reasons to anyone whatsoever ; but as there is never smoke without fire, there is very rarely fire without smoke. These smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics laid over them, were at last seen, heard, and understood, and the fair lady given to understand by her commanding officer that if she showed under other colours she must expect to have her pay retrenched. Upon which the good Lord was distressed, and has not attended at the Drawing-room since. You know one cannot help laughing when one sees him next, and I own I long for the pleasurable moment."

However, the intimacy did not cease, and in 1725 there is an amusing letter addressed by him to Mrs. Howard in which he gives an account of himself as a courtier :

"That a poor country gentleman should be forgot by his Court friends is no new thing ; that he should be troublesome to them is as little extraordinary ; therefore to keep in the ordinary course of things it is proper for me to put you in mind of your promise of coming here one day this week. I hope to hear that her Royal Highness is well. I believe I ought to go to Richmond again to inquire after her health, but if I hear of it I shall be satisfied ; and I leave it to further time to show how sincerely your Jacobite friend is attached to her.

"I am convinced I shall make but an awkward courtier, and I could perceive that some of the folks I met there the last day looked upon me as a wild beast whose teeth and claws had been lately pulled out ; but

perhaps they may grow again next winter, and the creature may be found to be tame only to those it likes, and submit to nothing but the Royal Blood. But what if the rest of our herd, i.e. the opposition, should grow tame too, and leave off roaring? Your hunters would complain of want of sport, and you may be accused of having spoiled their diversion. You do not know what you have done. I give you fair warning, therefore, whatever happens, do not hereafter accuse your, etc.

“BATHURST.”

Bathurst was the friend of Congreve and Prior, and of Swift and Pope, with the last of whom he had in common a love of gardening. Pope addressed to him the third of the *Moral Essays* :

“The sense to value riches, with the art
T’ enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
Not slunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude ;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence ;
With splendour, charity ; with plenty, health ;
Oh, teach us, Bathurst, yet unspoiled by wealth !
That secret rare, between the extremes to move
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.”

When Sterne was at the height of his fame, Bathurst introduced himself, and the author described him in one of his letters to Eliza Draper. “I got your letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst’s, where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of you an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old lord toasted your health three different times ; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced

as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit. I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine.—You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius ; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, etc. etc. always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me, was as singular as it was polite. He came up to me, one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court. 'I want to know you, Mr. Sterne ; but it is fit you should know, also, who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard,' continued he, 'of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much : I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them ; and despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again : but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die ; which I now do, so go home and dine with me.' This noble man, I say, is a prodigy, for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty. A disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others beyond whatever I knew : added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling. He heard me talk of you, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction ; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us. And a most sentimental afternoon, 'till nine o'clock, have we passed ! But you, Eliza, were the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse. He was indeed a wonderful old man, and kept his fine spirit to the end. One evening after dinner when his son, Lord Chancellor Apsley, a more austere person, left the table, he said to the company, 'Now that the

old gentleman's gone, let us close up and have another bottle.' ”

The intimacy between Mrs. Howard and the Earl of Chesterfield began about the time of the accession of George I, when, as Lord Stanhope, he was a Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales. Whenever they were apart they corresponded, and when he was at Bath there was an interchange of amusing letters.

*Lord Stanhope to the Hon. Mrs. Howard's
Dog, Marquise*

“ BATH,

“ *September 5.*

“ DEAR MARQUISE,

“ I received with a great deal of pleasure the account of your happy delivery, and (as I judge from the brevity and conciseness) from some fair hand of your acquaintance.

“ I always thought epistolary correspondence the properest with those of your species, which makes me glad of this opportunity to congratulate you upon this occasion at a distance, where I cannot have your answer by word of mouth. I have no rules to give you for your conduct in the month but to avoid all noise as much as possible, and therefore I would only recommend to you the company of that laconic lady, Mrs. Howard, who sent me that very short relation of your labour, unless you find some few others (which possibly you may) of equal taciturnity.

“ I beg of you not to be at all concerned at any insinuations that may be thrown out, that your issue does not bear that resemblance to the father which it ought.

Many salvos might be found out for it, if necessary ; but it is very long since any wise mother has been very uneasy, or any prudent husband too inquisitive, as to affairs of that kind. The great tenderness I hear you have shown towards your little nursery is never enough to be commended ; and as it may be an example for many parents to follow, and others to blush at, so ought it to be said to your honour that you use your dogs like children, while they use their children like dogs. But, alas ! the care you have hitherto taken relates only to their bodies. The great concern is still to come ; I mean the forming of their minds. As to which, I look upon it as their peculiar advantage, and your happiness (notwithstanding what some grave authors assert to the contrary) that they are to have their education in a court, a court that—— ; but as I have the honour to be one of it, I must not give it its due commendations. As example is better than precept, you will have an opportunity to set before their eyes examples of all kinds. It is impossible that, among the number of ladies you daily converse with, you may point out to your female little ones some virtues to imitate, and many faults to avoid ; above all show them the inconveniences of a snappish and snarling disposition, especially in their sex ; and if you can produce examples, it would not be amiss neither to caution them against over-discretion, which you may enforce by assuring them, that had you been over-nice, they had not been at all, and you had died a maid.

“ As for your male issue, they will likewise reap very great and glorious advantages from example, for were you only to set before them the nine Lords of the Prince’s Bedchamber, you may make them very accomplished puppies ; but you may with very good success take a great latitude, and borrow very useful hints from several

others of the family. While they are little you cannot do better than let them play with the secretary ; but when they come to dog's estate, bid them imitate, and, if possible, emulate, the magnanimity and fortitude of Herbert and Bellhaven, that they may one day be justly promoted to the dignity of house dogs. In short, that your progeny may in time be both the ornaments and the guardians of the Richmond Lodge is the heart and sincere wish of

“ Yours etc.,

“ STANHOPE.”

*The Hon. Mrs. Howard's Dog, Marquise,
to Lord Stanhope*

“ I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter. I need not make any excuse for using the same hand to thank you for it, as I did to acquaint with my condition : the knowledge you have of that, and the high encomiums you give my secretary, sufficiently justify me in my choice ; but even she, my Lord, with all her loquacity, wants words to express my gratitude for your tender concern for your fellow-creatures, my little progeny, and I reflected, that the strongest proof I could give you of the high value I set on your advice, was immediately to endeavour to put it in execution : in order to which, I instantly communicated your letter to the whole family, and was pleasingly surprised to find the fair sex unanimously agree each to take their share in this great work.

“ Mrs. Bellenden promises to teach them the *art of memory*, a thing highly useful, as she daily experiences in the management of her own affairs. Mrs. Howe asserts, that there is a *discreet* sort of dissimulation

absolutely necessary in a Court, and what she practises frequently with great success, which is to put on a gay, cheerful countenance upon little disagreeable accidents that sometimes will happen in conversation. I could not but approve this innocent fraud, which she engages to teach them. To Mrs. Carteret is assigned the charge of deterring them from all little unthinking and unbecoming habits of biting their lips and cheeks, which often rob the fair of part of their charms. To make them mistress of that philosophy of temper, Mrs. Selwyn desires to teach them to sing, and seems confident that, beginning now they are young, she shall easily form their voices to the perfection of her own. Neatness in their persons, and what the world calls clever, naturally fell to Mrs. P., and she had it assigned to her, *nemine contradicente*. The purity of the French language, and the fulness of the pronounciation is what Mrs. Herbert undertakes, provided she may have Mr. Parthe's assistance.

“Miss Lepell is to guard them from every little affectation ; but Lord Lumley's little friend has a large share in their education. She is to form them to an easy politeness in every part of their behaviour, and teach them to be witty without sharpness or ill-nature ; will deter them from censoriousness, and give them that sort of generous disposition that despises trifles, and which so distinguishes people of quality.

“I have set my heart on Sir O. for dancing-master, and to read authors for their edification, as he has heretofore done with great success to himself, but I have no hopes to engage the secretary for a playfellow. No, no, my Lord, he is strangely altered since you knew him ; they must be puppies of the first magnitude to be admitted to his company.

“The great affair of my little females is, you see, happily settled ; but I shall endeavour as they all this time pay me a *blind* obedience, to preserve my male offspring in their natural simplicity till your arrival, and to *your* care I shall commit their education. My Lord, my ambition goes no further than that they may resemble *you*. What occasion then, for *nine* lords, when *one* is so proper and all-sufficient for the purpose ? for let them but imitate you, and they will be accomplished in all that is necessary to make their way, and shine in every part of life in which they can be engaged. Belhaven may assist you in the point of making them proper for the *house*, but Lord Herbert, you know, is a novice in that particular. In the *field* I confess he may aid you in their improvement ; but I shall submit to your judgment, and entirely rely upon it.

“My Lord, give me leave to thank you for your partiality to my correspondence, and to assure you that I beg the continuance of that honour ; and am, with great respect,

“Yours, etc.,

“MARQUISE.”

Lord Islay, the younger brother of the Duke of Argyll, was Mrs. Howard's financial adviser. He dabbled heavily in the Mississippi's Company at Paris and in the South Sea Company in London, and lost heavily—as, there is reason to believe, did Mrs. Howard. Later, the intimacy waned, for Lord Islay began to cultivate the Queen. “The Queen,” Hervey wrote in 1734, “had habituated herself to taking him on account of his having formerly, for a long time together, made his court to Lady Suffolk ; Lady Suffolk now hated him as much for having neglected her in order to gain the Queen,

which he could never effect. So that his unfortunate situation with both was, being disliked as much by the one for what he was as by the other for what he had been ; the one quite forgetting how much she had once been obliged, and the other always remembering how much she had been disobliged."

When Swift reached London in the early autumn of 1735, Pope introduced them. The Dean paid her marked attention, and on his return started a correspondence with her. "I did not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effects it has," Mrs. Howard wrote to him in the following year. "I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the Princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely : and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design, for the use of the aforesaid person ; as also to have over, by your means, the height of the Brobdingnag Dwarf, multiplied by $2\frac{1}{2}$ —this in a particular parcel. Likewise three for the young Princesses : these must be divided into three shares. For a short method, if you will draw a line of twenty feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle, by measuring each side you will know the proper division. If you want a more particular and better rule, I refer you to the Academy of Lagado. I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end, it will be highly necessary care be taken that the purple, the yellow and the white silk be properly disposed ; and, though these gowns are for the Princesses, as the officers are very vigilant, take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant in the disposing of the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and return it the way you judge safest.

“ The Princess will take care you shall have pumps sufficient to serve till you return to England, but thinks you cannot in common decency appear in heels ; therefore advises you to keep close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematics, so that length of your head or your foot is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends, the five hundred weavers. You may omit the gold thread.

“ Several disputes have arisen here, whether the Big-endians and Lesser-endians ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs when they were either to be poached or buttered, or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput.

“ I cannot conclude without telling you the great joy our island is in upon a yahoo in Bedfordshire having produced a creature half a yahoo and half a ram ; and another yahoo, of Sussex, has brought forth four black rabbits. May we not hope, and, with some probability, expect that, in time, our female yahoos will bring a race of Houyhnhnms ?

“ I am,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ SIEVE YAHOO.”

On receipt of this letter Swift wrote to Pope (November 17) : “ I am just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard’s, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning if a book had not been sent me, called *Gulliver’s Travels*.”

Swift, in 1727, wrote a “ Character ” of her, which was not printed during the lifetime of the writer : “ I shall say nothing of her wit or beauty, which are freely allowed by all persons of taste and eyes, who hear or

see her : for beauty, being transient, and a trifle, cannot justly make part of a *character* intended to last ; and I leave others to celebrate her wit, because it will be of little use in the light I design to show her.

“ As to her history, it will be sufficient to observe, that she went in the prime of her youth to the Court of Hanover, and there became of the Bedchamber to the present Princess of Wales, living with the rest in expectation of the great event of the Queen Anne’s death, after which she came over with her mistress, and hath ever since continued in her Royal Highness’s service ; where, from the attendance duly paid her by all the Ministers, as well as others who expect advancement, hath been reckoned for some years to be the great favourite of the Court at Leicester-fields, which is a fact that of all others she most earnestly wishes might not be believed.

“ There is no politician who more carefully watches the motions and dispositions of things and persons at St. James’s-house, nor can form a language of the Court, or more early foresee what style may be proper upon any approaching juncture of affairs, whereof she can gather timely intelligence without asking it, and often when those from whom she receives it do not know that they are giving it to her, but equally with others admire her sagacity. Sir Robert Walpole and she both think they understand each other, and are both of them mistaken.

“ With persons where she is to manage she is very expert, in what the French call *tâter le pavé* : with others she is a great vindicator of all present proceedings, but in such a manner as if she were under no concern further than her bare opinion, and wondering how anybody can think otherwise ; but the danger is, that she may come in time to believe herself, which, under a

change of princes, and with a great addition of credit, might have terrible consequences.

“ She is a most unconscionable dealer ; for in return for a few good words given to her lords and gentlemen daily waiters, during their attendance, she receives ten thousand from them behind her back. The credit she hath is managed with the utmost parsimony, and whenever she employs it, which is as seldom as possible, it is only upon such occasions where she is sure to get more than she spends. She would readily press Sir Robert Walpole to do some favour for Colonel Charles Churchill or Mr. Dodington, the Princess for some mark of grace to Mrs. Clayton, or his Royal Highness to remember Mr. Schütz.

“ She sometimes falls into the general mistake of all courtiers, of not suiting her talents to the different abilities of others, but thinking those she deals with to have less art than they really are masters of, whereby she may possibly be sometimes deceived when she thinks she deceiveth.

“ In all offices of life, except that of a courtier, she acts with justice, generosity, and truth ; she is ready to do good as a private person, and I could almost think in charity, that she will not do hurt as a courtier, unless it be to those who deserve it.

“ In religion she is at least a latitudinarian, neither an enemy nor a stranger to books which maintain the opinions of free-thinkers ; wherein she is the more to be blamed, as having too much morality to need their assistance, and requiring only a due degree of faith for putting her on the road to salvation. I speak this of her as a private lady, not as a Court favourite, for in this latter capacity she can show neither faith nor works.

“ She abounds in good words and good wishes, and will concert a hundred schemes with those whom she favours in order to their advancement ; schemes that sometimes arise from them, and sometimes from herself, although at the same time she very well knows that both are without the least probability to succeed. But to do her justice, she never feels or deceives any person with promises where she doth not then think that she intendeth some degree of sincerity.

“ She is upon the whole an excellent companion for men of the best accomplishments who have nothing to ask for.

“ What part she may act hereafter in a larger sphere, as Lady of the Bedchamber to a great Queen, and in high esteem with a King, neither she nor I can foretell. My own opinion is natural and obvious, that her talents as a courtier will spread, enlarge, and multiply to such a degree that her private virtues, for want of room and time to operate, must be folded and laid up clean like clothes in a chest, never to be put on till satiety, or some reverse of fortune, shall dispose her to retirement. In the mean time it will be her prudence to take care that they may not be tarnished or moth-eaten, for want of opening and airing at least once a year.”

Swift's quarrel with Mrs. Howard was not only that he thought she had not effectively supported Gay in his quest for a place at Court, but for the neglect—as he saw it—of his own claims. “ As to yourself, Madam,” he wrote to her from Dublin in November 1730, “ I most heartily congratulate you, for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the slavery, and vexation of a favourite, where you could not always answer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be less teased with solicitations, one of the greatest evils of life. You

possess an easy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit ; and if it shall please God to establish your health, I believe and hope you are too wise to hope for more. Mr. Pope hath always been an advocate for your sincerity ; and even in the character I gave of yourself, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet I confess I never heartily pledged your health as a toast upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good sense, and an unblemished character. For as to friendship, truth, sincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myself about them, because I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals which are always useless at court. I am content that you should tell the Queen what I have said of her, and in my own words, if you please. I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners in the height of your credit to put you in mind of its mortality ; for you are not the first by at least three ladies whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good scaffoldings, and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanical.” He returned more than once to the attack, and would not heed Gay himself, who cherished no grievances. “ Your friend, Mrs. Howard, is now Countess of Suffolk,” he wrote to the Dean in July 1731 in the interests of peace, which he loved beyond all things. “ I am still as much a dupe that I think you mistake her. Come to Aylesbury, and you and I will dispute this matter, and the Duchess of Queensberry shall be judge. But I fancy you will object against her ; for I will be so fair as to own that I think she is on my side ; but in short, you shall choose any impartial

referee you please. I beg that you would suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together ; for I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or seen her ; so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I will be a dupe for you at any time. Therefore I beg of you that you would let me be a dupe in quiet." Lady Betty Germaine took up the cudgels some time later in defence of Lady Suffolk. " I am sorry," she declared, " to find our tastes so different in the same person ; and as everybody has a natural partiality to their opinion, so it is surprising to me to find Lady Suffolk dwindled in yours, who rises infinitely in mine the more and the longer I know her. But you say, ' you will say no more of Courts, for fear of growing angry ' ; and, indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think that no one who belongs to a Court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust ; and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive." Lady Betty in the following year had the last word. " I cannot possibly, according to your own just rule, be angry, because I am in the right," she replied on May 1 to Swift's letter, which unhappily has not been preserved. " It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong as to condemn her without the show of justice."

Charles Howard did not, so far as is known, at first raise any objection to the *liaison* between his wife and the Prince of Wales ; but in or about 1717 there was a definite breach between them, as the following letters testify.

*The Hon. Mrs. Howard to the
Hon. Charles Howard*

“ I have obeyed the commands you sent me by Adshead, and have removed all my clothes from St. James’s. I am very unhappy to be so much under your displeasure that you would not signify your orders to me in some other manner ; I am sensible those words I spoke last time I saw you, were very wrong, and impertinent, and I shall not pretend to justify that conversation ; but I had flattered myself my early begging pardon for that fault might have pleaded with some success for me—and give me leave with the greatest submission, to desire you will reflect upon on all our former way of living, and those unhappy circumstances we have been in ; and judge if the prospect of returning to that must not be very terrible to me. And though the fears of it, and thinking differently on the obligations I owe the Family I have the honour to serve, occasioned those unhappy words, and that you have resent’d so as in a public manner to own your displeasure. Yet nothing shall dispense me from having the greatest respect for everything that may concern you—who am, etc.

*The Hon. Charles Howard to the
Hon. Mrs. Howard*

“ The unparalleled treatment of your behaviour to me has twice endangered my mind ; and since I find you persevere in your defiance to my recalling you home again, send this, to acquaint you, what I am determined to do, I have consulted (I believe) as good opinions for your coming to me, as I know you have lately done to support the contrary, and depend upon it I will put them in execution. Therefore, ’tis left to your choice, forcing

me to these measures or avoiding them by your compliance. If you have any sense of virtue left, or reflexion of reason, you shall find better treatment from me, than I am sure you must in yourself be convinced you can deserve ; but if this meets any farther denial, I will immediately take such methods, as the law prescribe, in your case."

*The Hon. Mrs. Howard to the
Hon. Charles Howard*

" I am sorry that you should think yourself obliged to make use of such an expression as my unparalleled treatment of you. I have been several months under your displeasure to such a degree that you thought fit to acquaint me by a message that you would have nothing more to say to me nor consider me as your Wife nor would not concern yourself with what I did and sent me your commands to remove my things from St. James's. After that I did not understand you would judge my remaining in her Royal Highness' service when you had so expressly abandoned me and dismissed me from living any more with you. Now, Sir, I must own that next to that severe message you sent me that new command is the most surprising thing that has happened. You offer me better treatment than I can deserve ; but since that merit of mine is to be weighed only by your opinion of me which is so very cruel and unjust, I have but too good reason to fear worse treatment than I believe the law of England allowed, and in such cases I have always heard a wife is protected. Since you have given yourself the trouble to consult opinions for my coming to you I hope you will not think it unreasonable for me to take some little time to consider

and to advise in what manner I can defend myself against the menaces I have received. I am not, Sir, under any manner of restraint nor does any person whatsoever detain me from you, or interfere in the measures I may happen to take, but the usage I have already met and that which I am to expect makes me think it absolutely necessary to have some regard to my own preservation, though it should not for the present be altogether agreeable to the notions you have conceived."

Howard made himself very unpleasant, and, it was believed, proposed to kidnap her. He dared not abduct her, even if it had been feasible, from Leicester House, but he designed to seize her when she was on the way from there to Richmond Lodge. To baffle any such attempt the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Islay called for her early one morning and conveyed her safely to their house at Richmond. The threat to abduct his wife was made by Howard to Caroline. "The Queen," Hervey records in 1735, "told me the whole history of the bustle Mr. Howard had made to take his wife from Court, and that, when Mr. Howard came to her Majesty, and said he would take his wife out of her Majesty's coach if he met her in it, she had bid him, 'Do it, if he dare!' 'though,' said she, 'I was horribly afraid of him (for we were *tête-à-tête*) all the while I was thus playing the bully. What added to my fear upon this occasion,' said the Queen, 'was that, as I knew him to be so brutal, as well as a little mad, and seldom quite sober, so I did not think it impossible but that he might throw me out of that window (for it was in this room our interview was, and that sash then open just as it is now); but as soon as I got near the door, and thought myself safe from being thrown out of the window, *je pris mon grand ton*

de reine, et je dissois I would be glad to see who would dare to open my coach-door and take out one of my servants ; *sachant tout le temps qu'il pouvait faire s'il le voulait, et qu'il auroit sa femme, et moi l'affront.* Then I told him that my resolution was positively neither to force his wife to go to him if she had no mind to, nor to keep her if she had. He then said he would complain to the King, upon which *je prenois encore mon haut ton,* and said the King had nothing to do with my servants, and for that reason he might save himself that trouble, as I was sure the King would give him no answer but that it was none of his business to concern himself with my family ; and after a good deal more conversation of this kind (I standing close to the door all the while to give me courage) *Monsieur Howard et moi nous donnions le bonjour, et il se retira.'*” The matter, however, did not end with the withdrawal of Howard. “ After this,” the Queen continued her narrative to Lord Hervey, “ that old fool my Lord Trevor came to me from Mrs. Howard thanking me in her name for what I had done, proposed to me to give twelve hundred pounds a year to Mr. Howard to let his wife stay with me ; but as I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the King’s guenipes ” (in English, trulls) “ under my roof, but to pay them too, I pleaded poverty to my Lord Trevor, and said I would do anything to keep so good a servant as Mrs. Howard about me, but that for the twelve hundred pounds a year, I really could not afford it.” Eventually, as Horace Walpole puts it, “ during the summer a negotiation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of twelve hundred a year.” The allowance was made indirectly by George II.

If the accession of George II brought Mrs. Howard into greater prominence, it made little or no difference to her in the way of influence. She could do no more and no less for her friends, although it was difficult for them to believe this. As Lord Chesterfield put it, "the busy and speculative politicians of the ante-chamber, who knew everything, but knew everything wrong, naturally concluded that a lady with whom the King passed so many hours every day must necessarily have some interest with him, and consequently applied to her." There was nothing that she was not asked—and expected—to do. Swift wanted to know who would succeed King as Chancellor of Dublin University; also he wanted a pension for Mrs. Prat. Some wanted one thing, others another; everybody seemed to want something. It was pleasant for Mrs. Howard to be looked upon as being of vital importance; but distressing to her that she could do nothing. Even bribes were offered. Mrs. Pitt wrote to say that if Mrs. Howard could get her brother, Viscount Grandison, a Lordship of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales she would bring a *douceur* of a thousand guineas. One reason of Mrs. Howard's lack of power was the dread of the King lest anyone should think he was influenced. He knew well that he was governed by his Consort, and he was aware that she, in her turn, was led by Sir Robert Walpole; but he hoped to goodness that no one else had any idea of it. It was, of course, Punchinello's secret, and some amusing verses were written about it:

"You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain:
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your Dad did before you."

Caroline, as Princess of Wales and as Queen, though she tolerated Mrs. Howard, being thoroughly human, did not make things too pleasant for her. It says much for the disposition of the two women that there was only once anything that could be described as a quarrel. "After all this matter with her husband was settled at the beginning of the new reign," the Queen told Lord Hervey long afterwards, "the first thing this wise, prudent Mrs. Howard did was to pick a quarrel with me about holding a basin in the ceremony of my dressing, and to tell me, with her little fierce eyes and cheeks as red as your coat, that positively she would not do it ; to which I made her no answer then in anger but calmly as I would have said to a naughty child, 'Yes, my dear Howard, I am sure you will ; indeed you will. Go, go fie for shame ! Go, my good Howard ; we will talk of this another time.' About a week after, when, upon maturer deliberation, she had done everything about the basin that I would have her, I told her I knew we should be good friends again, but could not help adding, in a little more serious voice, that I owned of all my servants I had least expected, as I had least deserved it, such treatment from her, when she knew I had held her up at a time when it was in my power, if I had pleased, any hour of the day, to let her drop through my fingers—thus——" Mrs. Howard consulted Dr. Arbuthnot, who enquired of Lady Masham, who as Abigail Hill, had, through the influence of her cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, been a Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Anne :

"The Bedchamber-Woman came in to waiting before the Queen's prayers, which was before her Majesty was dressed. The Queen often shifted in a morning : if her Majesty shifted at noon, the Bedchamber-*Lady* being

by, the Bedchamber-Woman gave the shift to the Lady without any ceremony, and the Lady put it on. Sometimes, likewise, the Bedchamber-Woman gave the fan to the *Lady* in the same manner, and this was all that the Bedchamber-Lady did about the Queen at her dressing.

“When the Queen washed her hands, the Page of the Backstairs brought and set down upon a side-table the basin and ewer; then the Bedchamber-Woman set it before the Queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over-against the Queen, the Bedchamber-Lady only looking on. The Bedchamber-Woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen’s hands.

“The Bedchamber-Woman pulled on the Queen’s gloves when she could not do it herself.

“The Page of the Backstairs was called in to put on the Queen’s shoes.

“When the Queen dined in public, the Page reached the glass to the Bedchamber-Woman, and she to the Lady-in-Waiting.

“The Bedchamber-Woman brought the chocolate, and gave it without kneeling.

“In general the Bedchamber-Woman had no dependence on the Lady of the Bedchamber.”

Mrs. Howard, discovering that she was in the wrong, no more was heard of the matter.

Soon after the accession of George II the relations between him and Mrs. Howard became strained—nothing but habit, indeed, kept them together. Mrs. Howard, realizing this, wrote to the King in October 1728.

“SIR,

“With the greatest submission and regret I beg leave to address your Majesty; and that you will permit

me to tell you that as I am very surprised that I am under your displeasure, so am entirely ignorant in what manner I have incurred it, except you were offended at the liberty I took the last time I had the honour to see you in the garden. I can truly answer for the sincerity of my heart in what I then said. If I do lose the honour of your friendship, it is a less unhappiness to owe this misfortune to this ill-judged honesty than to any other reason. Were I allowed to pursue the same way in thinking of your Majesty that I have for fourteen years past, I should then think it impossible that such a trifle could wear out the remembrance of a fourteen years' attachment with unwearied duty and respect for you.

" Sir, as in all this time I never asked a favour of your Majesty for myself, I am now from this very reason under a necessity to do it. I need not take up your time, Sir, with particulars. You know my circumstances and the engagement I am in with Lord Suffolk ; and consequently my incapacity to perform them without your assistance. Forgive me, Sir, if I beg to know how far I am to depend on your favours, and how soon it will be agreeable to you that I leave your family. You with the utmost respect permit me to say ; that from your Majesty's behaviour to me, it is impossible not to think of my removal from your presence must be most agreeable to your inclinations. Sir, if in any manner I do not express myself with the most profound respect and clarity, I beg your Majesty will forgive me for on all occasion I have ever wished to show the greatest regard and veneration for you ; who am,

" Sir,

" Your Majesty's most dutiful and most obedient servant,

" H. HOWARD."

This letter brought about no change in the situation. Mrs. Howard did not leave the Court, and George was not any more attentive to her. When her husband succeeded to the Earldom of Suffolk in 1731, the Duchess of Dorset resigned the office of Mistress of the Robes, so that the new Countess of Suffolk might be appointed to the place. Lady Suffolk remained at St. James's even after the death of her husband in September 1733, but "the interest of Lady Suffolk with the King had long been declining: his nightly visits all last winter had been much shorter than they used to be, and not without sometimes a total intermission," Lord Hervey wrote in 1734. "His morning walks, too, this last summer resembled his nightly visits the preceding winter; and all those who saw them together at the commerce-table in the evening in his private apartment plainly perceived they were so ill together that, when he did not neglect her, the notice he took of her was still a stronger mark of his dislike than his taking none."

One reason of the King's neglect of Lady Suffolk was his devotion to Madame von Wallmoden. For some time the Queen held by Lady Suffolk so strongly that George said to her bitterly, "I do not know why you will not let me part with a deaf old woman, of whom I am weary." Then presently the following incident occurred which angered Caroline. "Lord Chesterfield had requested the Queen to speak to the King, for some trifling favour: the Queen promised, but forgot it," Coxe has put it on record. "A few days afterwards, recollecting her promise, she expressed regret at her forgetfulness, and added, she would certainly mention it that very day. Chesterfield replied, that her Majesty need not give herself that trouble, for Lady Suffolk had spoken to the King. The Queen made no reply, but

on seeing the King, told him she had long promised to mention a trifling request to his Majesty, but it was now needless, because Lord Chesterfield had just informed her that she had been anticipated by Lady Suffolk. The King, who always preserved great decorum with the Queen, and was very unwilling to have it supposed that the favourite interfered, was extremely displeased, both with Lord Chesterfield and his mistress. The consequence was, that in a short time Lady Suffolk went to Bath for her health, and returned no more to Court. Chesterfield was dismissed from his office, and never heard the reason until two years before his death, when he was informed by the late Earl of Oxford that his disgrace was owing to his having offended the Queen by paying court to Lady Suffolk." As a matter of fact this is in one particular at least inaccurate. In April 1733 Lord Chesterfield and his three brothers in the House of Commons opposed the Excise Bill, which was a pet scheme of Sir Robert Walpole, who, being compelled to withdraw the measure from the House of Commons, in his fury begged the King to dismiss Chesterfield from his office of Lord High Steward. Walpole succeeded in his request, partly owing to the fact that he enlisted the support of the Queen, who had come to regard with something more than disfavour the court which Lord Chesterfield was paying to Lady Suffolk. After this, Lady Suffolk's position became intolerable, and early in 1734 she determined to retire. Then came the following interview with the Queen :

"LADY SUFFOLK : ' Madam, I believe your Majesty thinks I have more assurance than ever anybody had, to stay so long in your family after the public marks the King has given me of his displeasure. What occasioned my not waiting sooner upon your Majesty you will not

think was owing to assurance. I have ever had, and hope I have ever shown it, the greatest duty and attention to everything that relates to you, and I could not think it proper whilst you were indisposed to trouble you with anything regarding me. I come now, Madam, to beg leave to retire.'

"THE QUEEN: 'You surprise me. What do you mean? I don't believe the King is angry. How has he shown his displeasure? Did I receive you as if you were under mine?'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'No, Madam, if your Majesty had treated me in the same manner as the King did I could never again have appeared in your presence.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Child, you dream. Why, I saw the King speak to you.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'Yes, Madam, but those few words more sensibly marked his displeasure than his silence either before or since.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Tell me, has the King really never been down with you since your return?'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'No, Madam.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Upon my word I did not know it.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'Will your Majesty give me leave to tell you what has passed?'

"THE QUEEN: 'I hope you will take nothing ill of me. I would have seen you.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'Your Majesty did.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Come, my dear Lady Suffolk, you are very warm, but, believe me, I am your friend, your best friend. You don't know a Court.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'I am very sensible I do not, and feel at this time a most convincing proof of that ignorance. But I fear, Madam, if I have not acquired knowledge in twenty years I never shall now.'

“THE QUEEN : ‘ Why don’t you talk to your friends ? Indeed, you cannot judge this for yourself. I always do so.’

“LADY SUFFOLK : ‘ If twenty years’ service had not been able to defend me from falling a sacrifice to my enemies, would your Majesty have me, by calling in my friends, make them answerable for the measures I may take, and involve them in my ruin ? ’

“THE QUEEN : ‘ Child, they are your enemies who want to get you out, and they will be the first to drop you. Oh, my dear Lady Suffolk, you do not know how differently, when you are out, people will behave.’

“LADY SUFFOLK : ‘ Madam, the first part of what you say I am very sure of, but really I do not understand the second, and that some people may show me it was the courtier and not me that was liked. I cannot say that the keeping of such acquaintance will be an inducement to keep me at Court. Surely, Madam, such are better lost.’

“THE QUEEN : ‘ You are very warm.’

“LADY SUFFOLK : ‘ Madam, I beg that if, in talking to your Majesty, I use any word that does not mark the greatest respect to the King, you will be pleased to tell me, for I come fully determined to take my leave with the same respect, submission, and duty, with which I have behaved for twenty years. Your Majesty has often told me that I have never failed in anything for your service in either of the places you have honoured me with, and, indeed, Madam, I don’t know how far your Majesty may think it respectful to make this declaration, but I beg it may be permitted me for a moment to speak of the King as a man only who was my friend. He has been dearer to me than my own brother ; so, Madam, as a friend I feel resentment at being ill-treated, and

sorrow to have lost his friendship ; but as my King and master, I have the greatest submission to his pleasure, yet I wish I knew of what I am accused, though my innocence, as it must be some horrid crime.'

" THE QUEEN : ' Oh, fie ! You commit crime ! Don't talk so.'

" LADY SUFFOLK : ' Madam, as I know his Majesty's justice and his warmth of friendship, I know he could not for anything less punish me so severely.'

" THE QUEEN : ' Lady Suffolk, I dare say if you will have a little patience the King will treat you as he does the other ladies, and I suppose that would satisfy you.'

" LADY SUFFOLK : ' No, Madam.'

" THE QUEEN : ' Why, did you never see him show what you call resentment to the Duchess of Richmond and Lady Albemarle ?'

" LADY SUFFOLK : ' Madam, I do not believe those ladies have more merit than I, and in every respect are of greater consequence ; but this case is very different. They have not lived twenty years conversing with his Majesty every day, nor had the same reason to think themselves honoured with his friendship, nor has it been in his power to give so public or remarkable an instance of his displeasure to them. Consider, Madam, I have been absent seven weeks, return sooner than was proper for my health to do my duty in my place to your Majesty, and to show my respect to him upon his Birthday.'

" THE QUEEN : ' I heard when you were at Bath that you did not design to come back, but I did not mind such reports.'

" LADY SUFFOLK : ' I heard, too, Madam, that I was not to come back, for my business was done at Court ; but I knew that I had a mistress who often told me she

was perfectly satisfied with my services. I knew that I had a King and a master and a friend whom I could not, nor ever will suspect of any injustice, who would not punish me without I was guilty, and I know, Madam, I have done nothing ; but still these reports must make me think his Majesty's public neglect could not escape any of the standers-by, and I know it was remarked to my brother, who came on Thursday morning, and asked if it was true that the King had taken no notice of me since my return from Bath.'

"THE QUEEN : ' Well, child, you know the King leaves it to me. I will answer for it all will be well with you as with any of the ladies, and I am sure you cannot leave my service then.'

"LADY SUFFOLK : ' Really, Madam, I don't see any possibility of my continuing in it. I have lost what was dearer to me than anything in the world. I am to be put upon the foot of the Duchess of Richmond and Lady Albemarle, so by the public to be thought forgiven some great offence, because I have been your servant twenty years. No, Madam, I never will be forgiven an offence I have not committed.'

"THE QUEEN : ' You won't be forgiven ! This is, indeed, the Great Horse [*i.e.* riding the high horse] ! Why *I* am forgiven.'

"LADY SUFFOLK : ' Madam, your Majesty and I cannot be named together. It is a play of words for your Majesty, but a serious thing for me.'

"THE QUEEN : ' Why, child, I am the King's subject as well as you.'

"LADY SUFFOLK : ' Madam, what I mean is that I cannot make your Majesty understand without you will be pleased to lay aside the Queen and put yourself in my place. After five-and-twenty years to be ill-treated

without knowing any crime, and then to stay upon the footing of Lady Albemarle.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Upon my word, Lady Suffolk, you don't consider what the world will say. For God's sake, consider your character. You leave me because the King will not be more particular to you than to others.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'As to my character, the world must have settled that long ago, whether justly or unjustly. But, Madam, I believe I have never been suspected of betraying his Majesty, or of having done anything dishonest by any person whatsoever, and I defy my greatest enemy (your Majesty owns I have such) to prove anything against me, and I cannot, nor will not submit to anything which may make that believed of me.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Oh, fie, Lady Suffolk! This is a very fine notion, a principle out of *Clelia*, or of some other romance.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'This may not be a Court principle, but I believe it is a just one and a proper one for me to have.'

"THE QUEEN: 'I will send you down one. Come, you love figures. Let me persuade you 2-3. Go down think of this [*sic*]. There are people who want you out of Court, and they will be the first to drop you.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'Madam, I consult nobody in this. There is no occasion.'

"THE QUEEN: 'But you cannot judge for yourself. Let me prevail. Put yourself in somebody's hands, and let them act for you. Indeed, you are too warm. You are not fit to act for yourself.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: (Repeated the same as before).

"THE QUEEN: 'No, indeed, very respectful. But you will repent it. I cannot give you leave to go.'

“LADY SUFFOLK : ‘When anybody can feel what I have and be so entirely me as to be the only sufferer for the advice they give, I might follow the method your Majesty proposes ; but as that is impossible, I must beg leave to act for myself. I wish I might know what I have been accused of. It is in my absence that I have been ruined in his Majesty’s favour. I know my own innocence. Nobody dares tell me that to my knowledge I have ever failed in my duty in any manner.’

“THE QUEEN : ‘You are a very Great Horse ! Not dare to tell you have been guilty !’

“LADY SUFFOLK : ‘No, Madam, for the Princess, your daughter, could justify my behaviour, Lord C——g, and many more. What I meant was in regard to myself that I cannot think any wretch so abandoned to all shame as to stand in it, having the falsehood (pardon the word) shown them by such a number as was there.’

“THE QUEEN : ‘Pray, Lady Suffolk, how did you live at the Bath ?’

“LADY SUFFOLK : (‘Here I told all. Who B[erkeley] dined, and what happened to Lord B[olingbroke].’) No parties distinguished two to one.’

“THE QUEEN : ‘Lady Suffolk, pray consider ! Be calm !’

“LADY SUFFOLK : ‘Madam, I beg your permission to retire. Indeed, Madam, I have not slept since I came into your house, and believe I never shall under this suspicion of guilt. Madam, will you give me leave to mention my observation, and not think me impertinent—I am sure by your looks when I assert my innocence that your Majesty knows of what I am accused.’

“THE QUEEN : ‘Oh, oh ! Lady Suffolk, you want to get it out of me.’

“LADY SUFFOLK : ‘Madam, I do not want to stand

the accusation. I am not afraid. I know it would be to the confusion of my accusers.'

"THE QUEEN: 'I will not give you leave to go. I tell you plainly, if you go to-day you go without my consent.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'Madam, I beg you would reflect upon my unhappy situation. I own that after what passed, that the next time I saw his Majesty, I should have dropped down if I had not gone out.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Well, Lady Suffolk, will you refuse me this? Won't you stay a week longer at my request?'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'Yes, Madam, I will obey you; but, as I am under his Majesty's displeasure, you will not expect my attendance, or that I come again to receive your commands.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Yes, I do, and I will see you again. Be sure you come again.'

"LADY SUFFOLK: 'I will obey your Majesty.'

"THE QUEEN: 'Hark ye, Lady Suffolk. You will come up as you used to do.'"

In spite of her Majesty's commands, Lady Suffolk never returned to Court. "You will see by the newspapers that Lady Suffolk has left the Court," the Duke of Newcastle on November 13, 1734, wrote to Sir Robert Walpole. "The particulars that I had from the Queen are, that last week she acquainted the Queen with her design, putting it upon the King's unkind usage of her. The Queen ordered her to stay a week, which she did; but last Monday had another audience; complained again of her unkind treatment from the King, was very civil to the Queen, and went that night to her brother's house in St. James's Square. Everybody is silent upon the subject, the only consequence it has yet had is, that there are few or no opportunities of seeing the Queen;

but I beg you would mention these particulars only to Harry."

Lady Suffolk went to Bath, and there renewed her acquaintance with the Hon. George Berkeley, a younger son of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, and brother of her old friend, Lady Betty Germaine. In July 1735 she married him. They were devoted to each other, and Lady Suffolk enjoyed an Indian Summer of love. They acquired a town-house, No. 17 Savile Street, now known as Savile Row, so that Berkeley could attend to his duties as a Member of Parliament. Berkeley died in October 1746, and his widow spent the last score of years of her life in comparative seclusion, mostly at Marble Hill.

"I am very sorry that I must speak of a loss that will give you and Lady Strafford concern; an essential loss to me, who am deprived of a most agreeable friend, with whom I passed here many hours. I need not say I mean poor Lady Suffolk," Horace Walpole wrote to the Earl of Strafford. "I was with her two hours on Saturday night; and, indeed, found her much changed, though I did not apprehend her in danger. I was going to say she complained—but you know she never did complain—of the gout and rheumatism all over her, particularly in her face. It was a cold night, and she sat below stairs when she should have been in bed; and I doubt this want of care was prejudicial. I sent next morning. She had a bad night; but grew much better in the evening. Lady Dalkeith came to her; and when she was gone Lady Suffolk said to Lord Chetwynd, 'She would eat her supper in her bed-chamber.' He went up to her, and thought the appearances promised a good night; but she was scarce sat down in her chair, before she pressed her hand to her side, and died in half an

hour. I believe your lordship and Lady Strafford will be surprised to hear that she was by no means in the situation that most people thought. Lord Chetwynd and myself were the only persons at all acquainted with her affairs ; and they were far from being easy to her. It is due to her memory to say, that I never saw more strict honour and justice. She bore, *knowingly*, the imputation of being covetous, at time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension of not satisfying her few wishes, which were, not to be in debt, and to make a provision for Miss Hotham. In truth I never knew a woman more respectable for her honour and principles, and have lost few persons in my life whom I shall miss so much."

CHAPTER V

CHARLOTTE CLAYTON, *née* DYVE ;
AFTERWARDS LADY SUNDON (*d.* 1742)

PERHAPS the person who exercised most influence over Caroline, both as Princess of Wales and as Queen, was Mrs. Clayton. Charlotte Clayton was the daughter of John Dyve, who was Clerk of the Privy Council in 1691, and died in the following year, by Frances, third daughter of Sir Robert Wolseley, of Wolseley, Staffordshire, whom he married in 1673, and who survived him ten years. Charlotte, at some date before the Hanoverian Succession, married William Clayton, of Sundon Hall, who in 1735 was created Baron Sundon of Ardagh in the Irish peerage. Clayton entered the English Parliament in 1698, and, with some intervals, sat in that assembly until 1752, the year of his death. He did not greatly distinguish himself ; but in 1716 was appointed Deputy-Auditor of the Exchequer, and in 1718 was promoted to a Lordship of the Treasury, which office he held only for two years.

Clayton was intimate with the Marlboroughs, and was a manager of the Duke's estate, and afterwards an executor, and by the influence of the Duchess, it is said, his wife was appointed one of the Bedchamber Women to the Princess of Wales, with whom she at once became a favourite. This was enough to make Sir Robert Walpole strongly oppose her. He attributed her influence to the fact she had discovered that Caroline had a rupture,



CHARLOTTE, VISCOUNTESS SUNDON

which fact her Royal Highness was almost distressingly anxious to keep secret from the King ; but that, so far as the early favour shown to Mrs. Clayton was concerned, Walpole was wrong, is proved conclusively by a statement of John Ranby, surgeon-in-waiting to the King's Household. " The first symptoms I ever perceived of it," he told Hervey after the Queen's death, " were fourteen years ago, just after the Queen lay in for Louisa, and she then told me, when I spoke to her of it, that it was nothing more than what was common for almost every woman to have after a hard labour, or after having many children. This made me easy, and it grew better, and continued better afterwards for several years. When it grew worse again I persuaded her to consult some surgeon, which she declined, and was so uneasy whenever I spoke to her on this subject that I knew not how to press her ; but when I came from Hanover the last time but one, I found it so much worse than ever that I again spoke to her, told her it was certainly a rupture, and that she ran great risks in taking no care of it. She was so very uneasy upon my saying this—telling me it was no such thing, and that I fancied she had a nasty distemper, which she was sure she had not, and spoke so much more peevishly to me on this occasion than she had ever done in her life upon any other—that upon my renewing my solicitations to her to let somebody see it, and her growing every time I mentioned it more and more hurt and angry, I at last told her I wished she might not repent her obstinacy, but promised her I never would mention this subject to her again as long as I lived." Walpole was strong enough to counter any influence with Caroline. " When first the Queen's power with the King began to appear (which was as soon as ever he was King), people made great court to

Mrs. Clayton, one of the Women of her Bedchamber. This lady having been always thought her favourite when Princess, and from the first coming over constantly in her service, and seemingly in her confidence, everybody imagined she would have power in the new reign ; but Sir Robert Walpole, either jealous of her interest from not believing her cordially in his, or thinking he wanted no assistance, soon clipped the wing of her ambition, and showed the world that as he wanted no pinions but his own to support him, so he would suffer no other to approach."

It would appear, however, that presently the relation between Walpole and Mrs. Clayton became less strained. Anyhow, at the time of the quarrel between George II and his eldest son, and there was much discussion on the matter between the members of the Royal Family, Walpole, according to Hervey, " who was in the outward room while all this passed in the gallery and the Queen's bedchamber, came up to Lady Sundon, whilst she was talking with Lord Hervey, and said, ' There is the letter received and the answer given without my seeing King or Queen ; and yet, Lady Sundon, if the answer is disapproved, you'll hear me blamed for it.' Lady Sundon answered, ' That may well be your fate when such an insignificant creature as I am hear myself blamed for things they have done, which I had never known were done till the blame and the knowledge came together.' "

George II did not dislike Mrs. Clayton, and once at least confided in her. " In truth," Lord Hervey declared, " the King hated the English, looked upon them all as King-killers, and republicans, grudged them their riches as well as their liberty, thought them all overpaid, and said to Lady Sundon one day as she was waiting at

dinner, just after he returned from Germany, that he was forced to distribute his favours here very differently from the manner in which he bestowed them at Hanover ; that there he rewarded people for doing their duty and serving him well, but that here he was obliged to enrich people for being rascals, and buy them not to cut his throat."

Hervey is really the authority for the Court career of Mrs. Clayton, for the value of Mrs. Thomson's *Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline*, as the title-page runs, is clearly indicated by the facts that Clayton was never a Viscount and Mrs. Clayton never Mistress of the Robes. Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, who thought her "sincere and good," had good reason to be grateful to her ; the Earl of Bristol described her as "a simple woman," and said that she "talked accordingly" ; but the most devoted of her friends was Hervey, who wrote appreciatingly of her in his *Memoirs*. The last-mentioned knew her well, declared she had "really a warm, honest, noble, generous, benevolent, friendly heart, and if she had the common weakness of letting those she wished ill to see it, she had in recompense the uncommon merit of letting those she wished well not only to see but feel it." He mentions that she frequently employed her influence at Court in favour of people who could in no way repay her, and "by this conduct reversed the manners and maxims of most courtiers and politicians, as she seemed generally in the obligations she conferred to consider more who wanted *her* than whom *she* wanted—a way of thinking very different from that of her master and mistress, who looked upon human kind as so many commodities in a market, which, without favour or affection, they considered only in the degree they were useful and paid for them in that proportion—

Sir Robert Walpole being sworn appraiser to their Majesties at all these sales."

Horace Walpole, on the other hand, was greatly prejudiced against Mrs. Clayton—it must have been at second-hand, for she died in 1742, and he did not leave Cambridge until 1739, and then travelled on the Continent for two years. "Lady Sundon is dead, and Lady —— disappointed," he wrote to Mann. "She, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief. I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness, ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the Queen. She had great power with her, though the Queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power, by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, 'To be sure, she is dead very rich!' She replied with some warmth, 'She never took money.' When I came home I mentioned this to Sir Robert Walpole. 'No,' said he, 'but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the Horse to the Queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond earrings, of fourteen hundred pounds value.' One day that she wore them at a visit at old [Duchess of] Marlborough, as soon as she was gone, the Duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley [Montagu], 'How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?' and 'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign held out.' " Walpole further related that his father told him that Lady Sundon, in the enthusiasm of her vanity, had proposed to him to unite with her and *govern the Kingdom* together, to which the wily statesman, replying, begged her patronage, but said he knew

no one fit to govern the Kingdom but the King and Queen.

Sir Robert Walpole, it was said, was angry with Mrs. Clayton, for he believed that she tried to persuade the Queen not to consent to Madame von Wallmoden to come with the King to England. "Lord Hervey," so that gentleman wrote, "who really loved Lady Sundon, and looked upon her as a woman deserving to be loved and esteemed, as she had very great, good, and noble qualities, said he firmly believed Sir Robert was as much mistaken about Lady Sundon as about Lady Pomfret; for as to the latter, the Queen, he was sure, never permitted her to talk on these subjects to her at all; and as to Lady Sundon, she was certainly no fool, and had been long enough about the Queen to know that nobody could make their court so ill as those who affected pitying her; neither did he imagine Lady Sundon judged so ill of the Queen's interest as to think it better for her that Madame Wallmoden should continue where she was, beckoning the King every summer over to Hanover, to risk his life and irritate his subjects."

It is to Hervey, also, that the present generation is indebted for the story of the relations between Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Howard. "They hated one another very civilly and very heartily, but not in equal constraint," he recorded, "for whilst Mrs. Clayton was every moment like Etna, ready to burst when she did not flame, Mrs. Howard was as much mistress of her passions as of her limbs, and could as easily prevent the one from showing she had mind to strike, as she could the other from giving the blow: her passions, if I may be allowed the comparison, were like the well-managed horses, at once both hot and tractable. The enmity between these two ladies was a very natural consequence of their situations,

the one having been always attached to the master, and the other to the mistress : each was jealous of the other's interest, and each overrated it ; for as soon as their power (had they had any) came to have an opportunity of showing itself, the whole world perceived that the reputed favourite of the *Princess* had as little real weight with the Queen as the reputed mistress of the *Prince* had with the King."

Mrs. Clayton certainly had some common sense. There was in 1734 a tremendous pother about where the Princess Royal, who was married to the Prince of Holland, should lie-in. She desired to do so in England ; her family, including the King, would not hear of it. The Princess Emily told Mrs. Clayton that she was very glad that her sister was to lie-in in Holland, not only for the sake of the Prince of Orange's affairs, but because she was sure her brother would have disliked of all things her sister's being brought to bed in England. " I cannot imagine, Madam," Mrs. Clayton said in reply, " how it can affect the Prince at all where she lies-in, since, with regard to those who wish none of your Royal Highness's family on the throne, it is no matter whether she is brought to bed here or in Holland, or of a son or daughter, or whether she has any child at all ; with regard to those who wish all your family well, for your sakes, Madam, as well as our own, we shall be very glad to take any of you in turn, but not one of you out of it."

Whatever actually was Mrs. Clayton's influence with her royal mistress, there is no doubt that most people were of opinion that it was very considerable. In Mrs. Thomson's biography and in the British Museum there is a very considerable number of letters soliciting her good offices with Caroline. There are applications for

clerical preferment, for pensions, for places at Court, and in the public offices. As the years passed, she was more and more regarded as a recognized channel of communication with the Queen.

Even the highest nobility were not negligent of Mrs. Clayton. The Duchess of Kent asked for information on a point of etiquette : “ I am too little skilled in ceremony to venture to direct myself (without desiring your opinion), dear Madam, whether it is proper for me to wait upon the Princess at her own apartments, before I see her at the Drawing-room ; be so good to tell me what you think right upon this article, and indulge me the great inclination I have to come upon you, and consult you as a friend. I desire of all things to pay all possible duty and respect to her Highness, but not be what she should think ridiculous, and there is nobody can direct me so well in that as yourself. If you think I ought to wait upon her, I beg you will appoint the hour, and if possible let me go with you. Forgive me this trouble.” Again the Duchess wrote : “ The Duke of Kent is desirous of an audience of the Queen, and begs that you will be so obliging as to procure him that honour ; he did desire to have waited on you himself to-night, but I prevented him, by telling him you were abroad.” Viscountess Falmouth entreats Mrs. Clayton’s influence : “ I have just been in company where Lady Diana Spencer said that the Duchess of Bedford is to be a Lady of the Bedchamber ; if so, the Queen will add some new ones, and as you have been so good to me already, I hope you will pardon my pressing you, dear Madam, to use your interest for me upon this occasion, as you know I depend upon you alone, and resolve to owe it wholly to you. If I have the good fortune to succeed, which I have so set my heart upon that I will persist for ever, and as long as I live,

both my Lord and myself will be proud to show our gratitude to dear Mrs. Clayton for whose friendship I have the greatest value and esteem."

Lady Granville also appealed for assistance : " The uncertainty of the happiness of seeing Mrs. Clayton makes me set pen to paper, since common fame says we shall soon have a new Princess of Wales, and my cousin Pendarvis (afterwards Mrs. Delany) desires me to recommend her to your favour, for a Bed-Chamber Woman in that Court. Pray give me leave to send her to wait on you. I know your generous heart inclines you to do good, and I can answer for my relation that she will do you credit ; her mind is full as well to be liked as her person. . . . Your making me a Maid of Honour, in the handsomest manner in the world, encourages me to hope you will make her now Bed-Chamber Woman to the Princess of Wales at my request. Do not send me a letter of excuse, for it will break my heart. I know our gracious Queen has so good a taste as to distinguish Mrs. Clayton with her ear and favour, which gives me true satisfaction, for I had rather be obliged to her than anyone." The conclusion of this letter is really (unconsciously) humorous : " If I should have a success, the Queen's goodness, I believe, will work a miracle on me ; make my blood circulate so right, as to restore me to my strength and limbs." This fulsome appeal was in vain : Mrs. Pendarvis was not appointed.

Even the Countess Cowper, wife of an ex-Lord Chancellor, besought Mrs. Clayton to go place-hunting for her : " A maid coming up to town, I could not slip this opportunity of enquiring after your health. Besides, with Margaret, who you know, I think worth her weight in gold, stands by me and begs so hard that I would trouble you about her brother, that I cannot deny her.

The Clerk of the Peace for Oxfordshire is dead, and the place, she tells me, is in the gift of my Lord Godolphin, who, she says, she believes would willingly put her brother in, if Mrs. Clayton would be so good to name him to my Lord Godolphin. She fancies it would strengthen the King's and the Woodstock interest ; but that I do not wonder at, for people always fancy that what does them good must, of consequence, do good in everything. . . . I can say no more of him, because I know nothing of him but from a fond sister ; but Mr. Clayton knows him, and will do as he sees convenient in this thing, for though I cannot deny her to trouble you, yet I would not for the world have Mr. Clayton do anything that should be uneasy to him."

" From a dull and silly woman, your Ladyship cannot expect a fine letter ; you remember I was so last night, and that proceeds from being perpetually alone," Madame von Kielmansegg wrote, " I told you, some time since, that I could be easy if I could have a good companion with me. You know too, dear Madam, that I have a great mind to Mrs. Savie, and that I cannot have her for the pension only, that a friend of ours was so obliging as to give me hopes of. Therefore, I take the liberty to propose an expedition, by which you could make me very happy ; if it can be done without giving Mrs. Clayton the least trouble—that is, to prefer the gentleman, of which name and place is upon the enclosed paper. He will give to her £40 a year as long as he enjoys, which will be as long as he lives, when he once is known by the character they have given me of him. I am sure Mr. Clayton will thank me, being a most extraordinary accountant, and bred up to the business of that nature. That and the little pension would make Mrs. Savie live with me ; but do not think I will be tormenting you every

day to get things to please me. This, I own, would do it extremely. I hope you think me so reasonable as to have the same sense of your inclination towards me, whether it can succeed or not ; and that nothing will lessen the value I have for your dear person, and your charming conversation."

" I am infinitely obliged for your goodness in letting me know the Queen is better, and I hope is now in perfect health," the Countess of Pembroke wrote in November 1734. " I was not a little surprised at Lady Suffolk's quitting the Court, and imagine it must make a great deal of discourse. I am almost afraid to mention a wish I cannot help having, to you, which is, that I had her place (Mistress of the Robes) instead of my own. The opportunities of serving and waiting on the Queen the same, and the uncertainty of my health, and being obliged to be, on my brother's account, so much in the country, would make it excessively convenient to me. As I am sure whatever I say to you never is known, I should be extremely glad to know your thoughts of it, which would add to the many obligations I have all my life owed to you, and shall own, with the sincerest gratitude and respect always, how much I am, dear Madam, your most obliged and faithful humble servant."

" When I write to you," sycophantically wrote Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, " I always think I am writing to a person of excellent understanding, who can temper the meaning of an experience or a word, and not think me so weak as to intend flattery in what, I own, would sound a little extravagant were it said to most others. When I use the highest expressions of you, I know you cannot think I intend to place you out of the rank of mankind, or to exempt you from the frailties and passions inseparable, in some instances or other, from our nature. I

compare you in my thoughts with others of the same kind, and I see, with pleasure, so great a superiority to the many, that I think I can hardly express my sense of it strong enough. Compared with them, therefore, I may justly speak of you as one of a superior species ; and you will supply the comparison if I do not always express it, and not think me capable of offering incense, which I know you are not capable of receiving. In a word, I would be understood, in all such cases, as expressing the pleasure of a friend, and the sense he has of his happiness of the friendship of one whose understanding and whose heart are both so free from these uncomfortable imperfections which very many labour under, even of those who pass through the world with some character and reputation."

Even the Earl of Pomfret, who had been appointed Master of the Horse to Queen Caroline in 1727, two years later carried his troubles to Mrs. Clayton. "The cause of my taking this liberty of writing to you," he wrote, "is a letter I received from Mr. Hervey by order of the Queen, and which indeed a good deal surprised me. You may remember, Madam, some time since, my telling you I had discharged one of the Queen's chairmen, upon his having been strongly suspected of having too good an understanding with some highwaymen, one of which has been condemned, and, I believe, is since executed. Now, since my absence, I find someone has prevailed upon the Queen to receive a petition from this chairman, complaining of my rigour and injustice. If you remember, Madam, I had the honour to apprise you of this affair, as I should have done her Majesty, but that I believed it a thing beneath her notice, and, if I recollect right, you were of the same opinion. I take the liberty to enclose Mr. Hervey's letter, by which you will see how

great an interest he takes in that affair ; which though I have answered, by telling him the man was removed upon three affidavits, upon oath taken before a Justice of the Peace, and now in my possession, besides the verbal evidence of a gentleman, a Member of Parliament, having read them all to Steward ; yet it is only you I depend upon, for a true representation of this matter to the Queen. Upon these reasons, I thought it my duty not to let such a person wear her Majesty's livery, which, if I had done, I am sure, whenever it had come to her ears, she must have thought me very negligent for permitting. But I must beg leave to observe, that there will never want petitions of this sort if they are encouraged, and if a Master of the Horse has not the power of removing a chairman or footman, he will soon be upon too low a foot to keep them in any order."

Nor were the clergy behind in endeavouring to enlist Mrs. Clayton's services. Thomas Wake, Bishop of Lincoln from 1705, showed himself as eager as any young incumbent to recommend himself to those who had the ear of royalty. "Permit me by this bearer to beg your kind acceptance of a sermon which I had the honour to present to the Princess this morning," he wrote to her in July 1715. "It was impossible for me to offer them to the Ladies about her, nor can I yet tell how to do it, without your kind assistance, which I hope you will please not deny me. I beg you, therefore, to order your servant, in my name, to leave them with some proper person at the Backstairs for the Grooms of the Stole, the Lady of the Bedchamber in waiting, and such other persons of your Court, as you think I ought to give them to." And so on. Whether it was appreciation of this sermon or some other reason, Dr. Wake, on the death

of Thomas Tenison in 1716, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury.

Her husband's cousin, Robert Clayton, Bishop of Killala from 1730, was five years later translated to Cork, and ten years afterwards was appointed to Clogher. "The desire that I have of always assuring you of my sincere gratitude for the many obligations you have heaped upon me," he wrote in June 1730, "makes me willing to lay hold of any pretence for troubling Mrs. Clayton with a letter, and readily to embrace this opportunity of sending you the enclosed from Dr. Edward Synge, now Bishop of Clonfert, who is best able to express his own sentiments upon this occasion." Dr. Synge was only too happy to do so. "Suffer me, Madam, to return my most sincere and humble thanks for your great goodness to me," he wrote. "I well know how much I am indebted to that for my advancement; but this, though far above my deserts, or even my hopes I look upon as the least considerable effect of your kindness. You have done me a much more important service—you have cleared my reputation from one of the worst imputations, and, I venture to say, the most undeserved. I say this, because I can easily show, that I have on all occasions given the strongest public proofs of a most zealous and hearty affection to his Majesty and his royal House—proofs which could not be calculated for this or any other interested occasion. But you, Madam, have made this unnecessary; you have set me right in the opinion of her Majesty, for whom, ever since I had some years ago the honour to kiss her hand, I have, as every one who sees her must have, the most profound reverence. And though I am far from pretending to be void of an honest (I hope it is only an honest) ambition, yet I assure you, that I set a much greater value on this happy effect of

your kindness, than on the other." Dr. Synge, who had been Bishop of Clonfert since 1724, was in the year he wrote the above letter translated to Cloyne, and four years later to Ferns and Leighlin.

The interest Mrs. Clayton took in clerical matters was one of the causes of Sir Robert Walpole's bitterness. He sided with Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London ; she constantly brought to the notice of Caroline other clergymen more heterodox, including Hoadly, Alured Clarke, Samuel Clarke, and Robert Clayton.

Not only the clerics came to Mrs. Clayton, but also men of letters. William Somerville, author of "The Chase," looked to her to see that the Queen read that poem. With Steele she was on friendly terms.

"I receive, as I ought, the great condescension in my favour from a person whom I will not take the liberty to name ; it would have been more surprising to me than it was, if I had not always thought anything heroically good was to be expected from thence," Steele wrote in 1715. "I will not proceed in the affair of The Charterhouse, except I have the direct promise of the majority ; though had not I been influenced, as I am now, with the most entire resignation to the rule you have given me, I should have taken a pleasure to perplex those who have a great mind to be artful, and of whom Providence has taken so great care, that it will not let them be anything at all, if they are not honest. I sincerely assure you, that I do not seek this station upon any other lien but to do good to others ; and if I do not get it, you will see my opposers repent that they would not let me be humble ; for I shall then think myself obliged to show them what place among mankind I am really in, and how useful I can be to the family to whose service I have devoted my life and fortune."

“ It was with the greatest confidence and gratitude that I received your message yesterday. After such a remarkable change, by reason of sickness, and all other kind of misfortune, I cannot but acknowledge to you, your generosity in espousing the cause of so neglected a creature as I am, was the more surprising,” Steele wrote nine years after the above letter. “ It is the greatest happiness that tempers like yours, can be reared in Courts, and I acknowledge to you, let her Royal Highness do as she pleases, her doing anything will be a great bounty to a man, who has neglected himself to the most deplorable condition, and hopes only to let his children know their fortunes, and live in a more regular economy and guard for the future.”

That unfortunate poet, Richard Savage, was one of those for whom Mrs. Clayton's good offices were invited. On the death of Laurence Eusden in September 1730, Lord Tyrconnel wrote to her : “ I flatter myself that you will be so good to pardon the freedom of this address, it being in behalf of one who has two pretensions to Royal goodness that seldom fail of success ; first, that he stands in need of it, and that, in the opinion of the best judges, he is qualified for it in the particular for which I beg leave humbly to recommend him : it is to the place of Poet-Laureate. The best judges of poetry that I mean, are the Queen and Mr. Pope. I have heard that her Majesty has approved of his poetry. . . . The favour of great princes is generally invidious, but I know nobody that I know who does not rejoice in the share you have of her Majesty's, who is too discerning a Princess to bestow undeservedly. Producing obscure merit, as in the case of Stephen Duck, has done you a great deal of honour, and if you are so good as to favour Mr. Savage in this instance, he stands as much in need of it, and it

will lay a very great obligation on me." It is said that through Mrs. Sundon's influence, the King consented to bestow the Laureateship on Savage, but the Duke of Grafton, then Lord Chamberlain, bestowed it on Colley Cibber. Some little time after Savage published a poem on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, which pleased her so much that she granted him a pension of £50 a year, till something better was found for him. This was continued until the death of her Majesty.

Another writer in whom Mrs. Clayton interested herself was Stephen Duck—that "Duck out of water," as a contemporary dubbed him. He was born at Charlton, in Wiltshire, in 1705, of poor but honest parents, and at the age of nine became an agricultural labourer. He had a taste for books, and spent what money he could spare in the purchase of a few. It has been recorded that he read "Paradise Lost"—with the aid of a dictionary; Whiston's "Josephus," the poems of Prior and a few others. He began to write verses, and was soon looked upon as the village wonder. The local clergy especially encouraged him, and one suggested to him to write the "Thresher's Labour." Dr. Alured Clarke, who at the time was Rector of Chilbolton, Hampshire, and a Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, was interested in him, and thought something should be done for him. With this object in view he wrote (on August 18, 1730) to Mrs. Clayton:

"My Lord Tankerville having carried some of the Thresher's poetry from this country to Windsor, I fancy you will not dislike the account you'll find of him in another cover, which I send by this post, and will, I hope, come safe to your hands. The man's name is Stephen Duck, and I am told the Curate's letter was written about two years ago. By the best information I can meet with, there is no reason to doubt of the verses

being made by him, as extraordinary as such a supposition may appear. However, I shall be better able to judge of them when I see the man, who I believe will come to me in a little time. We have some people of taste for such performances, who think none but a Thresher could write the 'Thresher's Labour,' and that the author of the 'Shunammite' must be the best poet of the age ; no one that could write it would appear in a borrowed person. And at the same time that they can see some faults, they think the Thresher, with all his defects, a superior genius to Mr. Pope. I don't pretend to give my own judgment when I put the pieces into your hand, because I find a great friend of Mr. Thomson's very zealous in decrying our Thresher's merit, out of an apprehension of his rivalling Mr. Thomson in the esteem of the public ; but after all, if Stephen Duck be the author of these poems, he has accidentally had much greater advantages from his want of education than he could possibly have had otherwise : for it seems he has only read the best books, and has contracted no false turn of mind by such writings as cost other people, of all professions and studies, more pains to forget, than they can prevail with themselves to take, and indeed have time and abilities for, though they *should* be well disposed to clear their heads of all foul and unnatural mixtures. And though it would be very hard such a genius should be left to work in a barn, 'twould probably ruin him on the other hand, if he was at once removed into the upper part of life, and to pass out of his present state of simplicity into the other extreme, without having his mind duly seasoned by a gradual change. Perhaps a Prince of Charles the Second's humour would have made him Poet Laureat, and at the same time kept the flail in his hand. I wish anything had been in Mr. Whiston's hand but a pen, which he makes the worst

use of of any man I know that is not legally proved a lunatic. I have much wanted the honour of an hour's conversation with you since I read his *Historical Memoirs*. 'Tis strange any man can intend the reformation of the world, by the most effectual way that can be devised to make it worse. And I think Mr. Jackson but little less imprudent by corresponding with him in the manner that appears from one or two extracts in the book."

On the introduction of Mrs. Clayton, the Queen gave Duck a pension of £30 a year, and found for him a post as gardener at Richmond.

"Duck left me this morning," Dr. Clarke wrote to Mrs. Clayton on September 19, 1730; "and if her Majesty pleases, will be at Windsor in a fortnight, and leave his family to come afterwards, when he is settled and ready to receive them: and I have promised to send to him as soon as I have the honour of your commands on this head. He has promised not to meddle with any of the money that has been gathered for him; and if you approve of it, I should be glad it lay in your hands till I come to town, when I shall have some to add to it, which may be put out upon security for the benefit of his family, or for his own use, if misconduct or any other accident should make it expedient for him to return into Wiltshire. As her Majesty had been so good as to take care that he shall not be sent for abroad without her leave, I would humbly offer something more that may be of consequence to him, which is, that he should not be obliged to make verses upon any particular subject without her Majesty's order; for I am sure, Madam, you will easily imagine the hardship a poor man is under that is not left to follow his own genius and inclination, which must always produce the best compositions; and

he has hitherto made no verses that he has shown, except those on poverty, of his own choice ; and as it would be a great advantage to him to have some time for storing his mind with as much proper knowledge as he can before he engages in a new work, it is pity he should be diverted from it by every one that has any curiosity to gratify in setting him upon some employment of their own. I have taken the liberty of advising him to qualify himself in the first place for his business in the garden, and, as he has the advantage of a good understanding, to make himself acquainted with the theory, by reading such books upon the subject as shall be recommended to him, and then he will be sure of a provision for his family, if his muse should forsake him. I think he ought to have *Chambers's Dictionary*, *Danet's Dictionary of Antiquities*, and *Bailey's Etymological Dictionary*, or books of the same sort, always by him, which, if you think proper, may be bought out of the money that is collected for him. He has at present so great an aversion to drollery, ridicule, or jingle, and is like to succeed so well in the more manly way, that I hope neither Swift, nor Montaigne, nor South, nor the writers in the ' *Dunciad* ' controversy, nor even Cowley, will fall into his hands. He has read some of ' *Hudibras*,' but with no great relish ; for I think he told me he seemed to play the fool too much. His new employment of gardening, with the subjects he is now upon, together with Shakespeare, and the few books he has with him, will engage him a good while ; and if her Majesty will allow me the honour of spending a few hours in her library at Richmond when I come to town, I will endeavour to pick out the most useful things I can, if he should not in the meantime have the good fortune to meet with better assistance than I can pretend to give him."

Caroline took a fancy to Duck. She made him Yeoman of the Guard in 1733, in which year he married (secondly) Sarah Big, the Queen's housekeeper at Kew, and two years later he was appointed Keeper of her Majesty's library at Richmond. In 1756 he went out of his mind, and drowned himself at Reading.

Duck's poems unquestionably had a popular success, which excited the amusement of Pope and Gay ; but he survives in literature to-day only because of Swift's " Quibbling Epigrams," written in 1730 :

" The Thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
The proverb says, ' no fence against a flail '
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains ;
For which her Majesty allows him grains :
Though 'tis confest, that those, who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw !
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double."

Swift also mentions Duck in his " Rhapsody on Poetry " :

" But though you miss your third essay
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support ;
The vilest verse thrives best at Court.
And may you ever have the luck
To rhyme almost as ill as Duck."

Mrs. Clayton paid some attention to Voltaire when he was in England, and was rewarded by the following letter dated Paris, April 18, 1729 : " Though I am out of London, the favours your Ladyship has honoured me with are not, nor will ever, be out of my memory. I will remember as long as I live that the most respectable lady who waits, and is a friend of the most truly great

Queen in the world, has vouchsafed to protect me, and receive me with kindness, while I was at London. I am just now arrived at Paris, and I pay my respects to your Court before I see our own. I wish, for the honour of Versailles, and for the improvement of virtue and letters, we could have here some ladies like you. You see my wishes are unbounded ; so is the respect and the gratitude I am with, Madam, your most humble obedient servant."

People who were more or less " in the know " would not have continued to write in this strain to Mrs. Clayton, unless they had been convinced that her word carried weight with Caroline.

That she was able to secure the appointment of her niece, Dorothy Dyve, as Maid of Honour, is not surprising. It is worthy of note, too, that she supplied Dorothy and her sister Charlotte with money.

" I am quite at a loss," Miss Dorothy Dyve wrote to Mrs. Clayton, " to thank my dearest aunt for all your great goodness and concern for me when I was ill, and which, upon all occasions I have had the vast happiness of always finding the same ; and which I am sure nothing can equal but the duty and love I shall ever have for my dear aunt. I am sensible that it is my advantage as well as inclination to follow your advice ; and am so thoroughly convinced of its being always right, that I have equally a pride and pleasure in being commended by you. I went last Sunday to the Lodge, by half an hour after twelve o'clock. Mrs. Neale was in waiting, who carried in the message you bade me send. The Princess sent for me immediately ; and though I was in a prodigious fright when I went in, the Princess was so mighty good to me that it lessened it very much. I was with her, I believe, an hour, and said everything

you bade me, which her Royal Highness seemed to take mighty well of you, and said you were very good to her, and commended both you and Uncle Clayton extremely. Her Royal Highness spoke of you with regard to me in a manner that I own was an inexpressible pleasure to me to hear. The Princess spoke a great deal about my behaviour, and said she should be in the wrong if she did not like mine. This I could not omit saying, as being very sensible that whatever I do right is entirely owing to your goodness."

"I shall be exceedingly glad to hear my dearest aunt got safe to Sundon, and that you are all well," so runs another of her letters. "The Princess wears the same old leather fan she used to wear, so I said nothing about it as you bade me. Lady Pomfret does, I think, mighty well, and wants little or no instructions. The first night, when the Prince went to play, the Princess sent one of the pages to tell her to go down to him. The Prince sent up himself immediately after, to ask her to come down. She goes into the room every night, but does not play; for there is company enough not to be wanted; and she does not choose it, because she cannot play well. I believe everybody is mighty well satisfied with her, for I have not heard the least complaint of any sort. I believe she intends to write to you soon. Miss Mordaunt desired me to make her compliments to you, and that her thoughts are so full of the kind invitation you gave her of coming into Bedfordshire, that she dreams of it. I am sure the happiness my dear aunt promised me in being with you next summer, is my most agreeable waking thoughts, and gives me more pleasure than I can express, and as much as I can feel when I am not with you. We hear that Lord Chesterfield is either dead or dying, and that Lord Stanhope was sent for from Bath, which

is all the news I hear. The day is not yet fixed for leaving Richmond."

Miss Dyve, it would appear, had something of the prig in her. "The Prince, and everybody but myself, went last Friday to Bartholomew Fair; it was a fine day, so he went by water, and I being afraid, did not go; after the Fair, they supped at the King's Arms, and came home about five o'clock in the morning," so she wrote to her aunt in August 1725. "It is with very great impatience I expect the twelfth of next month, as anybody would do that waited for so great a pleasure as I do in that of seeing my dearest Aunt. The Princess is very good to me, and I have great reason to hope she is not dissatisfied with my behaviour; and I am sure, when I have the satisfaction of your approving it (besides an inward joy to myself of knowing I am doing right), it is the surest way of being thought well of in the world." A few months later she wrote: "I am afraid, my dear Aunt will think me troublesome in writing so soon again; it is to tell you that Mrs. Holmes is dead, and to beg you will be so good to give me some directions about mourning, which I take to be for three months, and that at first I must not wear coloured shoes, nor fan, nor laced tuckers. I believe it will be right to make my blue velvet black, and since I must be dressed every day, I should think it right as well for the look, as the management, to buy a white tabby, which will save the velvet, and be a little variety, and not cost a great deal. I believe I must shiver in my black lustring at Richmond, till I can get other clothes ready. Since I began this letter, I have another thought come into my head, which if you don't think amiss, I believe will be full as well, and that is, instead of buying a white tabby, having a white and gold for the Birthday, and after that day, take the coloured lining out

and wear it for mourning, which I think will be very genteel and agreeable. However, I shall not fix on anything till you are so good as to let me hear from you. I believe we shall have Lady Pomfret here a week longer, for the Duchess of Shrewsbury is ill of the gout ; she was this week to have gone to Lady Hertford's christening, to represent the Princess, but she not being well, Lady Pomfret is to go. I think she does extremely well. It is not certain yet which day we go to London, but I believe we shall be there before you ; however, I have the pleasure of knowing in reality, it will be but a few days, though to me it will seem a very great while, the tediousness of which could be made up by no less joy than the happiness I am sure to have in seeing my dearest Aunt, who, I hope, believes me to be your most dutiful Niece, and very humble servant."

There have been preserved other letters from Dorothy Dyve to her aunt, from which brief extracts may be given. In one, after a visit to the Continent, she says : " I must tell you, dear Madam, I was very graciously received by the Queen. I went to the Drawing-Room as soon as I got my clothes, and the Queen talked a great deal to me, which I am sure I did not expect. It is a great thing to be your relation ; I daily find the advantage of it, and do assure you I am thoroughly sensible of, and truly grateful for, all your goodness." Again : " I have not words to express my thankfulness to you and Mr. Clayton, for your kind and agreeable entertainment at Sundon, where I am sure I shall always wish to be. I saw the Princess last night, and told her you desired your humble duty, and that you would be at Kensington on Thursday. I told her you had asked me whether I thought she would choose to see you in the Drawing-Room or in her own apartment. Her words were, ' How can Mrs. Clayton

imagine I should not like to see her anywhere?' and bid me make her compliments and tell you so. She said she was sure you would be glad to see her, for that she knew you were her friend."

It was with great distress that Lady Sundon—her husband had been raised to the Irish peerage in 1735—was compelled to absent herself from the Queen's death-bed, for she was herself ill at Bath. She was then relieved from Court with a pension. She never properly recovered her health, and died on New Year's Day, 1742.

CHAPTER VI

MARY CLAVERING ; AFTERWARDS COUNTESS
COWPER (1685-1723)

MARY CLAVERING was the daughter of John Clavering, of Chopwell, co. Durham, who was of a younger branch of the old Northumbrian family of Clavering of Callalee and Axwell, notorious for its Jacobite sympathies.

She was born in 1685, but there is no record of her of any interest until the year 1706, when she married William, Lord Cowper, who had lately been appointed Keeper of the Great Seal, and shortly after became Lord Chancellor. There is some mystery about the engagement—at least, it would appear that secrecy was preserved. Cowper wrote to his newly married wife on December 20, 1706, “ I am going to visit my Mother, and perhaps shall begin to prepare her for what she must, I hope, know in a little time.” The reason for the secrecy has not transpired, but eight years after the marriage Lady Cowper, in her Diary, refers to it in a passage replete with humour, conscious or unconscious, and not a little malice :

“ My Lord being a widower when the late Queen gave him the Seals, it was no wonder the young women laid out all their snares to catch him. None took such pains as Lady Harriet Vere, whose poverty and ruined reputation made it impossible for her to run any risk in



MARY, COUNTESS COWPER
(After Kneller)

the pursuit, let it end as it would. She had made several advances to my Lord by Mrs. Morley, her kinswoman, and finding nothing came of it, they immediately concluded my Lord must be pre-engaged to somebody else ; so they set a spy upon him, and found that he had country lodging at Hammersmith, where he lay constantly, and upon enquiry they found I was the cause of this coldness to Lady H. Upon this, they settled a correspondence under a feigned name with him ; and in those letters (which were always sent by a fellow dressed up in woman's clothes, who could never be overtaken) they pretended to be some great person, that threatened him, if he married me, to hinder the passing of his title. The first of these letters came the day before I was married. However, it did not hinder our marriage, though my Lord thought it advisable to keep it a secret ; and so he removed the next day to London. His correspondents, seeing they had made him leave the place, thought it would be no hard matter to break the match ; and from that time to the beginning of January, which was almost four months, my Lord had a letter every day, some of whole sheets of paper, filled with lies about me : to say I was a mean wretch ; that I was coquette, and should be more so ; that my playing so well was, and would be, a temptation to bring all the rakes in town about me ; that it had been so thus far of my life ; and that I was treated so familiarly by the rakish part of the town, that one night, at a play, my Lord Wharton had said to my Lord Dorchester, ' Now that the Opera is done, let's go and hear Molly Clavering play it over again ' (which was all a plain lie, for I never did play in public company, and only at home when anybody that visited my aunt Wood, with whom I lived, asked me, and for those two Lords, I had never been in a room with either of them in

my whole life). These are only specimens of what lies they invented to hurt me. At last, when they thought they had routed me, by the ill impressions they had falsely given of me, upon a day when my Lord was at the House of Lords, one Mr. Mason, of the House of Commons, came to him, and told him that Mrs. Weedon (a client of my brother's, that had a foul cause in the Court of Delegates) desired to speak with him. My Lord at first refused ; but at length she teased him so much that he consented to see her ; and by her appointment, and saying she had a very fine lady to recommend to him (which gave him a thought he should find out his correspondent), he waited upon her at Mrs. Kirk's which was the place appointed. He had some little jealousy before he went that the fine lady was Lady Harriet Vere, for she and Mrs. Kirk had always been in a Hackney coach every Sunday for at least a month, to ogle him and pass and repass his coach when he went and came from the chapel. He found he was right ; for there she was, set out in all her airs, with her elbow upon a table, that had two wax candles on it, and holding her head, which she said ached. There she displayed herself, and so did her two artificers, and not a word said of the cause. This interview brought on several others, and those visits to my Lord from Mrs. K. and Mrs. W. to try to make this match. They told him that the Queen had promised Lady H. £100,000 when she married. He said upon that score he durst not presume to marry her, for he had not an estate to make a settlement answerable to so great a fortune ; and at last they pressed him so much, that he owned he was engaged to me, and that it would be barbarous to ruin an innocent young woman, who had no fault but receiving his visits so long. They could not agree with him that it was barbarous, for it was only

serving me in my own kind, for I was contracted to Mr. Floyd, whom I had left for him. My Lord said they were mistaken in that affair (which he knew full well). However, this did not discourage them ; and once, when he seemed to yield, he brought Mrs. Kirk to confess the pains they had been at to bring this about, and she mentioned particularly the letters, which were contrived and writ at her house, and copied afterwards by Lady H. V. herself. As soon as my Lord had got this confession, he wrote to Lady H. in answer to a love-letter from her (for she pretended to be terribly in love with him), to excuse himself, and say that he resolved to marry me, for now he was assured that he had met with a wife whose conduct was unblemished, for that the greatest enemy I had in the world had been writing every day an invective against me, which was duly sent to him, and that now all the letters were laid out before him he did not find anything I was accused of, but of playing the best upon the harpsichord of any woman in England, which so far from being a fault, that it was an argument to him that I had been used to employ many of my hours alone, and not in the company of rakes, as they would suggest. But they thought that there was hope, since they did not believe we were actually married, and my Lord could never get quit of their importunity, till he owned our marriage to them, though it was before he owned it publicly ; and even after that, both Mrs. K. and Lady H. V. wrote frequently to him. This I had not inserted, but as a justification for my endeavouring to hinder her coming into the Princess's Bedchamber."

Although Lady Cowper came of a Jacobite family, she seems, like her husband, to have been an active partisan of the Hanoverian succession, and from 1710 was in constant communication with Princess Caroline.

When her Royal Highness, now Princess of Wales, came to London for the Coronation of George I., Lady Cowper confidently expected to be attached to her Household.

“The perpetual lies that one hears have determined me in spite of my want of leisure,” so Lady Cowper opened her Diary, “to write down all the events that are worth remembering whilst I am at Court ; and although I find it will be impossible for me to do this daily, yet I hope I shall be able to have an hour or two once a week ; and I intend this only for my own use, it being a rough draft only, which, if God bless me with health and leisure, I intend hereafter to revise and digest into a better method. I believe it will be necessary, in the first place, to recollect what passed in order to my coming into the Court : and to give a better light in that matter, I must tell that for four years past I had kept a constant correspondence with the Princess, now my mistress ; I had received many, and those the kindest letters from her. Upon the death of the Queen, after she had done me the honour to answer my letter of congratulation, I wrote another letter to offer her my service, and to express the perfect resignation I had to do whatever she would think fit to do, were it to choose or refuse me. This letter she answered, telling me she was entirely at the Prince’s disposal, and so could give me no promise ; but that she did not doubt the Prince’s willingness to express his friendship to me upon all occasions. By the whole letter I took it for granted that she had so many importunities upon that subject, that she could not take me into her service, and therefore I resolved not to add to the number of her tormentors, and never mentioned the thing any more. I was the more confirmed in my opinion when I saw myself treated with such marks of distinction, and at the same time two new Ladies made, and I had heard

nothing ; but I knew the necessity of affairs often forces princes to do many things against their inclinations, and I daily received so many distinguishing marks of the Princess's favour that I had great reason to be satisfied. Things stood in this manner till the Coronation, which was October 20, 1714."

Lady Cowper, of course, was present at the Coronation in the Abbey, and saw the ceremony from the pulpit steps, her place having been filched from her by Lady Nottingham. " I thought this rude, but did not suppose there had been any design in it, though we had both been talked of for being Governess to the young Princesses, [Anne, Amelia and Caroline], and she, I believe, had really solicited for it, and apprehended I had done so too, notwithstanding I had never thought of it." Everyone else was there too, Hanoverians and Jacobites alike ; Bolingbroke, who then saw the King for the first time ; and Lady Dorchester, who, when the Archbishop of Canterbury went round the Throne demanding the consent of the people, turned to Lady Cowper, and said, " Does the old fool think that any one will say ' no ' to his question, when there are so many drawn swords ? " Lady Dorchester, like her father, Sir Charles Sedley, before her, was possessed of ready humour : " I wonder for what qualities James II chooses his mistresses," she is reported to have said. " We are none of us handsome ; and if we have wit, he has not enough to find it out."

A few days later Lady Cowper was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, at the same time as the Duchess of St. Albans, apparently to her exceeding satisfaction. " The Duchess of St. Albans and I waited in the Drawing-room, as we had done every night to kiss the King's hand upon our preferment, and this was the first day we came here. He had forgot that he

had seen the Duchess of St. Albans before, so he saluted her without hesitation ; but when I was represented he said five or six times, ‘ *Oh, je l’ai vu ; elle est de ma connoissance !* ’ and at last the Duke of Grafton told him it was upon my being made a Lady of the Bedchamber. So then he said, ‘ *Ouy dà, je le ferai avec plaisir,* ’ and I was saluted.”

What particular pleasure Lady Cowper derived from this preferment it is difficult to understand. On November 15, she came into waiting. “ I was ill when I came in, and continued so the whole week.” At the end of the week she noted in her Diary, “ I was ill from standing so long upon my feet, for which reason I did undress me as soon as I came home, and stayed within for two days to recover myself.”

Etiquette was for Lady Cowper at first a stumbling-block. “ This day was passed in disputes amongst us servants about the Princess kissing my Lady Mayoress and quoting of precedents ; but Queen Anne not having kissed her when she dined in the city, my mistress did not do it either.” Again, “ We all went to Court twice,” she wrote on November 26. “ In the evening, not knowing any order to the contrary, I called for a table and cards, and played at ombre. I since begged my mistress’s pardon, and told her that it was through ignorance I had been guilty, for Mr. Thomas Coke, the King’s Vice-Chamberlain, had told me that we that were her servants were to set a good example to the rest by playing, and that she might be sure I should be the last that would break any rule she made. She told me she readily believed me, and that the tables and chairs were taken out of the drawing-room because people used to sit down before her, but that anybody might play in the outward room that would.”

"I went to the Backstairs in the evening," Lady Cowper noted on December 23, 1714. "In the outward room was a great dispute upon what the Princess was to give at christenings. She had been godmother to Mrs. Harcourt's child and the Prince godfather, and they had sent thirty guineas between them, which our Ladies thought too little ; though, upon information, I find King Charles II never gave more on such an occasion than five guineas to a commoner's nurses, ten to a baron's, twenty to an earl's, and so raised five guineas in every degree. 'Tis true things are altered since that time (for now people of quality sometimes give fifteen guineas) ; but it is our folly has increased this as it has every other expense."

"I went to Court in the afternoon," Lady Cowper said in her Diary on February 10, 1716. "The Princess heard a cause that kept her an hour. It was a dispute between the Ladies of the Bedchamber and the Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, in which I believe the Ladies were in the wrong. It was about the two officers above mentioned coming into the Bedchamber, which has been a right always pretended to by them, and always contested by the Ladies."

Lady Cowper was, owing to physical weakness, not a regular attendant at Court. "The Prince and Princess dined in public every day in the Princess's apartment. The Lady-in-waiting served at table. My ill-health prevented my doing that service at all, except one day that the Princess went to Windsor. In the afternoon the Princess saw company, or read or writ till the evening, and then walked in the garden, sometimes for two or three hours together, and then went into the pavilion at the end of the bowling-green, and played there. This she did very frequently, till, one rainy and dark night, the Countess of Buckenburgh fell, and put her foot out of

joint ; and I think, after that accident, the Princess went there no more, but used to play in the Green Gallery from nine to about half-an-hour past ten."

If Lady Cowper was popular with their Royal Highnesses, it was certainly due to her own efforts. "I went to Court to enquire of my mistress's health, who had been out of order, and I found her gone a-walking. I stayed till she came back. She had walked to Kensington, and the coaches brought them back again. She thanked me for drinking her health with Mrs. Clayton at supper the night before. I told her I never failed at my meals drinking hers and my master's ; upon which the Prince said he did not wonder he had such good health since he came into England, since I took so much part in it. I told him that before his coming hither, I and my children had constantly drunk his health by the name of ' Young Hanover Brave,' which was the title Mr. Congreve had given him in a ballad. This made him ask who Mr. Congreve was, and so gave me an opportunity of saying all the good of Mr. Congreve which I think he truly deserves." The reference is to Congreve's song on the battle of Oudenarde :

"Not so did behave
Young Hanover brave
In this bloody field, I assure ye ;
When his war-horse was shot
He valued it not,
But fought still on foot like a fury."

The politicians were always making trouble. They played King or Prince according as it seemed best for their own individual interests. Take one case. "Lord Townshend being always there [at Hampton Court]," Lady Cowper remarked, "found means to insinuate himself mightily into the favour of the Prince, but left the Princess

quite out, even to the showing her all the contempt in the world. He made his court to Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Bellenden, so that, when I came to Hampton Court, I was never so surprised in my life as to see that so little respect was shown to the Princess. She had too much quickness not to feel this as much as was possible. I saw it with the utmost uneasiness, and got Mr. Woodford to represent to Lord Townshend how wrong this usage of the Princess was, and how much it was for their interest and advantage to get her on their side. Soon after my Lord Cowper made him the same representation so strongly, that from that time he quite altered his conduct to the Princess, to the great pleasure of those who had been concerned in the thing. This brought the Princess into perfect tranquillity." It was always a case of pull devil, pull baker. What Townshend did, did Walpole, Sunderland, Craggs, and it may be surmised, Cowper.

About 1722 there were rumours that Cowper had become a Tory and was plotting for the return of the Pretender. When Layer's conspiracy to restore the Stuarts by a French invasion was discovered in 1723, he endeavoured to find favour with the Government by declaring some of the Whigs to be implicated, and among them named Cowper. This was proved to be a calumny, but Lady Cowper was alarmed. "It is reported," her daughter, Lady Susan, wrote on September 4, 1722, "that the Lord Cowper offered to be bail for Francis Atterbury the Bishop of Rochester, which was highly resented by a certain person of distinction, that he moved for a warrant to search his Lordship's house. This letter was sent immediately to my mother at Cole Green by Mrs. Bowde, who kept the post and coffee-house at Hertford; and though the first part of the article was

notoriously false and the report to be despised, yet my mother had so many intimations and hints sent her by different hands of a design to attack my Father, and try to involve his character, in the examination then on foot relating to the plot, that she took fright for some papers she had drawn up by way of Diary (a part of which only remains) and for papers belonging to the Prince and Princess, which I have since heard she had in her hands, relating to the quarrel in the royal family, and not being able to place them in safety in such a hurry, she burned such as she thought would do most harm if discovered, by which many curious scraps of secret history are probably lost ; and, circumstances considered, I wonder she had the courage to preserve the Princess's letters and so much of her own Diary as is yet remaining."

Trouble was presently to come, for Lady Cowper did not inform the Princess of Wales of the destruction of her Royal Highness's letters, for later, when Caroline became Queen, she seems to have been anxious about the correspondence. " All that I have to add on the subject," Lady Susan noted, " is, that I was told by a person of much penetration who is constantly with the Queen (though I believe but little in her favour), that by several little things the Queen had said unguardedly, she apprehended the great cause of her Majesty's anger and aversion to me was that she thought I had some papers in my hands that she wished to have only in her own. If there were any such, they were, as I said before, committed to the fire, and I have none the Queen can be in any uneasiness about, unless she feels some from my retaining expressions of friendship she never felt, and promises I have cause to think she has no intention to perform."

There is much social and political gossip in the Diary. We read of Paul Methuen, who at various times was

Ambassador to the Court of Madrid, and Comptroller of the Household, making sweet eyes at Madame von Kielmansegg. Of Madame Tron, wife of the Venetian Ambassador—"Her husband is very jealous; but now she has got into a free Country, she says she will live and go about like other people; and he, not liking her to do this, beats her very often. That's the only thing she fears, for if she can but escape beating, she values nothing, which has got her the name of '*La Beauté sans Souci*.' The Venetian Ambassadors," Lady Cowper wrote, "who I believe had been used to cry out to her husband when he beat her, to take care of her face, met with a good deal of it, and '*Prenez garde a mon Visage!*' was her cry all night long and so loud, that the King heard her, and, turning to somebody that stood behind him, said, '*Entendez-vous, l'Ambassadrice? Elle vous abandonne tout le reste du corps, pourvu que vous ayez soin du visage.*' "

There is a good deal about Bernstorff, who, while he as a foreigner could not hold office in this country, nevertheless took an active part behind the scenes in political intrigues. We hear of the intrigue for places in the Household. Of Mrs. Kirk ("widow of that Max Kirk who killed Conway Seymour"), who "had managed all the intrigues between Lady Mary Vere" (a daughter of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford), "and the Duke of Ormond, took care of the child, was manager of all the intrigues of the Oxford family, had an ill reputation as to herself, and had been the Duke of Somerset's mistress."

The Court of the Princess of Wales can scarcely have been a happy place. The jealousies of the members of her entourage were many. Almost without exception, every one was struggling to win a little more of the royal favour, a few more of the royal smiles, than the next.

Lady Cowper, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Wallop, Miss Dyve, all were in competition. Mrs. Howard would appear to have stood apart, so far as possible, from the squabbles.

“Duchess of St. Albans comes to ask advice about the key,” Lady Cowper wrote in May 1720. “Says the Princess of Wales would never take it from her, and that she has it locked up in her cabinet, and advises if she shall ask to wear it, or stay till she is bid. Marvellous ! What could provoke the Princess of Wales to offer it to me, who did not ask for it, if she had it not in her power to give it ? To what purpose such dissimulation as this, which, when once known, must give so low an idea, both to one’s sincerity and understanding ?—for this, of all others, is the most foolish step ever was taken in such a case, to offer what one could never give, unasked. Sure, she thought me a tame fool, who minded not her interest at all, and who, consequently, was to be easily imposed upon ; and that Lord Cowper was modest, and would never push it forward if he found any difficulty in obtaining it for me. The Germans used to say the Princess of Wales was *grandissime comédienne*. I say, no. If actors ever played their parts in such a manner, they would be hissed off the stage, and must starve. This dissimulation shows how simple such arts are, for, instead of having its effect, it has disoblged the two very best friends the Princess ever had ; and who, if they had any dissimulation themselves, must have found the Princess out before.”

After all, the life of the Ladies-in-Waiting was dull, and this game of beggar your neighbour’s reputation was really their only joy. But, of course, the great division was between the English and Germans. In the winter of 1715 there came to England Mademoiselle Schütz, a

niece of Baron Bernstorff, and probably related to that Schütz, who had been Hanoverian Minister at the Court of Queen Anne. "She was a pretty woman, and had good qualities, but withal was so assuming, that she had made herself mightily hated at Court," Lady Cowper has described her. "We had been long familiarly acquainted, so that I saw her often; but the Prince had expressed so great a dislike of her to me, that I was in a good deal of pain how to carry myself between them." This is the sort of thing that happened—Lady Cowper is again the recorder. The scene is at the dinner-table of the Ladies of the Bedchamber. "Mrs. Clayton in raptures at all the kind things the Prince had been saying of the English—that he thought them the best, the handsomest, the best-shaped, the best-natured, and lovingest people in the world, and that if anybody would make their court to him, it must be by telling him he was like an Englishman. This did not please the foreigners at our table; they could not contain themselves, but fell into the violentest, silliest, ill-mannered invective against the English that ever was heard, and nothing could make Monsieur Schütz believe that there was one handsome woman in England." To give another instance. "The Countess of Buckenburgh said, in a visit, that the English women did not look like women of quality, but made themselves look as pitifully and sneakingly as they could; that they hold their heads down, and look always in a fright, whereas those that are foreigners hold up their heads and hold out their breasts, and make themselves look as great and stately as they can, and more nobly and more like quality than the others. To which Lady Deloraine replied, 'We show our quality by our birth and titles, Madam, and not by sticking out our bosoms.' The Countess of Buckenburgh speaks English pretty well, but sometimes makes comical

mistakes ; the other night she wanted to know what they call the man of the goat (meaning a he-goat), and the man of sheep that is mentioned in the Psalms." The Prince had his likes and dislikes in the Household, and so had the Princess. "The Duchess of Roxborough is not so much a favourite as she was," Lady Cowper notes in April 1716. "The Princess resents her recommending Miss Bellenden, and her great friendship with Mrs. Howard."

"The latter end of December 1723, my mother grew much weaker and extremely ill," Lady Cowper's daughter wrote. "She lost her appetite entirely, and at times her memory, so that she would speak of my father as if living, ask for him, and expect him home. When she recollected his death, it seemed to be with so lively a grief, as if it had just then happened. In short, she had really what is often talked of, but seen in very few instances—a broken heart."

CHAPTER VII

MARY PIERREPONT ; AFTERWARDS LADY MARY
WORTLEY MONTAGU (1689-1762)

PERHAPS the most brilliant woman in Court circles during the reigns of George I and George II, and it says much for her popularity that she was received not only at Leicester House but also at St. James's. She was, indeed, one of the most remarkable women of the eighteenth century. A beauty, a wit, a blue-stocking, and the writer of letters that Horace Walpole, that most captious of critics, approved—as, indeed, did the lady who thus summed up her gifts as a correspondent : “ The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame de Sévigné's letters, very pretty they are ; but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be fully as interesting forty years hence.”

Mary Pierrepont, who was born in 1689, was the daughter of the Hon. Evelyn Pierrepont by his first wife, Lady Mary Feilding, only daughter of William, third Earl of Denbigh. Pierrepont in 1690 succeeded his brother as fifth Earl of Kingston-upon-Hull, and was created Marquess of Dorchester in 1706, and Duke of Kingston-upon-Hull nine years later. Lady Mary died in 1697, after which the little girl ran rather wild, being left mainly to the care of an elderly governess who could not control her charge. Lady Mary, as she now was, early developed a taste for reading—and books were a solace to her all her days. She studied languages, and in a mild

way indulged her literary aspirations. To celebrate her twenty-first birthday, she translated the *Encheiridion* of Epictetus from the Latin version, and submitted the result to Bishop Burnet, with a covering letter of inordinate length, which contained two quotations from Erasmus—an author then little studied by ladies of rank and fashion.

Lady Mary's father, though a careless parent, was fond of his daughter, and proud of her beauty. The story goes that when she was about eight years old he named her as a "toast" at the Kit-Cat Club, and as many of the members did not know her, he sent his coach for her, and when she came she was received with acclamation by the wits assembled. She also had to act as hostess for her father at the family seat at Thoresby and at the town house in Arlington Street. "Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office : which in those days required no small share," her granddaughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, has stated. "For this mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her alone ; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite her, might not act as her croupier, his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through



THE REJECTED POET: LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU
AND ALEXANDER POPE
(After W. P. Frith, R.A.)

her neglect to help himself to a slice of mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand."

At the age of fourteen, Lady Mary met at Wharncliffe Lodge, Edward Wortley Montagu, who was eleven years her senior. He was a man of parts, a frequenter of literary society, a friend of Addison, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Garth, and Steele, who dedicated to him the second volume of *The Tatler*. He interested himself in the pretty, bright girl, and encouraged her to read and work. "When I was very young," she said, as is recorded in the *Anecdotes* of the Rev. Joseph Spence, "I was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metomorphosis*, and that was one of the reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day for two years in my father's library, and so got that language whilst everybody else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances."

Soon Wortley began to look upon Lady Mary with the eyes of a lover, and he was much intrigued by her flirtations—for she was not the blue-stocking of tradition, to whom learning was everything and life nothing at all. Evidently Wortley, through his sister Anne, had protested against Lady Mary's conduct. "My dear Mrs. Wortley, as she has the entire power of raising, can also,

with a word calm my passions. The kindness of your last recompenses me for the injustice of your former letter ; but you cannot sure be angry at my little resentment. You have read that a man who, with patience, hears himself called heretic, can never be esteemed a good Christian. To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch, you mention to Mr. Wortley, is as ridiculous, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf. Don't tell me any body ever had so mean an opinion of my inclinations ; 'tis among the number of those things I would forget. My tenderness is always built upon my esteem, and when the foundation perishes, it falls : I must own, I think it is so with every body—but enough of this : you tell me it was meant for raillery—was not the kindness meant so too ? I fear I am apt to think what is amusement designed in earnest—no matter, 'tis for my repose to be deceived, and I will believe whatever you tell me.

“ I should be very glad to be informed of a right method or whether there is such a thing alone, but am afraid to ask the question. It may be reasonably called presumption in a girl to have her thoughts that way. You are the only creature that I have made my confidante in that case : I'll assure you, I call it the greatest secret of my life. Adieu, my dear, the post stays, my next shall be longer.”

Lady Mary delighted in the admiration that was showered on her, and was not content to await the declaration of her laggard suitor. “ I thought to return no answer to your letter, but I find I am not so wise as I thought myself,” she wrote to Montagu, in 1711. “ I cannot forbear fixing my mind on that expression, though perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter—I would die to be secure of your heart, though



ALEXANDER POPE
(*After* Kneller)

but for a moment : were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you ?

“ I will state the case to you as plainly as I can ; and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you that at least challenges a grateful regard. I have trusted my reputation in your hands ; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this I exact nothing from you : if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing to me ; I pretend no tie upon your honour : but in recompence for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries and ill usage ? ”

Lady Mary lived in the world of fashion and was of it, and she kept her eyes open and recorded anything amusing or scandalous that came her way—she had a very pretty taste in scandal. “ Next to the great ball, what makes the most noise is the marriage of an old-maid, who lives in this street, without a portion, to a man of £7,000 *per annum*, and they say £40,000 in ready money,” she wrote to Mrs. Hewet about the beginning of 1709. “ Her equipage and liveries outshine anybody’s in town. He has presented her with £3,000 in jewels, and never was man more smitten with these charms that had lain invisible for these forty years ; but, with all his glory, never bride had fewer enviers, the dear beast of a man is so filthy, frightful, odious, and detestable. I would turn away such a footman, for fear of spoiling my dinner, while he waited at table. They were married on Friday, and came to church *en parade* on Sunday. I happened to sit in the pew with them and had the honour of seeing Mrs. Bride fall fast asleep in the middle of the sermon, and snore very comfortably ; which made several women

in the church think the bridegroom not quite so ugly as they did before. Envious people say 'twas all counterfeited to please him, but I believe that to be scandal ; for I dare swear, nothing but downright necessity could make her miss one word of the sermon. He professes to have married her for her devotion, patience, meekness, and other Christian virtues he observed in her ; his first wife (who has left no children) being very handsome, and so good natured to have ventured her own salvation to secure his. He has married this lady to have a companion in that paradise where his first has given him a title. I believe I have given you too much of this couple ; but they are not to be comprehended in few words."

The correspondence between Lady Mary and Montagu continued, the letters always being addressed to his sister. Not till she was twenty-one did she write to him direct, when she gave him a stinging rebuke : " Give me leave to say it (I know it sounds vain), I know how to make a man of sense happy ; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy ; but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so, which (of the humour you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy, nor loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it, at least I am sure was I in love I could not talk as you do. Few women would have spoke so plainly as I have done ; but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world, and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be for ever miserable, for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve

upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all."

Montagu apparently did not know what he wanted, but he was distressed when he heard of Lady Mary's love-passages with others. If he did not desire her for himself, at least he did not wish her to belong to anyone else. At last he went so far as to invite her to state—in writing—her views as to the life a married couple should lead. She replied in detail. She did not mind travelling, she did not object to spending some months in the year in the country, she did not want to entertain on a large scale : a small circle of intimate friends would satisfy her, and so on. She concluded, "I will never think of marrying without the consent of my family. Make no answer to this, if you can like me on my own terms. 'Tis not to me you must make the proposals ; if not, to what purpose is our correspondence."

At last Montagu approached Lord Dorchester and asked for the hand of Lady Mary, but he would not consent to make the very reasonable settlements that her father suggested—the estates should be put into entail and a town house provided. Negotiations were broken off, for Lord Dorchester would not give his consent to a marriage which involved the risk, however slight, of his grandchildren being beggars. It would seem that Montagu felt himself aggrieved, and put the blame on Lady Mary. "I am going to comply with your request, and write with all the plainness I am capable of," she replied in November 1710, to one of Montagu's effusions. "I know what may be said upon such a proceeding, but am sure you will not say it. Why should you always put the worst construction upon my words ? Believe me what you will, but do not believe I can be ungenerous or ungrateful. I wish I could tell you what answer you will

receive from some people, or upon what terms. If my opinion could sway, nothing should displease you. Nobody ever was so disinterested as I am. I would not have to reproach myself (I don't suppose you would) that I had in any way made you uneasy in your circumstances. Let me beg you (which I do with the utmost sincerity) only to consider yourself in this affair ; and, since I am so unfortunate to have nothing in my own disposal, do not think I have any hand in making settlements. People in my way are sold like slaves ; and I cannot tell what price my master will put on me. If you do agree, I shall endeavour to contribute, as much as lies in my power, to your happiness. I so heartily despise a great figure, I have no notion of spending money so foolishly ; though one had a great deal to throw away. If this breaks off, I shall not complain of you : and as, whatever happens, I shall still preserve the opinion you have behaved yourself well. Let me entreat you, if I have committed any follies, to forgive them ; and be so just to think I would not do an ill thing."

Lord Dorchester being in the right so far, put himself soon after in the wrong. He decided that Lady Mary must marry and he produced a suitor, whom from weariness and annoyance with Montagu, and perhaps a sense of filial duty, she accepted. At the eleventh hour, after the trousseau had been bought, Montagu persuaded her to elope. They were married in London on August 16, 1712.

Montagu's parliamentary duties kept them much in town, but he preferred that his wife should spend most of her time in the country. He unquestionably neglected her quite early in her married life, even while she was bearing her first child, and he kept her very short of ready money. "Pray order me some money," she wrote

to him in 1714, "for I am in great want, and must run into debt if you don't do it soon." The fact was that Montagu, who was very rich, and at his death left more than a million, was a miser. All his life he devoted himself to saving money, and found the greatest difficulty in parting with any of it. According to Pope this regard for money also affected Lady Mary, for he lampooned both of them as Avidieu and Avidieu's wife, who

"Sell their presented partridges or fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots ;
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and their wine.
But on some lucky day (as they found
A lost bank note, or heard their son was drowned),
At such a feast old vinegar to spare
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear :
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart."

The relations between husband and wife gradually became strained. Lady Mary did not mince words but said outright, "I cannot forbear any longer telling you, I think you use me very unkindly." "I don't say so much of your absence, as I should do if you was in the country and I in London ; because I would not have you believe I am impatient to be in town, when I say I am impatient to be with you ; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July and 'tis now the middle of November," she went on to say. "As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference as shews you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health, and you only say you hope 'tis not so bad as I make it. You never enquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for me and

him than you express ; but I reflect with grief a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is generally proud of those that are shameful and silly.” “ You seem perfectly pleased with our separation, and indifferent how long it continues. . . . When I reflect on your behaviour, I am ashamed of my own : I think I am playing the part of my Lady Winchester. At least be as generous as My Lord ; and as he made her early confession of his aversion, own to me your inconstancy, and upon my word I will give you no more trouble about it. . . . For my part, as ’tis my first, this my last complaint, and your next of the kind shall go back enclosed to you in blank paper.”

Lady Mary was not a woman to live unhappily, and she determined to lead her own life and to make her interests where she could. After the accession of George I she stayed more and more in town. Her account of the Court of the monarch has been printed more than once, but it be worth while to give her her pen-portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales :

“ I have not yet given the character of the Prince. The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture ; which being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding, was every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint ; not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion ; and whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for

his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their submission to his orders, or the relations they had to his power. And in this view, he looked upon the Princess as the most meritorious of her sex, and she took care to keep him in that sentiment by all the arts she was mistress of. He had married her by inclination ; his good-natured father had been so complaisant as to let him choose a wife for himself. She was of the house of Anspach, and brought him no great addition either of money or alliance ; but was at that time esteemed a German beauty, and had genius which qualified her for the government of a fool ; and made her despicable in the eyes of men of sense ; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat all the people she conversed with, and often cheated herself in the first place, by showing her the wrong side of her interest, not having understanding enough to observe that falsehood in conversation, like red on the face, should be used very seldom, and very sparingly, or they destroy that interest and beauty which they are designed to heighten.

“ Her first thought on her marriage was to secure to herself the sole and whole direction of her spouse ; and to that purpose she counterfeited the most extravagant fondness for his person ; yet, at the same time, so devoted to his pleasures (which she often told him were the rule of all her thoughts and actions), that whenever he thought proper to find them with other women, she even loved whoever was instrumental to his entertainment, and never resented anything but what appeared to her a want of respect for him ; and in this light she really could not help taking notice that the presents made to her on her wedding were not worthy of his bride, and at least she ought to have had all his mother’s jewels. This was enough to make him lose all respect for his indulgent

father. He downright abused his ministers, and talked impertinently to his old grandmother, the Princess Sophia, which ended in such a coldness towards all his family, as left him entirely under the government of his wife."

George I liked Lady Mary, and an amusing instance of one of her appearances at Court has been recorded. It was very dull at St. James's, and one evening when she was there, wanting to go to a brighter assembly, she begged leave at an early hour to retire, which request the King somewhat surlily granted. As she was going downstairs, she met Mr. Secretary Craggs, and spoke of the King's reluctance to let her go. The Minister took her in his arms and carried her to the ante-chamber, whereupon the page threw open the main door. "*Ah ! la re-voilà,*" cried George, and told her that he was glad that she had changed her mind. "Oh, Lord, Sir, I have been so frightened," she exclaimed, and told her story. Then Craggs entered and made his bow "*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*" the King said angrily, "*est ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment ?*" The culprit frowned at Lady Mary for having betrayed him, but with ready wit replied, "There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's pleasure." In 1716 the Montagus went to Hanover, and George, who was there, lodged them in his palace of Herrenhausen. He was always genial when at Hanover, and the Earl of Peterborough remarked that the King was so happy there that he believed his Majesty has forgotten the *accident that occurred to him and his family on the first of August, 1714.*

Like her husband, Lady Mary enjoyed the society of men of letters, and they returned the compliment. Gay wrote of her :

“ What lady’s that to whom he gently bends ?
 Who knows her not ? Ah, those are Wortley’s eyes.
 How art thou honour’d, number’d with her friends :
 For she distinguishes the good and wise.”

Pope also paid tribute to her :

“ In beauty and wit
 No mortal as yet
 To question your empire has dared
 But men of discerning
 Have thought that in learning,
 To yield to a lady was hard.

“ Impertinent schools,
 With musty dull rules,
 Have reading to females denied ;
 So Papists refuse
 The Bible to use,
 Lest flocks be wise as their guide.

“ ’Twas a woman at first
 (Indeed she was curst)
 In knowledge that tasted delight,
 And sages agree
 The laws should decree
 To the first possessor the right.

“ The bravely, fair dame,
 Resume the old claim,
 Which to your whole sex does belong ;
 And let men receive,
 From a second bright Eve,
 The knowledge of right and of wrong.

“ But if the first Eve
 Hard doom did receive,
 When only one apple had she,
 What a punishment new
 Shall be found for you,
 Who, tasting, have robb’d the whole tree ? ”

When in October 1714 the Earl of Halifax became First Lord of the Treasury, he appointed his cousin Montagu a Commissioner, which office he held for twelve months, when Walpole, becoming First Lord, did not retain his services. It was thought that something ought to be done for Montagu and in 1716 he was sent as Ambassador to the Porte. His wife accompanied him, and while on this mission wrote the well-known "Letters during the Embassy to Constantinople," wherein, among many other things, she gave an amusing account of the gallantry that prevailed in the society of that city. While there, she came to learn of the practice of inoculation, which, on her return, she introduced into England. Whatever else Montagu may have been, he was not a diplomatist, and when Lord Stanhope came into power, he was recalled—the letter of recall being signed by his old friend, Joseph Addison, who was at the time Secretary of State for the Southern Department.

The Montagus now took a cottage at Twickenham, at the suggestion, it has been said, of Pope, who was much interested in the lady, who had corresponded with him when she was abroad. Philip, Duke of Wharton, then aged twenty-four, also had a house there. He, too, made love to her, to the amusement of Horace Walpole, who alluded to this in "The Parish Register of Twickenham":

"Twickenham, where frolic Wharton revelled,
Where Montagu, with locks dishevelled,
Conflict of dirt and warmth combin'd,
Invoked—and scandalised the *Nine*."

Pope was furious, and wrote a character of the Duke:

"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:

Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
 Enough, if all around him but admire,
 And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing, but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all; from no one vice exempt,
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt:
 His passion still to covet general praise,
 His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A fool, with more of wit than half mankind;
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined:
 A tyrant to his wife his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."

Wharton teased Lady Mary by parodying a set of her verses, and she quarrelled with him. Then about 1722 came a much more famous quarrel with a more redoubtable person. Pope was a good friend, but he would rather hate than love—and it must be confessed that, at considerable cost to his personal reputation, he did it better. "Leave him as soon as you can," Addison had said to Lady Mary. "He will certainly play you some devilish trick else; he has an appetite for satire." And no one could speak on this matter with more personal knowledge than Addison.

Pope broke with Lady Mary about 1722. He lampooned her in the "Epilogue to the Satires," labelled her Sappho in the "Satires of Dr. John Donne Versified,"

and returned to the attack in the "Epistle to Martha Blount":

"As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock,
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho radiant at an evening mask."

Lady Mary, who feared not God, nor man, nor even woman, was at once up and doing. Rightly or wrongly Pope attributed to her "A Pop upon Pope," in which is described a whipping in Ham Walk which was said to have been administered to him. There is no doubt, however, that she had a hand in the following "Verses addressed to the Imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace," written, it was believed at the time, in conjunction with Hervey:

"Nor thou the justice of the world disown,
That leaves thee thus an outcast and alone:
For though in law the murder be to kill,
In equity the murder is the will.
Then while with coward hand you stab a name,
And try at least to assassinate our fame,
Like the first bold assassin be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven or forgot;
But as thou hat'st by hatred by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Marked on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander like him accursed through the land."

Not unnaturally Pope was roused to the utmost fury by this attack upon his deformity, and replied in kind in the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot":

"Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit.
Safe, as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
He writ no labels, but my lady did;
Great odds, in amorous or poetic game,
Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame."



HORACE WALPOLE, FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD
(*After Hone*)

Lady Mary's daughter, Mary, married in 1736 John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, a favourite of the Princess of Wales, and a quarter of a century later to be for a short span Prime Minister. Three years later Lady Mary went abroad, and did not return for twenty years. She had then been married for twenty-seven years, and it had not proved a very happy union. "It was from the customs of the Turks that I first had the thought of a septennial bill for the benefit of married people," Lady Mary said to Joseph Spence—which may be taken as giving her view of the situation. At first, it was agreed that Montagu should shortly join his wife ; but, as a matter of fact, he never did so. She wandered through France and Italy, and rented a house at Lovere, where she stayed for a long time, and was reasonably contented.

Montagu died in 1761, aged eighty-three, and Lady Mary decided to return to England. She was feeble, and her sight was affected, but her spirit was indomitable, and, making an effort, she set out on the long journey. Horace Walpole announced her return in October : "I have not seen her yet, though they have not made her perform quarantine for her own dirt." He was, however, one of the first to go and see her. "I went last night to visit her," he wrote to Sir Horace Mann on January 29. "I give you my honour, and you who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a miserable little chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been, brocade, with

coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs); boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat, sprig'd velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world who go to homage her as Queen-mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute; what will the progress be of such a commencement?" Presently he had the grace to admit, "She is much more discreet than I expected, and meddles with nothing."

Lady Mary now suffered from cancer, and her course was nearly run. On July 2 she wrote her last letter to Lady Frances Steuart saying, "I have been a long time, and am now so bad I am little capable of writing but I would not pass in your opinion as either stupid or ungrateful." She passed away on August 21, 1762, at the age of seventy-three. Let Horace Walpole's rebuke to Lady Craven close this account: "I am sorry to hear, Madam, that by your account Lady Mary Wortley was not so accurate and faithful as modern travellers. The invaluable art of inoculation, which she brought from Constantinople, so dear to all admirers of beauty, and to

which we owe, perhaps the preservation of yours, stamps her an universal benefactress ; and as you rival her in poetic talents I had rather you would employ them to celebrate her for her nostrum, than detect her for romancing."

CHAPTER VIII

MARY LEPELL; AFTERWARDS LADY HERVEY OF
ICKWORTH (1700-1768)

MENTION has been made in an earlier chapter of the rival charms of the Hon. Mary Bellenden, who married the Hon. John Campbell, and Mary ("Molly") Lepell. Both were beautiful, both were much toasted and courted, both were vivacious. Perhaps Miss Bellenden had the higher spirits, but Miss Lepell had the better intelligence. It was said by a contemporary writer, who preferred to remain anonymous, that this couple were the principal ornaments of the Court of the Princess of Wales, and that "their wit and beauty were admired, and are recorded by the most eminent men of that most eminent period."

Mary, who was born in 1700, was the daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepell, and, probably at the age of seventeen or eighteen, secured an appointment as a Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales. She was not only admired by those about the Court, but she attracted the attention of no less a person than Voltaire, who thus apostrophized her after her marriage :

" Hervey, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast ?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be express'd.

" In my silence see the lover ;
True love is by silence known :
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own."



MARY LEPELL, LADY HERVEY
(From a Miniature formerly at Strawberry Hill)

Even Charles Churchill, who would rather be scurrilous than not, succumbed to her charm, and wrote the following lines on one of her daughters :

“ That face, that form, that dignity and ease—
Those powers of pleasing, and that wish to please—
By which Lepell, even in her youthful days,
Had from the currish Pope extracted praise,
We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,
And view a new Lepell in Caroline.”

From her many suitors, “ Molly ” Lepell chose the Hon. John Hervey for her husband. He was the eldest son of John, first Earl of Bristol, by his second wife. They were married in 1720. After the death in 1723 of his half-brother, Carr, he was known by the courtesy title of Lord Hervey, and ten years later was called to the House of Lords in his father’s barony. It had been intended that he should go into the army, but he abandoned the idea of that profession, and devoted himself to the study and exercise of letters, and presently turned his attention to politics, entering the House of Commons as member for Bury St. Edmunds. As a friend of the Prince of Wales he sided with Pulteney against Walpole ; but when the Prince ascended the Throne and accepted Walpole as Prime Minister, Hervey, without any hesitation “ ratted ”—for which act he was rewarded with a pension of £1000 a year. He received a further reward for his apostacy, for Walpole appointed him Vice-Chancellor of the Household in 1730, in which year he was sworn of the Privy Council. He was an active political pamphleteer, and his activity in this direction resulted in a duel in what is now the Green Park with his former friend, Pulteney, when both the protagonists were slightly wounded.

In his *Memoirs*, Hervey himself has stated how the pension came about. "His wife loved Mr. Pulteney, and hated Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Robert had formerly made love to her, but unsuccessfully, which had produced the mutual enmity generally consequent on such circumstances—love in these cases being like a ball, which the greater strength it comes with, if it meets with resistance the farther it rebounds back from the point at which it was aimed. Sir Robert Walpole, therefore, detested Lady Hervey, and Lady Hervey him. So that all her interest in her husband was employed to draw him off Sir Robert Walpole and attach himself to Mr. Pulteney; and as she knew her husband's affection to Mr. Pulteney, she was certain nothing but the weight of interest could turn the scale in this contest on the side of Sir Robert Walpole. In order, therefore, to lighten the balance of interest, or rather to counterbalance it, Pulteney and she together had formed a scheme, before Lord Hervey came over, to induce Lord Bristol to make his son such an allowance as should indemnify him for throwing up a pension of £1000 a year, which he now received from the Court. . . . I must tell you a piece of news about myself, which is, that the King yesterday made me a present of a £1000 a year. What he said to me in his Closet, when I went in to thank him, I should be as much ashamed to repeat as I was to hear; for, praises one is conscious one does not deserve, put one almost out of countenance as reproaches."

Lady Hervey also did well for herself. "What I am going to say I am sure is true as if I had been a transactor in it myself," the Duchess of Marlborough wrote on December 3, 1737, to James Dalrymple, second Earl of Stair. "I will begin the relation with Mr. Lepell, my Lord Fanny's ["Lord Fanny was one of Hervey's

nicknames] wife's father, having made her a cornet in his regiment as soon as she was born, which is no more wrong to the design of an army than if she had been a son ; and she was paid many years after she was a Maid of Honour. She was extremely forward and pert ; and my Lord Sunderland got her a pension of the late King, it being too ridiculous to continue her any longer an officer in the army. And, into the bargain she was to be a spy ; but what she could tell to deserve a pension, I cannot comprehend. However, King George the First used to talk to her very much ; and this encouraged my Lord Fanny and her to undertake a very extraordinary project ; and she went to the Drawing-room every night, and publicly attracted his Majesty in a most vehement manner, insomuch that it was the diversion of the town ; which alarmed the Duchess of Kendal and the Ministry that governed her, to that degree, lest the King should be put in the opposer's hands, that they determined to buy my Lady Hervey off, and they gave her four thousand pounds to desist, which she did, and my Lady Fanny bought a good house with it, and furnished it well."

An amusing enough joke was played upon Lady Hervey in connection with the following set of verses. "I gave your service to Lady Hervey," Arbuthnot wrote to Swift. "She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad that was writ on her to the tune of 'Molly Mog,' and sent her in the name of a *begging poet*. She was *bit*, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two *double entendres*, which the authors—Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield—changed into *single entendres*. I was against *that*, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased with the ballad, but only with being bit."

- “ The Muses quite jaded with rhyming,
To Molly Mog bid a farewell ;
But renew their sweet melody chiming
To the name of dear Molly Lepell.
- “ Bright Venus yet never saw bedded
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell.
- “ So powerful her charms, and so moving,
They would warm an old monk in his cell,
Should the Pope himself ever go roaming,
He would follow dear Molly Lepell.
- “ If to the seraglio you brought her,
Where for slaves their maidens they sell,
I'm sure tho' the Grand Seignior bought her,
He'd soon turn a slave to Lepell.
- “ Had I Hanover, Bremen, and Verden,
And likewise the Duchy of Zell !
I'd part with them all for a farthing,
To have my dear Molly Lepell.
- “ Or were I the King of Great Britain,
To choose a minister well,
And support the throne I sat on,
I'd have under me Molly Lepell.
- “ Of all the bright beauties so killing,
In London's fair city that dwell,
None can give me such joy were she willing
As the beautiful Molly Lepell.
- “ What man would not give the great ticket,
To his share of the benefit fell,
To be but one hour in a thicket,
With the beautiful Molly Lepell.

“ Should Venus now rise from the ocean
And naked appear in her shell,
She would not cause half the emotion
That we feel from dear Molly Lepell.

“ Old Orpheus, that husband so civil,
He followed his wife down to Hell,
And who would not go to the devil
For the sake of dear Molly Lepell ?

“ Her lips and breath are much sweeter,
Than the thing which the Latins call mel ;
Who would not this plump for a metre,
To chime to dear Molly Lepell ?

“ In a bed you have seen pinks and roses ;
Would you know a more delicate smell ?
Ask the fortunate man who reposes
On the bosom of Molly Lepell.

“ ’Tis a maxim most fit for a lover,
If he kisses he never could tell :
But no tongue can ever discover
His pleasure with Molly Lepell.

“ Heaven keep our good King from a rising,
But that rising who’s fitter to quell
Than some lady with beauty surprising,
And who should that be but Lepell ?

“ If Curll would print me this sonnet
To a volume my verses would swell ;
A fig for what Dennis says on it,
He can never find fault with Lepell.

“ Then Handel to music shall set it,
Thro’ England my ballad shall sell ;
And all the world readily get it,
To sing to the praise of Lepell.”

Hervey may have been a fond husband, but he was notoriously unfaithful. He sought the favours of Anne Vane, and there is reason to believe that he received them—anyhow, his attentions to that lady cost him the friendship of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Later, he was a very frequent visitor to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—thereby he incurred the enmity of Pope, who attacked him in verse again and again, and christened him “Lady Fanny.” Pope, in the “Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,” made the following vitriolic outburst upon him :

“Let *Sporus* tremble.—A. What ? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass’s milk ?
 Satire or sense, alas ! can *Sporus* feel ?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne’er tastes, and beauty ne’er enjoys :
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
 And he himself one vile Antithesis.
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt’rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve’s tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
 A Cherub’s face, a reptile all the rest ;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust ;
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.”

The reference to asses' milk requires some explanation. "Lord Hervey is at this time always with the King, and in vast favour," the Duchess of Marlborough noted about 1737. "He has certainly parts and wit, but is the most wretched profligate man that was ever born, besides ridiculous ; a painted face, and not a tooth in his head." As a matter of fact, Hervey did paint his face, but it was to hide his ghastly appearance. He suffered severely from epilepsy, and had to diet very vigorously. His daily food was a small quantity of asses' milk and a flour biscuit : once a week he indulged himself with eating an apple.

Chesterfield said of Lady Hervey, "She had been bred all her life at Court, of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have, and more than any need have ; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes, et je ne sçais quoi qui plait.*" Another tribute was paid by Lady Louisa Stuart, grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "By the attractions she retained in age, she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome ; and never was there as perfect a model of the finely polished, high-bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manner had a foreign tinge, which some call affected, but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether extremely pleasing."

A Maid of Honour at the Court of Caroline, Princess of Wales, might have been offered the appointment for any one of many reasons, but certainly not because she was interested in letters. Anyhow, Miss Lepell was able to quote "Hudibras." She liked to air her knowledge,

and, above all, after her marriage, she loved to put pen to paper. A few of her letters to Henrietta Howard have been preserved, and they are characteristic.

Lady Hervey to the Hon. Mrs. Howard

“ICKWORTH,

“August 31, 1728.

“The place [Hampton Court] your letter was dated from recalled a thousand agreeable things to my remembrance, which I flatter myself you do not quite forget. I wish I could persuade myself that you regret them, or that you could think the tea-table more welcome in a morning if attended (as formerly) by the *Schatz*. If that were possible, it would be the means (and the one only at this time) to make me wish to exchange Ickworth for any other dwelling in England. I really believe a *frizelation* would be a surer means of restoring my spirits than the exercise and hartshorn I now make use of. I do not suppose that name still subsists ; but pray let me know if the thing itself does, and if they meet in the same cheerful manner to sup as formerly. Are ballads or epigrams the consequences of those meetings ? Is good sense in the morning, and wit in the evening, the subject or rather the foundation of the conversation ? That is an unnecessary question ; I can answer it myself since I know you are of the party ; but, in short, do you not want *Poor Tom* (Lady Hervey) a *Bella-dine* (Mary Bellen-den) as much as I want *Swiss* (Mrs. Howard) in the first place and them ?

“I pass my mornings at present as much like those at Hampton Court as I can, for I divide them between walking and the people of the best sense of their time ;

but the difference is, my present companions (books) are dead, and the others were quite alive. If you would have the good nature to add (by your letters) the charms of Hampton Court to the pleasures of Ickworth, they will be received and acknowledged with gratitude."

The Hon. Mrs. Howard to Lady Hervey

"ST. JAMES'S PALACE,

"September 1728.

"Hampton Court was very different from the place you knew; and to say we wished Tom Lepell, Schatz, and Bella-dine at the tea-table, is too interesting to be doubted. *Frizelation*, *flirtation*, and *strangulation*, are now no more, and nothing less than a Lepell can restore them to life; but to tell you my opinion freely, the people you now converse with are much more alive than any of your old acquaintances. But, tell me, Lady Hervey, do none of your morning companions warm your heart as well as your imagination? You see, I cannot forgive you all the wit in your last letter. Is it because I suspect your sincerity? or do I envy what I cannot possess? No matter which; you may still always triumph. The world, though you allow it to be but sometimes in the right, will do you a justice that I deny you. You will always be admired; and even I, that condemn you, find I must love you with all my heart."

Lady Hervey to the Hon. Mrs. Howard

"ICKWORTH,

"October 7, 1728.

"Less rhetoric that you are mistress of, would be sufficient to convince me how very little merit I have.

I should give it as much credit, but it would not give me as much grief from any other body as yourself. It is a very bitter pill which you have forced down my throat, and it required at least as much gilding as you have bestowed upon it, in saying you cannot help loving me ; but even that will not make me swallow it without uneasiness. The unpleasantness of the task still remains in my mouth, and it requires many sweet things to remove it. I hope you design to administer them, and very soon. I shall, with impatience, require a whole paper full.

“ As to the admiration I am to receive (and for which you stand god-father to the world), I do assure you I know myself too well to expect it, and the world too well to desire it. I should be vastly more pleased with, and vain of your approbation, than of the admiration of all that misjudging herd which compose (what in that sense) we call *the world* ; but I find I am in this, as in most other things, too unworthy to deserve, and too unlucky to obtain, what I most earnestly wish ; for I have lately been in a situation which, could I as well represent as feel, would make you pity me. I have had frequent accounts of my Lord of his being very much out of order abroad ; and at home I have had the pain of seeing and the fatigue of nursing Lady Ann in a violent and, for a great while, dangerous distemper. I wish she may yet be safe ; if she does mend, it is as slowly as can be conceived. I pass twelve or thirteen hours a day, and dine by her bedside at seven or eight at night. I can never leave her while the fever is upon her, for she will take nothing but from me, nor do anything but at my request. Lord and Lady Bristol [Hervey's parents] are in the greatest concern for her. The latter has been herself as ill, that for many days she has not been able to bear going into her daughter's room. In short, it is a

most melancholy, distracted family, and I see very little prospect of Lady Ann's recovering for a great while, if at all.

"My spirits (which you know were once very good), are as much impaired, that I question if even Hampton Court breakfasts could recover them, or revive the *Schatz*, who is extinguished in a fatigued nurse, a grieved sister, and a melancholy wife. When I consider what improper ingredients these are to make an agreeable correspondent, I must beg pardon for taking up your time as long, though, if you knew how pleased I am to converse with you anyway, and how very little else I have to please me, you would think I had more merit in releasing you now, than blame in having detained you so long ; and as most people are apt to require reward for their merit, rather than think they deserve punishment for their faults, you must not wonder I desire and even expect to hear from you soon."

Lady Hervey to the Countess of Suffolk

"ICKWORTH,

"July 10, 1731.

"I am extremely obliged to dear Lady Suffolk for furnishing me with so good a reason for following my own inclination as that of following yours, or at least obeying your commands, which I am sure your good nature obliged you to lay upon me, knowing how much less agreeably I must have passed my time in any other way till I have the pleasure of seeing you again. Your demand on me is a very kind but a very unnecessary one ; and I hope you made it thinking it the first, and knowing it to be the last. Depend upon it, dear *Swiss* Countess, the esteem I have for you is equal (for it cannot be superior)

to the claim of your desert, and no less lasting than that will be.

“The book I mentioned to you in my last is the *Cabala*, or, *Letters of State*. There are some very curious things in it, and some very good letters, allowing for the differences of style and language in Queen Elizabeth’s, King James’s, and Charles the First’s time. There are some mighty pretty letters from the famous Earl of Essex ; very artful, clever ones from Sir Francis Bacon, who, though a sad fellow in his practice, was a very great man in theory. There are some very good ones from Lord Bristol and Lord Holland, relating to the treaties of marriage carried on by them for the Infanta of Spain and Henrietta of France. If you have never read it, it is worth your dipping into. I have now begun a book called *Journal de Roy Henri III de France* (by Pierri de l’Estville). There are some diverting things in it ; it is in very old French.

“Pray give me leave to question your Ladyship in my turn, and to enquire into your studies of all kinds ; for I shall not, like you, bound my curiosity to the *dead*. There are living books which I am sure you sometimes peruse, and which I should be very glad to have an account of: and in so large a library as there is at Hampton Court, though the generality of books are dull and insipid, it is impossible but you find something worth transcribing. There are six volumes¹ which stand together that were published a good while ago, several of these bound in calf. If you will look into them, I cannot but think you will meet with things that may entertain, though not instruct.

¹ This is an allegory of the six Maids of Honour, but it is not possible definitely to identify each. The first is undoubtedly Margaret Meadows, the fourth Miss Carteret, the last Anne Vane. Others may have been Miss Dyve and Miss Mordaunt.



LORD HERVEY OF ICKWORTH
(After Vanloo)

The first volume contains serious thoughts on the state of virginity, interspersed with occasional satires on several subjects. The second volume I have scarcely dipped into ; but it seems to be a plain discourse on morality and the unfitness of those things called pleasures. The next, or that which I think follows, is a rhapsody : it is very verbose, and nothing in it : there is a very good print of it before the author's face. The fourth volume is neatly bound ; the title of it, *The Lady's Guide, or, The Whole Art of Dress* : a book well worth perusing. The next is a miscellaneous work, in a pocket edition, printed on bad paper, in which are some essays on love and gallantry, a discourse on lying, tea-table chit-chat, an attempt on political subjects ; the whole very profitless and unentertaining. The sixth is a folio, being a collection of the subjects, causes and occasions of all the Court ballads ; also a key to them, and to the jokes and witticisms of the most fashionable conversation now in town. This book is very diverting, and may be read by those of the meanest, as well as by those of the best understanding, being writ in the vulgar tongue."

A volume of Lady Hervey's letters, mostly written after the death of her husband in 1743, was published in 1821 by the John Murray of the day. They were addressed to the Rev. Edmund Morris, who had been the tutor of her four sons. The three elder, in turn, succeeded to the earldom of Bristol. He, about the beginning of 1745, had been presented by Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester, to the living of Nutshalling in Hampshire, in the neighbourhood of Broadlands, the seat of Lord Palmerston, who showed him much civility. The editor of the volume says, with proper respect, " It would be unreasonable to look into the letters

for the gay graces which fascinated Pope, Voltaire, Chesterfield, and Hervey, and which even now give a traditional splendour to the Augustan age of the Court of England ; but those who may limit their expectation to the sober and more lasting qualities of good nature, good sense, good feeling, and good taste, will not, I think, be disappointed."

Lady Hervey rather posed as a blue-stocking. In a letter dated September 20, 1742, she mentions "my friend Horace," and she enjoyed quoting from Terence and Cicero. She knew, and made reference to, those who were someone in affairs and in the world—the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Bedford, Pitt, Fox, Lord Temple, Richard Rigby, Lord Hardwicke, Horace Walpole (for whom she had a great admiration), and there are allusions to De Retz, Turenne, the ambitions of Frederick the Great, the Young Pretender, the relations between England and France, the Duke of Aremberg (when Commander-in-chief of the allied armies in Flanders), and the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Not long after she became a widow, she built herself a house in the Green Park, in which operation she took much interest. "At present," she wrote to Morris on January 25, 1745, "my thoughts are greatly taken up with the plan of my house, which I have made entirely myself, and is to be executed next April. Perhaps you'll think I ought to begin such a plan the first day of that month ; but though it may be, and certainly is, contrary to all Palladian rules, yet, as it is for myself, and not for others, that I build it, I think I ought to consider my own convenience and taste in it. You are obliged to my paper for your release." Two years later, she mentioned her gardens : "For these last three weeks, or indeed a month, I have been stuck as deeply in my garden as

any of the plants I have set there, and I wish they may flourish half as well ; for though I can't say I have run up in height, yet I have *spread* most luxuriantly. I wish you could come and see my garden ; you who remember what it was. I have made a rosery ; perhaps you will ask what that is : it is a collection of all the sorts of roses there are, which amount to fifty. This rosery perhaps may bring me to an untimely end, but it is a very pretty thing : I have made the whole design of it myself. In the middle of it, raised above all the others, is one of the most *beautiful kind*, who, conscious of the right to possess that place, does not *blush* in doing so."

Lady Hervey preserved her interest in books, and read much until about 1760 her sight began to wane, and occasionally she voiced her opinions :

" The *Night Thoughts* you mentioned to me I have just read, and think you characterize them so justly, that I do not intend to look upon them again ; though, in my opinion, it is one of the best performances that has appeared a great while. I do not like to look on the dark side of life, and shall always be thankful to those who turn the bright side of that lantern to me."

" There are a set of papers that have come out twice a week, ever since the latter end of March, entitled the *Rambler*, that are all distinct essays on various subjects, and which I think extremely well written. The subjects, the manner of treating them, and the language, I think very much in the style of Mr. Melmoth, the author of Sir Thomas FitzOsborne's Letters, and the translator of Pliny's ; but I have not heard that he is the writer of these papers, nor any guess from anybody I agree with, who is."

“ The book you enquire after (*Tristram Shandy*) is by some people thought to have humour ; ’tis to me a tiresome unsuccessful attempt at it. There is a sermon in it which is very well wrote, and the language so good that ’tis difficult to imagine it wrote by the same author. Upon the whole, I never was less satisfied by any performance in my life.”

“ I believe your information of the King of Prussia’s having given orders for extraordinary honours to be paid to Jean Jacques Rousseau is not quite true ; and I agree with you that they would be ill bestowed. An asylum is reasonable and humane : more, I think, is not necessary to this second Diogenes, for so I call him ; as he has all the austerity, the self-denial, and, I believe, the pride of the first. If I knew how to send you his *Emile* you should have it, as you have not yet seen it : it will certainly entertain you, and, in some parts, please you extremely. The first volume is trifling and tedious ; but not without some luminous streaks, such as you have often seen in a cloudy sky. The three subsequent ones rise upon one, and are full of abilities, impracticabilities, and absurdities, and not without some contradictions. His favourite savage man always runs in my head ; and his *Emile* would be but very little better than a savage, upon his plan of education. However, with all his absurdities and impracticabilities, it must be confessed, Jean Jacques entertains one, and his “ *Emile* ” has a great many solid, just, and lively reflections. He does not entertain a very advantageous opinion of *us* : perhaps that is not among the most erroneous parts of the book.”

Lady Hervey did not like modern manners. “ I have made you so long a visit this morning, that I must not pretend to any ceremony, besides that it is nowadays more fashionable to run out of a room without making a

curtsey ; and a regular or formal ending of a letter, with an *humble servant* tacked to it, is only an awkward, and now-out-of-fashion curtsey ; therefore I run away without making one, to suit the fashion and my paper."

A little simple, harmless philosophy permeates her letters.

" I would not have you think that, with so much experience as I have had, I have not more observation and more penetration, than to imagine that the nature, any more than the person or understanding of a child, is to be created : no ; but they are all three to be improved, and may all three be made to take a good or bad *plie* with constant and proper care. Men and women, I am sure, are, as Dryden well expresses it, *but children of a larger growth*. They acquire arts, but not qualities : the latter, whether good or bad, grow like their features : time enlarges, but does not make them ; and all that incessant care and the best education can do, is to soften passion into spirit, raise indolence into gentleness, and convert obstinacy into steadiness. A changeable light temper can be made nothing of that I know, it is a Mercury that cannot be fixed : when you think to grasp or confine it, it eludes the touch, and when you conclude you have it surest, it is then that it never fails to escape.

" *A propos* to good nature, I must interrupt my observation on the Prince of Condé's character to express my surprise that you should declare good nature and good temper to be synonymous : I am persuaded, when you consider it, you will be of a different opinion. As I take it, good nature is a quality of the soul, good temper of the body : the one always feels for everybody, the other frequently feels for nobody. Good tempers are often soured by illness or disappointments, good nature can

be altered by neither : one would choose the one in a companion, the other in a friend. I judge good nature to be the effect of tenderness, and good temper to be the consequence of ease and cheerfulness : the first exerts itself in acts of compassion and beneficence, the other shows itself in equality of humour and compliance. Mrs. Phipps and I are intimate, and you not unacquainted, with one who exemplifies this distinction ; one who, superior to Titus, has not lost a day, but has, ever since she had the power of doing good, exerted it daily to some object or other ; and yet, from a temper of which she is not mistress, makes herself continually, and her friends frequently, extremely uneasy.”

On matters of politics, and especially as regards the future of Britain, Lady Hervey did not see eye-to-eye with her father-in-law, Lord Bristol. “ Had I cried for my country as long as Lord Bristol has been telling me I ought to do so, I should not by this time have had an eye left to cry with ; and now I have two, and a mouth to laugh, which I am resolved to make use of as long as I can. I don’t know whether this is philosophy or madness but, if the latter, I may say with Torrismond, ‘ There is a pleasure in being mad, which none but mad folks know,’ and if any wisely endeavour to cure me of it, I shall say with the Argive lunatic, ‘ *Pol, me occidistis, non servastis.*’¹ When I remind Lord Bristol how long it is since he bespoke my tears for my ruined country, he shakes his head, and says, ‘ Ay, madam ! but it is nearer and nearer, and must happen at last ’ : therefore, according to his method, one should begin to weep for one’s children as soon as they are born ; for they must die at last, and every day brings them nearer to it. Let his Lordship be a disciple of Heraclitus if he will ; I prefer Democritus,

¹ “ Zounds ! you have undone, not saved me.”

and should be glad to have you of the same sect. *Ride si sapis!*"¹

Lady Hervey has humour enough to be able occasionally to poke fun at herself and others. "My resolving to look into political papers is not from supposing I shall come at the least more truth in this study than in the other; but if one does not know how to use the words *war*, *invasion*, *treaty*, *minister*, *patriot*, *rogue*, and *rascal*, with all the rest of the political jargon, one must not pretend to correspond or converse with any human creature either in town or country."

She could, too, see the folly of others.

"As to my Lord Talbot, he has long made himself the fool of one party, and the joke of both; and by the ridiculous violence he has shown on all occasions, has always contrived to be in the wrong, even on the right side of the question. I have heard the heads of the people with whom he has acted laugh at him as much as those against whom he acted; and yet he certainly has a degree of parts, but the flattery and indulgence of Rundle² has been his ruin. I don't know whether you knew that Rundle, but he was the greatest flatterer and greatest talker I ever met in my life."

"One has heard of nothing for some time past but the magnificence, or rather the silly, vain profusion on account of Mr. Spencer's wedding with Margaret Georgiana, daughter of Stephen Poyntz; and, what is the most extraordinary is, that it was quite disagreeable to both the

¹ Laugh, if ye be wise.

² Rundle was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Rundle, whose orthodoxy was suspect. The Lord Chancellor recommended him for the See of Gloucester in 1733; but the clerical opposition was so strong that he had to content himself with the lucrative bishopric of Derry, in Ireland. It was of him that Pope wrote:

"Secker was decent—Rundle had a heart."

young people, and entirely the effect of the vanity and folly of a daughter of Lord Granville's; I mean Lady Cowper, Mr. Spencer's mother. They came to town from Althorp, where they were married, with three coaches and six horses, and two hundred horsemen: the villages through which they passed were put into the greatest consternation; some of the poor people shut themselves up in their houses and cottages, barricading themselves up as well as they could. Those who were more resolute, or more desperate, armed themselves with pitch-forks, spits, and spades; all crying out it was the *invasion* which was come; and, to be sure, by the coaches and six horses, both the Pretender and King of France were come too. In short, great was the alarm, and happy they were when this formidable cavalcade passed by without setting fire to the habitations, or murdering the inhabitants.

“ Lord Montford's strange end surprised me a good deal, as he seemed as happy as a great taste for pleasure and an ample fortune to gratify it could make him, with many friends, few disappointments, and a cheerful temper. I never heard of more coolness than that with which he put an end to his life. I as yet hear no reason assigned for this event, but that *tedium vitae*, which is so frequent in this country. He had supped and played at White's, as usual, the night before, but sent to a lawyer he made use of, to come to him the next day at eleven o'clock, having himself *business* at twelve. The lawyer, with Lord Montford, read over his will three times, examining very carefully every word, that there might not be any flaw or room left for a dispute. He then sealed up the will and the duplicate, putting the one into his drawer, and desiring the lawyer to take care of the other; went immediately into his bedchamber, and

before the man could take his papers and get down-stairs, Lord Montford shot himself through the head."

Lady Hervey was active almost to the end, although in her later years she complained of lassitude. Thus, in 1756 she was at Mellorstein, near Roxburgh, the seat of the Duke of that name ; and she visited Lord Haddington at Tyningham, near Dunbar, and went on to Hope-toun House, on the Firth of Forth, and to other places in Scotland. Two years later she was at Chevening, (Earl Stanhope's seat near Sevenoaks), Windsor, and she paid a visit to the Cadogans at Caversham, near Reading.

Age took its toll of her as of all. " This, Sir, is a sort of valedictory letter ; for, as the time of franking is so near out, I seize the opportunity to make use of a frank, in order that what I am sure is not worth a farthing may not cost you threepence," she wrote to Morris on April 20, 1764. "'Tis but very few one can give the trouble of writing a whole direction, and to those very few but very seldom ; for the future, therefore, I shall only now and then certify to you that I am above ground, for I have not the assurance to assert that I am alive, feeling that above half my faculties are already dead. I have been dull ; I am now deaf, and my memory is much impaired, *singula de nobis anni predantur.*"

Lady Hervey was happy with her eight children. Her husband's grandfather died in 1751, and her eldest son, George William, succeeded as second Earl of Bristol. Her next two sons, Augustus John and Frederick Augustus, also inherited the title in turn, respectively in 1775 and 1779. Her fourth son, William, entered the army, rose to the rank of general, and survived until 1815. Of her daughters, Lepell married Constantine Phipps, afterwards created Baron Mulgrave ; and Mary became

the wife of George Fitzgerald, and lived to the age of ninety. The others, Emily and Caroline, did not marry ; the first died in 1814, aged 80, the other in 1819, aged 83. For many years Lady Hervey was a martyr to gout, which painful disease did not affect the sweetness of her temper.

CHAPTER IX

- (I) THE HON. MARY BELLENDEN; AFTERWARDS MRS.
JOHN CAMPBELL (*d.* 1736)
- (II) MARY FARRINGTON; AFTERWARDS MRS. JOHN
SELWYN
- (III) MARGARET MEADOWS
- (IV) SOPHIA HOWE (*d.* 1726)

HAD they not both had delightful natures, there must have been envy almost amounting to enmity between “Molly” Lepell and the Hon. Mary Bellenden, the sweetest of all the Maids of Honour, and, as such, frequently bracketed together. In a set of anonymous verses there are the lines :

“To you it is my ballad comes,
To tell you pranks of drawing-rooms;
What pranks are played behind the scenes,
And who at Court the belle—
Some swear it is the Bellenden,
And others say Lepell.”

and Gay mentions them in his “Damon and Cupid.”

“So well I’m known at Court
None asks where Cupid dwells;
But readily resorts
To B[ellende]n’s or L[epe]ll’s.”

Mary Bellenden was the youngest daughter of John, second Baron Bellenden. Horace Walpole was moved to admiration: “Her face and person were charming, lovely she was almost to *étourdie*, and so agreeable that

I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew, and Hervey wrote of her as “incontestably the most agreeable, the most insinuating, and the most likeable woman of her time ; made up of every ingredient likely to engage or attach a lover.”

Mary Bellenden was an independent young girl, and no respecter of persons. She ridiculed the Duchess of Marlborough, who took it ill, and it took all the tact of Mrs. Howard to repair the breach.

The Duchess of Marlborough to the Hon. Mrs. Howard

“ I have had a mind to give you this trouble for some time, only out of the regard I have for your opinion of me, and then I thought it was not worth troubling you with ; but now that I know Miss Bellenden has in all companies said things of me that I am not capable of, I cannot help it, and to beg you to believe for no one thing in the world is truer than that at the Bath and from that time to this Miss Bellenden has had such a manner to me that every one has wondered how I could bear her, which I here give you my word, Madam, since that time it has been only out of charity, which she now does not want ; and if you will be so good to read her letter you will find the ridicules. I believe one may venture to say she is the first body that ever did that, however ungrateful people have been. I hope you have heard of my name a great while ago. The Porter promised he would write it down. I beg you will forgive this trouble, which you would not have had if I were not with a particular regard,

“ Madam,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ MARLBOROUGH.”

The Hon. Mrs. Howard to the Duchess of Marlborough

“ I have received your letter. I am extremely concerned to find by it that Miss Bellenden has lost the honour of your friendship. I should think her inexcusable if she had ever made any little differences that may have happened between your Grace and her any part of her public conversation, but I hope, Madam, for her sake that all that you can charge her with is from the information of some who perhaps envied her happiness, and, indeed, I am led into this way of thinking from the great respect I have always heard her profess for you, and to do her justice I never saw her behave but with an honest open sincerity which made me believe her in earnest. Madam, if I have not mistaken what has occasioned this misunderstanding I should think myself very happy if I could be instrumental in restoring her to your favour, but if the proofs you have of her ingratitude are of another kind than common information, say I am heartily sorry much for Miss Bellenden who loses so valuable a friendship, and give me leave to say even to your Grace who has one friend less than I thought you had, and nobody wishes you more than I do, because you deserve them though you may want them less than anybody. I have returned the two letters : I can only say Miss Bellenden’s might be meant very respectful and I am inclined to think it was and I hope you will find it so.”

Miss Bellenden was not awed even by the Prince of Wales. “ When, immediately upon his first coming over,” Hervey wrote, “ he attached himself to Mrs. Bellenden, a maid of honour to the Princess, Mrs. Howard was always the third of that party, and upon a very different foot from that on which her correspondence with the King is *now* thought to stand. Mrs. Bellenden,

who was afterwards married to Colonel Campbell, was incontestably the most agreeable, the most insinuating, and the most likeable woman of her time ; made up of every ingredient likely to engage or attach a lover. But as she had to do with a man incapable of being engaged by any charm but habit, or attached to any woman but his wife ; a man who was better pleased with the air of an intrigue than any other part of it—and who did not care to pay a valuable consideration even for that—she began to find out that her situation was only having the scandal of being the Prince's mistress without the pleasure, and the confinement without the profit. She, therefore, very wisely resolved to withdraw her own neck as well as she could, little by little, out of this unpleasant yoke ; and by this conduct she left Mrs. Howard, who had more steadiness and more perseverance, to try what she could make of a game which the other had found so tedious and so unprofitable that she had no pleasure in playing it, and saw little to be won by continuing it."

The Prince of Wales was undoubtedly attracted, but Miss Bellenden had no liking for the position of a royal mistress. " One evening sitting by her, he took out his purse, and counted his money," Horace Walpole has related. " He repeated the enumeration : the giddy Bellenden lost her patience, and cried out, ' Sir, I cannot bear it ! If you count your money any more I will go out of the room.' " His Royal Highness became more and more pressing, but the more ardent he was, the more cold was the girl. The Prince was puzzled, and the only explanation which occurred to him was that she must be in love with another. " He was even so generous," Walpole has stated, " as to promise her that if she would discover the object of her choice, and would engage not to marry without his privity, he would consent to the

match, and be kind to her husband." This did not inspire confidence, and although she gave her word that she would keep him informed, she, knowing her man and fearful lest he should interfere, married secretly the man of her choice, Colonel John Campbell, who was a son of John Campbell, of Mamore, second son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness. When the news came to the ears of the Prince he was furious, and when Mrs. Campbell came to Court he reproached her bitterly for having broken her word. In the circumstances it is perhaps to his credit that he retained the Colonel in his post, and secured, or at least did not protest against, the appointment of Mrs. Campbell as Housekeeper of Somerset House.

The marriage was happy, and there was issue, four sons and a daughter. The only trouble was a scarcity of pence.

"O Gad, I am so sick of bills; for my part, I believe I shall never be able to hear them mentioned without casting up my accounts (*bills* are *accounts*, you know)," she wrote to Mrs. Howard. "I do not know how your bills go in London, but I am sure mine are not dropped, for I have paid one this morning, as long as my arm, and as broad as my . . . I intend to send you a letter of attorney to enable you to dispose of my goods before I can leave this place—such is my condition. I was in hopes to have found the good effects of your present, but I have nothing to brag of but your goodness, which is always more than my desert. I am just a-going to the King's garden—I wish to God it belonged to my Lord-mayor, as the saying is. Pray give my duty to my *grandmother*, and tell her I love her, and wish her the desert of the good, and the prosperity of the wicked. My dear Howard, God bless you, and send health *and*

liberty. Don't show this, I charge you, at your peril."

The hope of improving his fortune induced Colonel Campbell to embark in an adventure in the stock of the South Sea Company, and this took him to London, where, his wife said to Mrs. Howard she hoped he would not be seduced by the gaities of the town. "I have seen Mr. Campbell, and dare assure you there is nothing to be apprehended from that side," Mrs. Howard replied. "He bows to no other altars than those erected in Change-alley; but I confess I am not so sanguine as to your ladyship. Your inclinations seem finely warmed with Bath waters. I have often heard from that place, complaining how much they lay in folks' heads, but I own the effect has been as different as most people's persons are from that of Mrs. Campbell: the sprightly letter I received proves my argument good, but it is a bad omen for Mr. Campbell, and may portend something in or upon *his* head.

"Meadows, Carteret, and I want our stray shepherd, or an epistle from him. I am afraid we are the three contending goddesses—I fancy this is a pretty thought, and might be improved. We have a Juno, and a blue-eyed maid, but indeed no Venus, content for a gold bauble to send her Paris to a Helen at Bath. Remember the fate of Troy, and do not forget your friends at the lodge; every one says they are your humble servants. I suppose they are so, but I desire only to answer for myself, who am your most obedient.

"I have kept the same grave unmeaning face I used to wear (which to compliment me, you may call philosophical); the fall of stocks has given me a large field to amplify upon, and a thousand good reasons for its so doing, which I have therefore performed several times in our

green-room to the edification of my hearers, and enforced every argument with that gesticulation of the hand for which I am so famous."

After sixteen years of married life, during which she presented her husband with four sons and a daughter, Mrs. Campbell passed away. Colonel Campbell in 1761 succeeded his cousin as (fourth) Duke of Argyll, surviving until 1770.

Mary Farrington, a daughter of General Farrington, became the wife of Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson, near Gloucester, who was the son of Major-General William Selwyn who was Governor of Jamaica in 1703. Colonel Selwyn had been an aide-de-camp to Marlborough, sat in the House of Commons for Gloucester from 1734 to 1747, and sometime held the office of Treasurer of the Queen's charities. Mary, after her marriage, was appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales. Her son, George Augustus, became known as a politician, and famous as a wit. Hervey did not like her. She was, he said, "the only woman about Court who loved Sir Robert Walpole, as he himself knew and often would say. Mrs. Selwyn was a simple, cunning woman, who hated Lady Sundon. It must, however, be remembered that to like Sir Robert Walpole was a shocking thing in the eyes of Hervey. On the other hand, Horace Walpole described her as being of "much vivacity and pretty." He has told two stories of her. The first is: "I stand to-morrow—not for a member, but for godfather to my sister's girl with Mrs. Selwyn and old Dunch [*née* Elizabeth Churchill]; were ever three such dowagers? when shall three such ever meet again? If the babe has not a most sentimentally yellow complexion after such sureties, I will burn my

books, and never ask for another skin." The other is : " Among the robberies, I might have told you of the eldest Miss Pelham leaving a pair of diamond earrings, which she had borrowed for the Birthday, in a hackney-coach ; she had put them under the seat for fear of being attacked, and forgot them. The chairmen have sunk them. The next morning, when they were missed, the damsel began to cry ; Lady Catherine [her mother] grew frightened, lest her infanta should vex herself sick, and summoned a jury of matrons to consult whether she should give her hartshorn or lavender drops ? Mrs. Selwyn, who was on the panel, grew very peevish, and said, ' Pho ! give her diamond drops.' "

Little is known of Margaret, commonly called " Peggy," Meadows, except that she was a correspondent of Henrietta Howard, and was a very bright chronicler of the gossip of the day, as any one of her preserved letters shows. " Yes, Madam Howard," she wrote in August 1720, " I have been in Pluto's gloomy regions, where I was very well received both by his majesty and queen Proserpine. They were seated upon a throne of ebony ; at the foot of the throne was Death, with his sharp-edged scythe, instead of a chamberlain's wand ; about him flew black Cares and cruel Jealousies, and Ambition, putting all in confusion. On the one side of the presence chamber was Tartarus, which is the abode of kings that govern by arbitrary power ; and on the other side the Elysian fields, where such good people as you and I are rewarded ; but I was forced to go through Tartarus before I could come at the Elysian fields. I met a world of my acquaintance, but did not much care to acknowledge them. In a passing betwixt these two places I met with our old friend Lord Wharton ; he is just the same

gay thing he was in our world ; he told me that at the side of the room I was then in, there was a prepared place for the present ministry ; for, said he, they are of a mongrel kind, neither quite fit for hell or heaven, and nobody here would care to associate with them. I asked him after the *beaux esprits*. Alas ! said he, we have no such thing. Minerva has as great a pique to our region as to yours. I pay my tithe as ill here as I did the last twenty years of my abode in the other world : but we have some fine gay things here of both sexes, and about a month ago one of Proserpine's maids, Mary Bellenden, was privately married to one of Pluto's Bedchamber, Colonel Campbell ; she is gone to make a visit to one of the Court ; there he stands, as pensive as if he had just thrown an ill cast. We have, said he, one lady, Mrs. Howard herself, whom I can recommend to your friendship ; her father was a son of the Muses, and his daughter inherits her sire's wit ; she is a great favourite of Pluto, and consequently of our Queen : all the Court are fond of her, she being always ready to do a good turn, and seldom speaks ill of any one ; this character made me think the time long till he brought us together. I found her person prodigiously agreeable, and for the time I staid below I was as often with her as I could. I found she answered the account my marquis had given me beyond my expectation, and did what I could to improve a friendship she at first gave me cause to hope for ; but whether I was not to her taste, or what other reason she had I did not think I gained upon her so much as I wished ; and finding nothing else to please me I resolved Charon should ferry me back again. We were but very few passengers : nothing remarkable happened in my voyage, and I arrived in this world at ten last night, which I found just as disagreeable as I left it. This epistle will convince

you change of air has not made me worse humoured ; that I am ready to tell you all I know ; but you are as close as a stopped bottle, and do not give one the least account how things go on your side of the water."

Something more is known of Sophia Howe. She was the daughter of Emanuel Scrope Howe, the brother of Scrope, first Viscount Howe, who entered the army and rose to the rank of general. A staunch Whig, he was Groom of the Bedchamber during the entire period of the reign of William III, who appointed him to the sine-cure post of Ranger of the forests of Alice Holt and Wolmer in the county of Hampshire, which office was continued to his widow. He entered Parliament in 1701, and four years later went as Envoy-Extraordinary to Hanover, when, in view of the strained relations between the reigning houses there and at home, he had to exercise all his diplomatic skill to avert a definite breach. He died in 1709. He married Ruperta, a natural daughter of Prince Rupert, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, by Margaret Hughes the actress. The daughter—one of six children—was happy at Court, and threw herself into all amusements with gusto. From time to time she had to stay with her mother at the Ranger's lodge, near Farnham, but the dullness of existence there always made her long to get back to Leicester House or Richmond.

"I am very impertinent to trouble you so often," she wrote to Henrietta Howard in 1719, "but I must desire you to get the Princess to excuse me from coming to the Birthday, for my grandmother, Margaret Hughes, is dead ; but I must come to town before, though Mamma has invited me to stay here till afterwards, which put me in such a tremble that I am hardly recovered : it was indeed a dismal hearing. Pray desire my Lord Lumley to send

the coach to Godalming next Wednesday, that I may go off on Thursday, which will be a happy day, for I am very weary of The Holt, though I bragged to Bridget Carteret that I was very well pleased ; she has often remarked, I am the worst dissembler in the world, for I always out with the truth at last : but then I proposed some pleasure in going to Hackwood Park, and to my Lady Forster's, where I shall only dine the day I depart. If my Lord Lumley does not send the coach he never shall have the least flirtation more with me. Perhaps he may be glad of me for a *summer suit* next year at Richmond, when he has no other business upon his hands. Next Wednesday the coach must come, or I die. Pray send me word before-hand if he will obey my commands, for that will keep up my spirits while I stay. The good lady, Mrs. Howe, put on her broad-girdled calico gown and striped night-clothes, to look decent upon the death of her mother : that frill is bad omen for me, for she always comes out with something dreadful when she is adorned. She no sooner entered the room, with a face a thousand times more pale than ever *you* had, but she comes out with the fatal sentence, ' that I might take this opportunity of staying here some time longer '—but hang me if I do !—and if the coach is not sent, I will come away in the waggon, that I am resolved upon. No ! no ! I have profited better by her lesson than to fail so much in my duty to the Princess in being so long without waiting. One good thing I have got by the long time I have been here, which is, the being more sensible than ever I was of my happiness in being Maid of Honour. I won't say, ' God preserve me so,' neither ; that would not be so well. I believe it will be better for me to go straight to town, that I may have my matters in order against you come. I have told Mamma that Lumley

must send the coach a good while before the Birthday, because the men must all be in town to have new liveries made ; so let somebody write me a letter that ‘ he is very sorry it must be so, but that it is absolutely necessary ’ (I am sure to my repose) ‘ to come next Thursday.’ My service to all the he and she flirts at Richmond.”

Sophia Howe in 1720 startled society by eloping with Anthony Lowther, a son of Colonel Lowther of Hackthorp, and younger brother of Sir John Lowther, afterwards first Viscount Lonsdale. “ Sophia Howe,” Henrietta Jannsen wrote to Lady Denbigh, “ has been the talk of the town of late, for she is gone out of her senses, and has exposed herself to the last degree, for about three days ago she ran away from Richmond dressed in men’s shoes and breeches, her head dressed and a cloak of a riding-hood on. So she came up by water, landed at Whitehall, walked through the Park, and by the time she got half way she had a hundred mob who followed her to St. James’s Coffee-house, where some gentlemen that knew her came out and begged her for God’s sake not to expose herself so, but all in vain, for she made a speech, told the mob who she was and that she was going to her Nuntty, by whom she meant Mr. Lowther, who she is in love with, and by the way, the town says she is with child by, but he now is cruel. She knocked at the door and enquired for him. The porter said he was at home and he would let him know it, but when he heard it, he got out the back way and would not see, at which she was so enraged that she stormed, swore, and cursed, and tore herself to pieces to that degree that they were forced to send to her mother and friends, and they have confined her. It is certain he has been unkind, but, however, I thought her a little bit out of the way ever since I knew her.”

Sophia Howe was undoubtedly flighty, but she scarcely deserved the cruel fate that befell her. She never recovered from the shock of Lowther's desertion, and died in 1726. She was the heroine of Lord Hervey's now almost forgotten "Epistle of Monimia and Philocles":

"Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to infamy, reproach and scorn,
To mirth and comfort lost, and all for you,
Yet lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too,
How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!
Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,
By friends, by kindred, by my lover, left.
Oh! frail dependence of confiding fools!
On lovers' oaths, or friendship's sacred rules,
How weak in modern hearts, too late I find,
Monimia fall'n, and Philocles unkind!"

Also, she has been commemorated by Pope in his "Answer to the following question of Mrs. Howe":

"What is Prudery?"

'Tis a Beldam
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
'Tis (no, 't isn't) like Miss *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You."

CHAPTER X

- (I) HENRIETTA LOUISA JEFFREYS; AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF POMFRET (*d.* 1761)
- (II) FRANCES THYNNE; AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF HERTFORD, AND LATER DUCHESS OF SOMERSET (*d.* 1754)

HENRIETTA LOUISA, Countess of Pomfret, a daughter of John, second Baron Jeffreys of Wem, married in 1720 Thomas Fermor, second Baron Leominster, who in the following year was created Earl of Pomfret. She was named a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, and in 1727 her husband was appointed Master of the Horse to the Queen. It was said that the appointment was the result of a handsome gift to Mrs. Clayton. She, with Lady Hertford, retired from Court after the death of the Queen. The two women were firm friends. "I do not grieve that our friendship did not begin sooner," Lady Pomfret wrote, "since I am certain it would have excited the *good-nature* of a great many people, though they had not cared a farthing about either of us, to have made it their business, by a thousand lies on both sides, to inform us how dangerous a person each was to the other, and how unfit for a friend."

After leaving the Court, the Pomfrets travelled on the Continent for three years. At Florence, where they arrived at the end of 1739, they were visited by Lady



HENRIETTA LOUISA, COUNTESS OF POMFRET
(*After* Caroline Watson)

Mary Wortley Montagu, the latter staying with them for two months till she could embark in a ship she expected for Leghorn.

Walpole was at Florence in 1740, and wrote to Henry Seymour Conway in July of that year : " Lady Pomfret has a charming conversation once a week. She has taken a vast palace and a vast garden, which is vastly commodious, especially to the cisisbeo part of mankind, who have free indulgence to wander in pairs about the arbours. You know her daughters. Lady Sophia is still, nay, she must be, the beauty she was. Lady Charlotte is much improved, and is the cleverest girl in the world ; speaks the purest Tuscan, like any Florentine." Walpole wrote to Richard West from Florence, July 31, 1740 : " On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the Ladies Pomfret and Walpole are to be joined by the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance : we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian and metaphysics ; all except the second, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You shall have the journals of this notable academy." He sent, some seven weeks later, an account of the lady to the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway : " Did I tell you Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is here ? She laughs at my Lady Walpole, scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled, an old

mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swollen violently on one side is partly covered with a plaister, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a chimney."

Walpole always wrote unkindly of Lady Pomfret. It does not seem that he had any particular dislike of her, but he let his sense of humour get the better of him. Here are two instances :

"You have no idea how I laughed at the man that 'talks nothing but Madeira.' I told it to my Lady Pomfret, concluding it would divert her too ; and forgetting that she repines when she should laugh, and reasons when she should be diverted. She gravely asked what language that was ! 'That Madeira being subject to an European Prince, to be sure they talk some European dialect !' The grave personage ! It was all of a piece with her saying, 'that Swift would have written better if he had never written ludicrously.'"

"Lady Townshend told me an admirable history : it is of our friend, Lady Pomfret. Someone that belonged to the Prince of Wales said, they were going to Court. It was objected that they ought to say, going to Carlton House ; that the only Court is where the King resides. Lady Pomfret, with her paltry air of insignificant learning and absurdity, said, 'Oh, Lord ! is there no Court in England but the King's ? Sure, there are many more. There is the Court of Chancery, the Court of Exchequer, the Court of King's Bench,' etc. Don't you love her ?" In this second case, may it not be that the lady was poking fun at Lady Townshend.

Even the members of Lady Pomfret's family were not safe from Horace : "I will not talk any more politically,

but turn to hymeneals, with as much indifference as if I were a first minister. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor?—only my Lord Carteret!—this very week—a drawing-room conquest. Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that family! her own ambition, vanity, and resentment—love she never had any; the politics, management, and pedantry of the mother, who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart. Figure the instructions she will give her daughter! [The Earl of] Lincoln is quite indifferent, and laughs. My Lord Chesterfield says, ‘it is only another of Carteret’s vigorous methods.’ I am really glad of it, for her beauty and cleverness did deserve a better fate than she was on the point of having determined for her for ever (that is, marrying Lord Lincoln). How graceful, how charming, and how haughtily condescending she will be! how, if Lincoln should ever hint past history, she will

‘Stare upon the strange man’s face,
As one she ne’er had known.’”

In spite of the fact that Lady Pomfret had made a translation of Froissart, Lord Carteret had no idea of being controlled by her in his political career. He made handsome settlements upon his bride, but stated almost publicly that he did not intend to marry the mother and the whole family. Walpole saw the Carterets after their marriage at a ball given in their honour by the Duchess of Richmond. “Carteret’s court pay her the highest honours, which she receives in the highest state,” he told Sir Horace Mann. “I have seen her but once, and found her just what I expected, *très grande dame*; full of herself, and yet not with an air of happiness. She looks ill, and is grown lean, but is still the finest

figure in the world. The mother is not as exalted as I expected ; I fancy Carteret has kept his resolution, and does not marry her too."

Walpole could never resist a dig at Lady Pomfret. " Our old acquaintance, the Pomfrets, are not so reserved about their great matrimony ; the new Lady Granville—(Carteret had succeeded as Earl Granville on his mother's death)—was at home the other night for the first time of her being mistress of the house. I was invited, but found myself much *déplacé* ; there was nothing but the Winchelsea and Baths, and the gleanings of a party stuffed out into a faction, and the whole blood of Fermor. My Lady Pomfret asked me if I still corresponded with the Grifona (a Florentine beauty). ' No,' I said, ' since I had been threatened with a regale of hams and Florence wine, I had dropped it.' My Lady Granville said, ' You were afraid of being thought interested.' ' Yes,' said the Queen-Mother, with all the importance with which she is used to blunder out pieces of heathen mythology, ' I think it was very *ministerial*.' Don't you think that word came in as awkwardly as I did into their room ? The *minister* is most gracious to me ; he has returned my visit, which, you know, is never practised by that rank. I put it all down to my father's account, who is not likely to keep up the civility."

The Countesses of Pomfret and Hertford aspired to be blue-stockings. They corresponded, and sent copies of other people's verses to each other, and very dull verses they are, except the following lines. The history of these is not without interest. A copy was given to Horace Walpole by Galfriden Mann, who sent it to the donor's brother, Sir Horace Mann at Florence, and he, presumably, handed it to Lady Pomfret, who sent it back to London.

“LES COURS DE L'EUROPE.”

“L'Allemagne craint tout ;
L'Austriche risque tout ;
La Bavière espère tout ;
La Prusse entreprend tout ;
La Mayence vend tout ;
Le Portugal regarde tout ;
L'Angleterre vent faire tout ;
L'Espagne embrouille tout ;
La Savoye se défie de tout ;
Le Mercure se mêle de tout ;
La France achète tout ;
Les Jesuits se trouvent par tout ;
Rome bénit tout ;
Si Dieu ne pourvoye à tout ;
Le Diable empoyllera tout.”

The correspondence between Lady Pomfret and Lady Hertford while the former was abroad, was published more than a century ago in three volumes, and some few passages are not without interest.

To the Countess of Pomfret

“LONDON,

“November 16, 1738.

“I was at Court on the Birth-day. There were more people than I expected, but fewer of our fellow-servants than one would naturally have supposed. The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Albemarle and Lady Bristol were the whole of the Bedchamber-Ladies except myself. Mrs. Titchbourne and Mrs. Selwyn were the only Bedchamber-Women ; and Mrs. Lovelace, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Dyve were all the Maids of Honour who appeared. I will not enter into a detail of the finery ; but, that you may judge of it in the general, will give one instance as a specimen of the whole ; and that is in the Princess

Amelia, who had on a yellow and silver, which cost thirty shillings a yard. I did not go at night, but Betty was there, and told me that the Duke could get only six couple for country dances. I think all the Royal Family look well and cheerful."

"LONDON,

"*January 8, 1739.*

"I hear that the Princess Amelia was on Banstead Downs during all the rain on Wednesday, engaged in a fox-chase. It is a happy thing to have so robust a constitution, as to receive no injury from such Amazonian entertainments; and, if the poor Queen were not too late an instance of the contrary, I should begin to fancy the Princesses were not of the same composition with their inferiors. There is a report that my Lady Bateman is to be made Lady of the Bedchamber to some or other of the Royal Family; but, unless there be a new establishment, or she be added as a supernumerary, I see no room for her. The Duke of Marlborough lost seven hundred pounds on Twelfth-night, which was all that was considerable: the Duchess of Dorset and Lady Betty Germaine both played."

"LONDON,

"*May, 1739.*

"Mr. Pope has thought fit to publish a new volume of poems. It contains his Sober Advice, Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight, his Epistle to Augustus, and several things he had sold singly before. There are also an epitaph on the late Duke of Buckingham, and two or three epigrams. As a specimen, I send you one, which is prefaced with pompous title: 'Engraved

on the collar of a dog which I gave to his Royal Highness.'

'I am his highness' dog at Kew :—
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you ?'

Does it not remind you of one of a more ancient date, which I believe is repeated in all the nurseries in England ?

'Bow, wow, wow, wow !
Whose dog are thou ?' etc.

I do not infer from hence Mr. Pope finds himself returning into childhood, and therefore imitates the venerable author of the last, in order to shine amongst the innocent inhabitants of the apartments where his works are in the most vogue ; but I presume it is to prove that he can descend into the Bathos, with the same alacrity that he has formerly soared to the summit of Parnassus."

To the Countess of Hertford

" FLORENCE,

" *January 3, 1740.*

" We arrived here on the twentieth of last month ; an apartment having been provided for us by Mr. Mann, the King's Minister here, who is very obliging, and at all times ready to serve his country-people. Mr. Horace Walpole, Lord Hartington, Mr. Naylor (the Bishop of Chichester's son), with Mr. Frankland and his nephew Mr. Worsly, came to us the next day : they are all very civil, and most of them very agreeable. Besides these English, Lady Walpole is settled here, who is very well-bred and entertaining. She has shown me great civilities."

To the Countess of Pomfret

“ LONDON,

“ *Christmas Day, 1740.*

“ The Dukes of Queensberry and Bedford, Lord Rochford, Lord Conway, and his brother (Lord Cornbury), Lord Brooke, Mr. Brand, Mr. Damer, and others (whose names I have forgotten), set on foot a subscription for a ball once a week at Heidegger’s Rooms. Every subscriber had liberty to invite a lady and a married man ; and every lady was to bring a married woman, by way of *chaperon*. For these last, there were tables and cards provided, and coffee, tea, chocolate, and lemonade : and a magnificent supper for the whole company. Monday was the first ; and is likely to prove the last ; for the day before, the Duchess of Queensberry found it necessary to desire that my Lord Conway would send word to Sir Robert Walpole to keep away—because, if he did not, neither she nor any of her friends would come. My Lord Conway very politely said, that he should be exceedingly sorry to lose so great an honour and ornament as she would have been to their entertainment, but that neither good breeding nor his inclination would permit him to send so mortifying a message to his uncle. An hour or two afterwards she sent word, that if Lord Conway would engage for Sir Robert Walpole’s absence, she would take care that Mr. Pulteney should also keep away. In reply Lord Conway said that he was so far from desiring any such bargain, that he should be extremely glad of Mr. Pulteney’s company. Her Grace at last desisted, and brought herself to endure the sight of the Minister ; but took care to show that it was so much *à-contre-cœur* as to cast a cloud on the whole assembly.

This conduct has made the greater part of the subscribers resolve to withdraw their names, and spend no more money ; since they have no better prospect than that of being forced to shock some people, or disoblige others, whom they were ambitious to divert. I do not know whether this account of the disposition of your country-folk will incline you to laugh or be peevish. It has had both effects alternately on Lord Conway and Lord Brooke.”

The Earl of Pomfret died in July 1753. His widow was left well off. She had a jointure of £2000 a year, her salary of £500 a year as a Lady of the Bedchamber, and a sum of £14,000, the proceeds of a successful law-suit. Not so her eldest son, George, who, upon succession, had an income of £2,400, but was so heavily in debt that he had to dispose of what treasures he could at the family estate of Easton Neston in Northamptonshire. The statues, which had been part of the Arundel collection and had been brought together by the heir's grandfather, the first Lord Leominster, were purchased by Lady Pomfret, and presented to Oxford University. “Our old diversion, the Countess, has exhibited herself lately to the public exactly in a style you would guess,” Walpole told Mann in 1756. “Having purchased and given her Lord's collection of statues to the University of Oxford, she has been there at the public act to receive adoration. A box was built for her near the Vice-Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time to hear verses and speeches, to hear herself called Minerva ; nay, the Public Orator had prepared an encomium on her beauty, but being struck with her appearance, had presence of mind to whisk his compliments to the beauties of her mind. Do but figure her ; her dress had all the tawdry poverty and frippery with which you

remember her, and I dare swear her tympany, scarce covered with ticking, produced itself through the slit of her scowered damask robe. It is amazing she did not mash a few words of Latin, as she used to fricassee French and Italian ! or that she did not torture some learned simile, like her comparing the tour of Sicily, the surrounding of the triangle, to squaring the circle ; or as when she said it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach as for Cæsar to take Attica, which she meant for Utica." Well, there is no pleasing some people. Even when she died in 1761, when she must have been about sixty, all that Walpole could say to Mann was : " My Lady Pomfret has desired to be buried at Oxford. It is of a piece with her life. I dare say she had treasured up some idea of the Countess Matilda, that gave St. Peter his patrimony. How your ghost and mine will laugh at her when posterity begins to consecrate her learning."

Lady Pomfret may have been a rather silly woman, but she was a devoted wife and a well-meaning mother. Once asked if she did not approve of Platonic love, " Lord, Sir," she answered, " I am sure that any one who knows me never heard that I had any love but one, and there sit two proofs of it"—pointing to her two daughters. So perhaps she was not so very stupid after all.

Frances, Countess of Hertford, was the elder of the daughters and co-heirs of the Hon. Henry Thynne, only son of Thomas, first Viscount Weymouth. She married, about 1713, Algernon, Lord Hertford, the eldest son of Charles, Duke of Somerset, and not long after was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber, which office she held until the death of Caroline, when she retired from

Court. According to her biographer, William Bingley, who edited her letters in 1805, she interposed successfully on behalf of Richard Savage, who had been condemned to death in November 1727 for killing one James Sinclair in a tavern brawl. "His reputed mother, the then Countess of Macclesfield," he wrote, "instead of interesting herself in soliciting his pardon, contrived, by every infamous means, to prejudice the royal ear against her son, in order that, even by an ignominious death, he might be for ever removed from her sight. Her calumny, almost unequalled in the annals of cruelty, was but too successful; and for a long time the Queen, misled and influenced by it alone, refused to hear any of those whom humanity induced them to petition for his life. At this calamitous juncture, the Countess of Hertford, who had become acquainted with his merits, with the circumstances of the accident, and particularly with his mother's atrocity, boldly stepped forward in his defence. She demanded an audience of the Queen, 'laid before her,' says Johnson, 'the whole sense of his mother's cruelty, exposed the improbability of an accusation, by which he had been charged with *intent* to commit a murder that could produce no advantage, and soon convinced her how little his former conduct could deserve to be mentioned as a reason of extraordinary severity. The interposition of this lady of rank,' says the same energetic writer, 'too great to be rejected unheard and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed,' was so successful, that Savage was soon afterwards admitted to bail, and in the course of three months from the commission of the murder, pleaded the King's pardon, and was liberated."

Lady Hertford delighted in the society of men of letters, and was on good terms with Dr. Burnet, Dr.

Isaac Watts, who dedicated his "Miscellanies" to her; Shenstone, who inscribed his "Ode on Rural Elegance" to her; Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Rowe. Thomson, in 1728, published "Spring," and dedicated that poem to her:

"O Hertford! fitted for to shine in Courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thine own season paints, when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent like thee."

In 1742 there was a rumpus at Court, for the details of which Horace Walpole is the authority. "The third augmentation of Holland is confirmed," he told Mann, "and that is the Prince of Hesse is chosen Generalissimo, which makes it believe that his Grace of Argyll will not go over, but that we shall certainly have a war with France in the spring. Argyll has got the Ordnance restored to him, and they wanted to give him back his regiment; to which end Lord Hertford was desired to resign it, with the offer of his old troop again. He said he had received the regiment from the King; if his Majesty pleased to take it back, he might, but he did not know why he should resign it." A little later, through his son, Viscount Beauchamp, Lord Hertford wrote to George II, resigning his regiment; his office as Governor of Minorca, which he had held since 1737; and his wife's pension as Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline. His father, the "Proud Duke" of Somerset, who had been on bad terms with him, sent for him, and told him that he had behaved like a child. The matter was apparently settled in a friendly manner, as the Earl was appointed in the same year Governor of Guernsey, which post he held until his death in 1750. Hertford

succeeded to the title in 1748, and in the following year was given the further dignity of Earl of Northumberland. His son having predeceased him, the dukedom passed to a remote cousin. The Duchess died in 1754, and was buried next to her husband in Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER XI

LADY CATHERINE HYDE; AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF
QUEENSBERRY (*d.* 1777)

WHEN Lady Catherine Hyde, the second daughter of the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, came upon the town, her beauty was acclaimed by all beholders. Matthew Prior concluded "The Female Phaeton" with the lines :

"Kitty at heart's desire
Obtained the chariot for a day
And set the world on fire."

At the age of seventy-two she was still handsome, so that "one should sooner take her for a young beauty of an old-fashioned century than for an antiquated goddess of an age." It was then that Horace Walpole added a verse to "The Female Phaeton" :

"To many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage ;
But Prior's Kitty, ever young,
Obtained it for an age."

Even the terrible scourge of small-pox, which attacked her in the spring of 1728, had not the heart materially to disfigure her. "The Duchess of Queensberry," Gay told Swift, "is in Wiltshire, where she has had the small-pox in as favourable a way that she had not above seven or eight on her face."

Catherine married in March 1720 Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry, and second Duke of Dover,



CATHERINE, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY
(After Mary Granville)

who was a Lord of the Bedchamber to George I, and was appointed by George II Vice-Admiral of Scotland. The union would appear to have been happy, though the Duke must have been sorely tried at times by his wife's eccentricities, which became more and more numerous as she grew older.

The Duchess affected the society of men of letters, and extended her friendship to Congreve, Prior, Whitehead, and Pope. Horace Walpole was among her intimates, and John Gay her especial *protégé*.

Exactly when the Duchess took John Gay under her wing cannot be said, but it would appear to have been in 1726. Anyhow, from then she treated him as rather a superior of lap-dog, bullied him, petted him, gave him daily cream when no one else did, and provided him with lodgings, and, an' he needed it, supplied him with pocket-money as well as bon-bons. It must have been the personal charm of the stout little man that attracted the Duchess, for, though he was the friend of Pope and Swift, he had done little as yet to make a name for himself—some poems of no great distinction, except perhaps "Trivia," and some unsuccessful plays. *The Beggar's Opera* was still to come.

"Since I wrote last," Gay told Swift in a letter dated September 16, 1726, "I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and at Petersham, and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltshire without me on Tuesday next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go further from London than now and then to Twickenham."

Gay, whose dignity was inconsiderable, having caught his Duchess, was not the man to let her go for want of a

little soft sawder. "Tell her Grace," he wrote to Mrs. Howard in October 1727, "I don't think she looked kindly upon me when I saw her last ; she ought to have looked, and thought very kindly, for I am much more her humble servant than those who tell her so every day. Don't let her cheat you in the pencils ; she designs to give you nothing but her old ones. I suppose she always uses those worst who love her best, Mrs. Howard excepted ; but I hear she has done handsomely by her. I cannot help doing the woman this justice, that she can now and then distinguish merit."

Gay and the Duchess amused themselves by writing joint-letters to Mrs. Howard.

"MIDDLETON,

"*August 27, 1729.*

" . . . What is blotted out was nonsense ; so that it is not worth while to try to read it. It was well meant ; the Duchess said it was obscure, and I found out that it was not to be understood at all, nor by any alteration to be made intelligible ; so out it went.

"We have this afternoon been reading Polybus. We were mightily pleased with the account of the Roman wars with the Gauls ; but we did not think his account of the Achaïans, and his remarks upon the historian Philarchus, so entertaining, as for aught we knew it might be judicious.

"I know you will be very uneasy unless I tell you what picture the Duchess hath in hand. It is a round landscape of Paul Brill, which Mr. Dormer lent her, in which there are figures very neatly finished. It is larger than any she hath yet done ; by the dead colouring I guess (though her Grace is not very sanguine) it will in the end turn out very well.

"J. G."

" I do not understand which of our correspondents this letter is fit for ; for there is neither wit, folly, nor solid sense, nor even a good foundation for nonsense, which is the only thing that I am well versed in. There were all these good things in the delightful letter you sent us ; but as all the different hands are not known, they are unanswerable : for the future, then, pray sign or come—the latter is best ; for whoever can write so well must speak so ; but now I think we had better always write for the good of posterity.

" C. Q."

" AMESBURY,

" *Saturday, September, 1730.*

" I cannot neglect this opportunity of writing to you and begging you to be a mediator between my Lady Duchess and me ; we having at present a quarrel about a fishing rod ; and at the same time to give her your opinion whether you think it proper for her to stay here till after Christmas, for I find that neither place nor preferment will let me leave her ; and when she hath been long enough in one place, prevail with her, if you can, to go to another. I would always have her do what she will, because I am glad to be of her opinion, and because I know it is what I must always do myself.

" J. G."

" To follow one's fancy is by much the best medicine ; it has quite cured my face and left me no pain but the impossibility of being in two places at once, which is no small sorrow, since one of them would be near you. But the boys (Lord Drumlanrig and Lord Charles Douglas) are too lean to travel as yet. Compassion being the predominant fashion of the place, we are preserved alive

with as much care as the partridges, which no one yet has the heart to kill, though several barbarous attempts have been made. If I could write I would for ever, but my pen is so much your friend that it will only let me tell you that I am extremely so.

“ I pray it may not be difficult for my dear Mrs. Howard to forgive, as to read this provocation. By the next I hope to write plain.

“ C. Q.”

“ *December 17, 1730.*

“ You cannot imagine in what due time your letter came ; for I had given you up, and with great pains very near brought our friend Mr. Gay to own that nobody cared for us, and a few more thoughts which shall now be nameless. I am sincerely sorry that you have been ill ; and very glad that you are better and think of life, for I know none whom one could more wish to have life than yourself. I do not in the least approve of your changing your way of thinking of me, for I was convinced that it was a good one, and when such opinions change, it is seldom for the better ; if it could on my account, I declare you would be in the wrong, for to my knowledge I improve in no one thing. The best thing I can say for myself is, that I feel no alteration in the regard and inclination I have to you. I have no comprehension of what I said in my letter, but at that time my body was distempered, and very likely my mind also. . . . I know nothing of coming to town ; I only know that when I do I shall not be sorry to see you ; and this is knowing a great deal ; for I shall not be glad to come if it be unavoidable : this is the blunt truth. I own it would look less like indifference if I had written some civil lie.

“ C. Q.”

"Everything that is above written is so plain and clear that it needs no comment ; the writer I know to be so strictly addicted to the truth, that I believe every word of it, if it is not written in the fashionable expression, I conclude you will impute it to her manner. She was really concerned very much, after she knew you were ill, we were so long before we could get a letter from you : let her contradict this if she can. You tell her you are riding for your life ; I fancy she would do it for yours, though she will not for her own. I believe that she will not like that I should say anything more about her ; so that I shall leave you to your own thoughts about what she hath said herself ; for I find she doth not much care to be talked to, and as little likes to be talked of : if she writes truth, I hope she will allow me the liberty to do the same. . . . I have sometimes a great mind to answer the above letter, but I know she will do what she will ; and as little as she likes herself, she likes her own advice better than anybody's else, and that is a reason, in my opinion, that should prevail with her to take more care of herself. I just before said I would say no more upon this subject ; but if I do not lay down the pen, I find I cannot help it. I have no desire to come to town at all ; for if I were there I cannot see you ; so that unless she turns me away I am fixed for life at Amesbury : so that, as to everything that relates to me, I refer you to her letters.

"J. G."

Gay was, to the end of his days, a child who would not grow up. "Providence," Swift said to Pope, "never designed him to be above two-and-twenty, by his thoughtlessness and gullibility. He has as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl of fifteen."

When the Lord Chamberlain prohibited the production of Gay's play, *Polly*, the sequel to *The Beggars' Opera*, in which he lampooned Walpole and his mistress "Molly" Skerrett, it was decided that, since it could not be represented on the stage, the book of the play should be printed. The Duchess of Queensberry "touted" for him everywhere, even at Court. The King, at a Drawing-room, asked what she was doing. "What must be agreeable, I am sure," she replied, "to anyone so humane as your Majesty, for it is an act of charity, and a charity to which I do not despair of bringing your Majesty to contribute." This, of course, was a gratuitous piece of impertinence—for the Lord Chamberlain acts as the official mouthpiece of the Sovereign—and it could not be overlooked. Another story is: "The Duchess was so vehement in her attempt to have the embargo removed from Gay's play, that she offered to read it to his Majesty in his Closet, that he might be satisfied there was no offence in it. George II escaped from this dilemma by saying, he should be delighted to receive her Grace in his Closet, but he hoped to amuse her better than by the literary employment she proposed."

The day after the Duchess's conversation with the King, who was greatly incensed by her behaviour, William Stanhope, the Vice-Chamberlain, called to tell her that his Majesty did not desire her further attendance at Court. Whereupon the lady sat down and penned the following letter:

"The Duchess of Queensberry is surprised and well pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility on the King and Queen; she hopes by such an unprecedented order as this is, that the King will see as few as he wishes at

his Court, particularly such as are to think or speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house, particularly when the King and Queen both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own words rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment, nor honour, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends."

Stanhope read the epistle and stood aghast. He implored her not to send this. She seemed amenable to reason, and wrote another letter. The Vice-Chamberlain, having perused the second, chose the first. It is a pity that the other has not been preserved.

The Duke of Queensberry, a peace-loving soul, supported his wife, and although the King pressed him not to do so, resigned his high office of Vice-Admiral of Scotland, and retired into private life.

The Duke and Duchess having suffered from their advocacy of their friend, their friend decided very wisely that they had made themselves responsible for his welfare for the rest of his life—and it must be said that they did not seem averse from the idea. So, during his four remaining years—he died in his forty-seventh year—he abandoned work and lived with and on them, either at their Wiltshire seat, or at their London residence, Burlington House.

"I am now in the Duke of Queensberry's house, and have been so ever since I left Hampstead; where I was carried at a time that it was thought I could not live a day," Gay wrote to Swift in March 1729. "Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has

been so severe. I must acquaint you (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who, if I had been their nearest relation and nearest friend, could not have treated me with more constant attendance then ; and they continue the same to me now. You must undoubtedly have heard that the Duchess took up my defence with the King and Queen, in the cause of my play, and that she has been forbid the Court for interesting herself to increase my fortune by the publication of it without being acted. The Duke, too, has given up his employment (which he would have done if the Duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill-usage from the Ministers ; but this hardened him in what he had determined."

The kind-hearted Duchess was genuinely fond of this fat little man, who could or would not shift for himself. They wrote joint letters to Swift, and poked fun at each other.

" I have several complaints to make to you of her treatment, but I shall only mention the most barbarous of them. She hath absolutely forbid her dog to be fond of me, and takes all occasions to snub her if she shows me the least civility."

" I cannot neglect this opportunity of writing to you and begging you to be a mediator between my Lady Duchess and me ; we having at present a quarrel about a fishing rod ; and at the same time to give her your opinion whether you think it proper for her to stay here till after Christmas, for I find that neither place nor preferment will let me leave her ; and when she hath been long enough in one place, prevail with her, if you can, to go to another. I would always have her do what

she will, because I am glad to be of her opinion, and because I know it is what I must always do myself."

"The Duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were; and I submit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels; for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed that they were not worth mending. You see by this that those who are the most generous of their own, can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me as to use your interest with her (for what ever she says, you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune."

Swift, the most independent of men, did not approve of Gay's attitude, and thought the well-intentioned generosity of the Duchess detrimental to her *protégé*. He would rather Gay had married—though that would have been hard on the lady.

"You are the silliest lover in Christendom," he wrote, in 1721. "If you like Mrs. Drelincourt, why do you not command her to take you? If she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she has neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth £7000, which will bring you £300 per annum, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging, while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country. And what are you doing towards increasing your fame and your fortune? Have you no scheme, either in verse or

prose ? The Duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write."

And again Swift wrote :

" If your ramble was on horse back, I am glad of it on account of your health ; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches : for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside, and one clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage ; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, that may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones, and that may add another thousand pounds to your stock, and then I shall be in less pain about you.

" I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half-a-crown a day."

Gay knew his own weaknesses, as he told Swift, " If you would advise the Duchess to confine me four hours a-day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write, for I cannot confine myself as I ought."

Gay died on December 4, 1732. He must have been, with all his faults, a very remarkable man. To have won—and kept—the love of Swift and Pope and Arbuthnot and the Countess of Suffolk was indeed a feat—for, anyhow the first two, were beyond the ordinary quarrelsome. The devotion of the Queensberrys did not end with Gay's death. Gay's body was taken from Burlington House, and buried in Westminster Abbey. " It was some alleviation of my grief," Pope wrote to Swift, " to see him so universally lamented by almost everybody,

even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Westminster Abbey as if he had been a peer of the realm ; and the good Duke of Queensberry, who lamented him like a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe *The Beggar's Opera*, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come."

"Blessed be the great ! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me GAY ;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
Of all thy blameless life thy sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn."

As for the Duchess, " I often want poor Mr. Gay and on this occasion extremely," she wrote to Lady Suffolk. " Nothing evaporates sooner than joy untold, or even told, unless to one so entirely in your interest as he was, who bore at least an equal share in every satisfaction or dissatisfaction which attended us. I am not in the spleen, though I write thus ; on the contrary, it is a sort of pleasure to think over his good qualities : his loss was really great, but it is a satisfaction to have once known so good a man."

The Duchess evinced an interest in politics, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in March 1737, sent Lady Pomfret an amusing account of a quaint scene, which shows that even two centuries ago there was a Woman's Rights party. " Here is no news to be sent you from this place, which has been for this fortnight and still continues overwhelmed with politics, and which are of so mysterious a nature, one ought to have some of the gifts of Lilly or Partridge to be able to write about them ; and I leave all those dissertations to those distinguished mortals who are

endowed with the talent of divination ; though I am present the only one of my sex who seems to be of that opinion, the ladies having shown their zeal and appetite for knowledge in a most glorious manner," Lady Mary wrote. " At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors ; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmorland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarves, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest asserters, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G—— he would not let them in. Her Grace with a noble warmth, answered, by G—— they would come in in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out ; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty of even foot-soldiers ; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation,

every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably. I beg your pardon, dear Madam, for this long relation; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in history, ancient or modern."

In the letters of Horace Walpole and elsewhere, there are references to the influence the Duchess had over Pitt. "The Ministry are at variance within themselves: [Sir George] Lyttelton's wife hates Pitt, and does not approve of his governing her husband and hurting their family; so that at present it seems he does not care to be a martyr to Pitt's caprices, which are in excellent training; for he is governed by her mad Grace of Queensberry." In the spring of the following year there is another reference: "We have had a fine day in the House on the second reading of the bill for taking away the Heritable Jurisdiction in Scotland. Lyttelton made the finest oration imaginable; the Solicitor-General [William

Murray], the new [Lord] Advocate [William Grant], and Hume Campbell, particularly the last, spoke excessively well for it, and [James] Oswald against it. The majority was 233 against 102. Pitt was not there ; the Duchess of Queensberry having ordered him to have the gout."

Quarrels need not last for ever, the Duchess seems to have concluded, and decided to forgive the King for his attitude towards Gay—a forgiveness which it is evident he never sought nor desired. "The Duchess of Queensberry has at last been at Court, a point she has been intriguing there two years," Walpole told Sir Horace Mann in June 1747. "Nobody gave in to it. At last she snatched the opportunity of her son being obliged to the King for a regiment in the Dutch service, and would not let him go to thank, till they sent for her too." The Duke of Queensberry, after the quarrel with the King, had attached himself to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who appointed him a Lord of his Bedchamber. On the accession of George III he was made Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, and, later, Lord Justice General, which office he retained for his lifetime. Horace Walpole, who set down the Duchess's eccentric behaviour, may himself have suffered from them, for, when he was settling at Twickenham, he wrote to Henry Conway, "Two delightful roads that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises ; barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer under my window ; Richmond Hill and Harrow walks bound my prospect ; but thank God ! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry."

Even that most autocratic of men, Beau Nash, had trouble with the Duchess in his own domain of Bath. He would not tolerate any irregularity of dress at the

Assemblies over which he presided, and any breach of etiquette was severely rebuked. On one occasion the Duchess appeared at a ball in a white apron, whereupon Nash in a trice stripped it off, and threw it on one of the back benches, with the remark, "None but abigails appear in white aprons." Her Grace, amused at the treatment of the offending garment—which Britton said was of Point and worth some five hundred guineas—replied with ready wit and good temper by begging *His Majesty's* pardon. The incident was duly commented upon by Pope :

"If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen."

That the Duchess had a sense of humour there is no doubt whatever. "I must tell you," Walpole wrote to Mann in 1742, "of an admirable reply of your acquaintance, the Duchess of Queensberry. Old Lady Granville, Lord Carteret's mother, whom we call the *Queen-Mother*, from taking upon her to do the honours of her son's power, was pressing the Duchess to ask her for some place for herself or friends, and assured her that she would procure it, be it what it would. Could she have picked out a better person to be gracious to? The Duchess made her a most grave courtesy and said, 'Indeed, there was one thing she had set her heart on.'—'Dear child, how you oblige me by asking anything! What is it? Tell me.'—'Only that you would speak to my Lord Carteret to get me made Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Queen of Hungary.'"

It may well be that the Duchess's eccentric behaviour was, in fact, the outcome of her sense of humour—occasionally, perhaps, somewhat perverted. Horace Walpole is the chronicler of the following incidents.

1745. "There is a very good quarrel on foot between two Duchesses : she of Queensberry sent to invite Lady Emily Lennox to a ball : her Grace of Richmond [Lady Emily's mother], who is wonderfully cautious since Lady Caroline's elopement [with Mr. Fox], sent word, 'She could not determine.' The other sent again the same night : the same answer. The Queensberry then sent word, that she had made up her company, and desired to be excused from having Lady Emily's ; but at the bottom of the card wrote, 'Too great a trust.' You know how mad she is, and how capable of such a stroke. There is no declaration of war come out from the other Duchess ; but I believe it will be made a national quarrel of the whole illegitimate royal family."

1748. "The Duchess of Queensberry gives a masquerade to-night, in hopes of drawing the King to it ; but he will not go . . . I had begun my letter before the masquerade, but had not time to finish it : there were not above one hundred persons ; the dresses pretty ; the Duchess as mad as you remember her. She had stuck up orders about dancing, as you see at public bowling-greens ; turned half the company out at twelve ; kept those she liked to supper ; and, in short, contrived to do an agreeable thing in the rudest manner imaginable, besides having dressed her husband in a Scotch plaid, which just now is one of the things in the world that is reckoned most offensive ; but you know we are all mad, so good night."

1749. "Whatever you hear of Richmond fireworks, that is short of the prettiest entertainment in the world, don't believe it ; I really never passed a more agreeable evening. Everything succeeded ; all the wheels played in time ; Frederick was fortunate, and all the world in good humour. Then for royalty—Mr. Anstis himself

would have been glutted ; there were all the Fitzes upon earth, the whole Court of St. Germain's, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Modena, and two Anamaboos. The King and Princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river ; and as soon as they were gone, the Duke had the music into the garden, and himself, with my Lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt, Peggy Banks, and Lord Holderness, entertained the good subjects with ' God save the King ' to them over the rails of the terrace. The Duke of Modena supped there, and the Duke was asked, but he answered, it was impossible : in short, he could not adjust his dignity to a mortal banquet. There was an admirable scene : Lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while My Lady kept a most fierce look-out. . . . [Garrick, a few days later, married Mdlle. Eva Maria Violette.] . . . In the middle of all the principalities and powers was the Duchess of Queensberry, in her forlorn trim, a white apron and white hood, and would make the Duke swallow all her undress. T'other day she drove past to Lady Sophia Thomas at Parsons Green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance. ' What is it ? '—' Why, take a couple of beef-steaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt ; it is the best thing you ever tasted : I could not help coming to tell you this ' : and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years make one very sick ? ”

1751. “ What I am now going to tell you will not surprise you, for you have long known her follies : the Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Diana Egerton, a pretty daughter of the Duchess of Bridgewater, that she was going to make a ball for her : she did, but did not

invite her : the girl was mortified, and Mr. Lyttelton, her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card : ‘ The advertisement came to hand : it was very pretty and very ingenious ; but everything that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed : the Duchess of Q. picques herself on her house not being unlike Socrates’s ; his was small, and held all his friends ; hers is large, but will not hold half of hers : postponed, but not forgot : unalterable.’ ”

1764. “ Last Thursday, the Duchess of Queensberry gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances : as she had enjoined everybody to be with her by six, to sup at twelve, and go away directly. Of the Campbell sisters, all were left out but Lady Strafford, Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes, who, having had colds, deferred sending answers, received notice that their places had been filled up, and that they must not come ; but were pardoned on submission. A card was sent to invite Lord and Lady Cardigan and Lord Beaulieu instead of Lord Montagu [Montagu was the Cardigan’s eldest son ; Beaulieu the husband of Lady Cardigan’s sister with whom she was on bad terms]. This, her Grace protested, was by accident. Lady Cardigan was very angry, but yet went. Except these flights, the only extraordinary thing the Duchess did was to do nothing extraordinary, for I do not call it very mad that some pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent her :

‘ Come with a whistle, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.’

The exact date of the birth of the Duchess of Queensberry, is not known, in 1764, she must have been

in the sixties. She had two sons: Henry, Earl of Drumlanrig, who died in his thirty-second year from the accidental discharge of one of his pistols; and Charles, who was Member for Dumfries-shire from 1747 to 1754, died two years after he retired from the House of Commons. The Duchess lived until 1777, and her husband survived her one year. There being then no living issue, the Dukedom passed to a distant connection, William Douglas, Earl of March, who was presently to figure in social history as "Old Q."

CHAPTER XII

(I) THE HON. ANNE VANE (1705-1736)

(II) FRANCES ANNE HAWES; AFTERWARDS
VISCOUNTESS VANE (1713-1788)

THE Hon. Anne Vane, the eldest daughter of Gilbert, second Earl Barnard, attracted much attention at Court—she must not be confused with her contemporary, Frances Anne, Viscountess Vane, whose *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* were inserted by Smollett in *Peregrine Pickle*. Not only was Frederick, Prince of Wales infatuated with her—in so far as he could be infatuated with anybody but himself, but she inspired admiration from Lord Hervey. “Miss Vane, one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen, was sister of the first Lord Darlington, and mistress of Frederick, Prince of Wales, by whom she had a son, publicly christened in 1732 Fitz-Frederick Vane,” so runs a passage in the *Suffolk Correspondence*. “She lay-in with little mystery in St. James’s Palace, and yet it was doubted whether the Prince was really the parent. Lord Hervey was suspected of being a still more favoured lover; and Horace Walpole says that the Prince, Lord Hervey, and the first Lord Harrington *each* confessed to Sir Robert Walpole that *he* was the father of the child.” There has been nothing like this since the Marquis Fagniani, the Duke of Queensberry (“Old Q.”), and George Selwyn claimed the paternity of the little lady that they called “Mie-mie,” and became the wife of



THE HON. ANNE VANE
(After John Vanderbank)

that Lord Yarmouth who later succeeded as third Marquis of Hertford.

In the case of Miss Vane, the question of seduction does not arise, for at the time of the birth of her child she was twenty-seven, and quite old enough to take care of herself—if such was her desire.

Whatever the facts, the coolness that arose between the Prince of Wales and Lord Hervey was generally attributed to his Royal Highness's disapproval of the attention shown by the other to Miss Vane. The parentage of the child might be in doubt, as is stated in the *Suffolk Correspondence*; there was no concealment of the fact that it had been born. "When Fitz-Frederick was two years old, the Prince of Orange, then on a visit to England to marry the fat, pox-marked Princess Royal, bade Hervey not to be too proud of the boy, since he had heard from very good authority that it was the child of a triumvirate. Hervey, with great dignity, told the Prince of Orange that his speaking to him in this strain was not only the most effectual, but the most disagreeable method he could take to impose silence upon him, and begged they might change the topic of their conversation, or go to the company below-stairs."

There is a good deal about Anne Vane in Hervey's *Memoirs*. It is from these that the subsequent story is gathered. The Prince in 1735 fell in love with the wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton. As Hervey describes her, Lady Archibald "was not very young, had never been very pretty, and had lost at least as much as that small share of beauty she once possessed, as is usual for women to do at thirty-five, after being the mother of ten children." The course of true love, in this case, ran smooth. "Her husband," again to quote Hervey, "was a Scotchman, uncle to the Duke of Hamilton, a Lord of the

Admiralty, and so quiet, so secure, and so contented a temper, that he seemed cut out to play the passive character his wife and the Prince had graciously allotted him. His wife was cunning, and had just sense enough to make that cunning useful to her when employed to work on such a husband as Lord Archibald Hamilton and such a lover as the Prince of Wales, and succeeded perfectly well in flattering the first into an opinion of her virtue, and the latter into an admiration of her beauty and understanding, which she facilitated by the much easier task of making the Prince believe she was entirely captivated by his. But as there are always some people who doubt of the most notorious intrigues, as well as others who make no doubt of what only themselves believe, so there were some few who thought, or, I rather believe, affected to believe, affected to think, that this commerce between Lady Archibald Hamilton and the Prince was merely platonic, though stronger symptoms of an *affaire faite* never appeared on any pair than were to be seen between this couple. He saw her often at her own house, where he seemed as welcome to the master as to the mistress ; he met her often, too, at her sister's ; walked with her day after day for hours together *tête-à-tête* in the morning in St. James's Park ; and whenever she was at the Drawing-room (which was pretty frequently), her behaviour was so remarkable that his nose and her ear were inseparable, whilst, without discontinuing, he would talk to her as if he had rather been continuing than conversing from the time he came into the room to the moment he left it, and then seemed to have been rather interrupted than to have finished."

Lady Archibald Hamilton was, or, to flatter his Royal Highness's vanity, pretended to be, inordinately jealous of Miss Vane. She gave him to understand that she

would not be satisfied with his only taking public leave of Anne Vane: "She feared, notwithstanding that step was taken to amuse the world, and as a necessary preliminary to his future marriage, that his Royal Highness would still continue to see Miss Vane in private, and perhaps with more pleasure when it would be with less liberty." She insisted that Frederick must take some drastic action to break off with his earlier mistress.

The Prince was not only desirous to placate Lady Archibald Hamilton, but, as a matter of fact, was more than willing to end the connection with Anne Vane, which in the long run had brought him as much annoyance as pleasure. He endeavoured to do so in the most definite manner possible. He was pleased to spare his royal self the inconvenience of a farewell interview with his mistress: no doubt he felt that certain things would be said to him by the lady that would be derogatory to his dignity. He sent Lord Baltimore, one of the Lords of his Bedchamber, to tell Miss Vane that they must part, and that she must go abroad for two or three years, in which case his Royal Highness would continue for life her allowance of £1,600 a year. As for the little boy, he should remain in England, and the Prince would charge himself with his education. If she refused these conditions, the allowance would be withdrawn.

His Royal Highness's discretion overreached itself. His peremptoriness not unnaturally aroused the anger of Miss Vane. What she remarked to the unhappy envoy is not known—which is a pity, for Miss Vane in a rage may well have said things that would make good reading. Even Hervey, who was in her confidence, was ignorant of the conversation, or, at least, did not record it.

There had been a breach between Miss Vane and Hervey, the cause of which has not transpired; but it

was not very serious may be deduced from the fact that at this juncture she sent for him and asked for his advice. This he was very pleased to give, and it was to the effect that she must not yield on any one of the terms which the Prince desired to impose. She placed herself unreservedly in his hands. Whereupon he wrote a long letter for her—a masterpiece in its way—respectful, reproachful, tender, pathetic, indomitably firm :

“ Considering the manner in which I have lived with your Royal Highness, I think I might, without being thought importunate, begin this letter by complaining that, when you have anything to say to me, your Royal Highness should think an ambassador necessary to go between us ; and though a harsh or unkind thing, I must own, would be little consistent with what I have deserved from your Royal Highness, yet it would sure want no such additional weight as the letting another convey it, and consequently be acquainted with the little regard or concern you retain for me.

“ That your Royal Highness is going to be married I may repine at ; but I appeal to you if ever I was so unreasonable as to reproach you with it, or to imagine that my interest was to be put in competition with the interests of England, or that what was right for your affairs was not to outweigh every consideration of mine.

“ But that your Royal Highness should break with me in the most shocking way ; that you should not be content to abandon me without banishing me ; nor take yourself from me without driving me from every other friend, relation, and acquaintance, and depriving me of those comforts at a time when I shall want them most, is sure an aggravation to my bad fortune and unhappy

situation which you are so much in the wrong as I should be myself to comply with.

“ Your Royal Highness need not be put in mind who I am, nor from whence you took me : that I acted not like what I was born, others may reproach me ; but if you took me from happiness, and brought me to misery, that I might reproach you ; that I have long lost your heart I have long seen and long mourned : to gain it, or rather to reward the gift you made me of it, I sacrificed my time, my youth, my character, the world, my family, and everything that a woman can sacrifice to a man she loves : how little I considered my interest, you must know by my never naming my interest to you when I made this sacrifice, and by my trusting to your honour when I showed so little regard, when put in balance with my love, to my own. I have resigned everything for your sake but my life ; and, had you loved me still, I would have risked even that, too, to please you, but, as it is, I cannot think in my state of health of going out of England, far from all friends and all physicians I can trust, and of whom I stand in so much need.

“ My child is the only consolation I have left. I cannot leave him, nor shall anything but death ever make me quit the country he is in. Your Royal Highness may do with me what you please ; but a Prince who is one day to rule this country will sure, for his own sake, never show he will make use of his power to distress undeservedly : and that one who has put herself without conditions into his hands has the hardest terms imposed upon her, though she never in her life did one action that deserved anything but your favour, your compassion, and your friendship ; and it is for these reasons I doubt not but your Royal Highness will on this occasion, for your own sake, if not for mine, do everything that will

hinder you from being blamed and me from being more miserable than the reflection of what is passed must necessarily make one who has known what it was to be happy, and can never expect to taste that joy again.

“ I know how vain it would be to think reproaches could ever regain a heart which kindness could not keep, and for that reason I will add nothing more than to assure your Royal Highness I shall ever wish you health, prosperity, and happiness, and shall ever be, with unalterable affection,” etc.

Hervey must thoroughly have enjoyed the composition of that letter ; indeed, he admitted in his *Memoirs* that he was not a little pleased to have an opportunity of “ fretting ” the Prince. Though Anne Vane copied the letter in her own hand-writing before sending it, Frederick was probably certain it had not originally been written by her, and very likely guessed the author.

And now the element of comedy entered into the situation. The enraged Prince showed the letter to everybody he could induce to read it ; Miss Vane followed the same course. The Court took sides, and disputed one with one another. Then, Frederick, seeing the feeling in certain quarters becoming strongly against him, vowed that he had never sent the message of which the lady complained—whereupon a second letter was written :

“ It is so easy to remove the appearance of a fault when one is conscious of not meaning to commit one, that I make no doubt but that your Royal Highness will think me thoroughly justified for writing my last letter when I tell you nothing could have induced me to such an expostulation but the harsh message which I thought I had received by your Royal Highness’s order through Lord Baltimore.

“ In that confusion, shame, and vexation, I wrote just

now what I felt, but resolved (how ill I might execute my resolution I know not) to urge my own request, and to represent what I thought your ill-usage of me in the most respectful terms that such complaints would admit of. If I said anything I ought not to say, or in a manner I ought not to say it, I am heartily sorry, and ask your pardon, and appeal now to your sense of justice to tell me whether I ever did or said anything in my life that was not consistent with what I owed to you, though I am very ready to own I have done things very inconsistent with what I owed to myself.

“That I received such a message by Lord Baltimore is certain; whether he was authorised to deliver it, I know not; it is certain, too, that all the messages I ever sent by him were answers to others, and not any that came originally from me. It is hard your Royal Highness will not allow me an opportunity to clear myself; but, deal with me as you please, I shall ever pray for your happiness and prosperity, even whilst I reflect it is at least to your love, if not to your hate, that I owe the loss of my own.”

The upshot was that the house in Grosvenor Square was settled on her for ever, and that the allowance of £1600 for life was confirmed, she being at liberty to live where she pleased, and to retain the custody of her child. As a matter of fact, the boy died in 1736, and Anne Vane at Bath a few weeks later, at the age of thirty-one. During her life her story was told in an anonymous pamphlet, “The Secret History of Vanella,” and Dr. Johnson referred to her in *The Vanity of Human Wishes* :

“Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring.”

The wits and pamphleteers found material in the *liaison* between the Prince and Anne Vane, and ballads

and pamphlets flooded the town. "Fair Vanella," as she was called, became a popular heroine. There were "Vanella on the Straw," "Vanessa : the Humours of the Court of Modern Gallantry," "Vanella, or, The Amours of the Great," "A Trip to the Garden of Love at Vaux-hall"; as well as a print, with the title of "A Satire referring to the Marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to the Princess Augustus of Saxe-Gotha," in which is shown a room with a throne, to which his Royal Highness is leading his bride, while at the other end are Miss Vane and her son : underneath are the lines :

"The happy pair with mutual transport smile,
And by fond looks each other's cares beguile.
Backward behold the effects of lawless love,
In silent grief each heedless maid reprove.
She feels the pang of scorn, her lover's hate,
Mourns her undoing, and grows wise too late."

It may safely be said that few people are better known to readers of eighteenth-century fiction than Frances Anne Vane, Viscountess Vane, for her *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* were interpolated in Smollett's *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*.

Frances, who was born in 1713, was the daughter of Francis Hawes, of Purley Hall, Reading. Hawes was Cashier to the Customs, from which office he was dismissed on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. In the year 1715 when the Prince of Wales consented to become Governor of the South Sea Company, Hawes accepted a directorship. The history of that institution is common knowledge. Its failure was due, less to mismanagement than to unparalleled bribery and corruption.

The enquiry into its affairs by a Secret Commission of the House of Commons in 1721 showed that Hawes'

estate was valued at £40,031. What Parliament thought of his conduct is very clearly shown that it allowed him to keep the odd £31 only. The rest went to those who had suffered by the gigantic gamble. It may be presumed that Hawes had secreted some of his illegitimate gains.

Frances, having only beauty for her dowry, married at the age of nineteen Lord William, second son by his second wife of James Douglas, fourth Duke of Hamilton. As Lord William, likewise, had little money, life for the young couple was not easy—Queen Caroline, with unusual sprightliness dubbed the pair, the “handsome beggars.” However, to judge from Lady Vane’s *Memoirs*, their married life was happy, but the period was brief, for in July 1734, Lord William, who had been elected member of Parliament for Lanarkshire, died at his house in Pall Mall.

Whether impelled by poverty or not, ten months later Lady William took to herself a second husband, William Vane, second Viscount Vane, who was a year her junior. Lord Vane was a very wealthy man, having inherited largely out of the Newcastle estates. According to the new Lady Vane, he was a repulsive-looking creature: “When he was lifted out of the chariot he exhibited a very ludicrous figure to the view. He was a thin, meagre, shivery creature, of a low stature, with little black eyes, a long nose, sallow complexion, and pitted with the small-pox; dressed in a coat of light brown frieze, lined with pearl-coloured shag, a monstrous solitaire, and bag, and (if I remember right) a pair of huge jackboots. In a word, his whole appearance was so little calculated for inspiring love, that I had (on the strength of seeing him once before at Oxford) set him down as the last man on earth whom I should choose to wed, and I will venture to affirm that

he was in every particular the reverse of my late husband." If this account is not unduly exaggerated, there may be found in it some explanation of the lady's subsequent conduct. He, however, was vastly devoted to his wife, and forgave her her innumerable love-affairs, and was always willing to take her back. Eighteen months after the marriage, the world was amused by her husband advertising for her, says that she had eloped, and he could not discover her whereabouts. He described her as "tall, well-shaped, with light-brown hair, fair complexion, her upper teeth somewhat irregular, her dress a red damask French sacque."

Her *liaisons* were innumerable, and she took no trouble to conceal them. One of her lovers was the Hon. Servallis Shirley. Lord Berkeley was another. "Lady Vane is returned hither in company with Lord Berkeley, and went with him in public to Cranford, near Hounslow, where they remain as happy as love and youth can make them," Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote from London to Lady Pomfret in 1738. "I am told that though she does not pique herself upon fidelity to any one man (which is but a narrow way of thinking), she boasts that she has always been true to her nation, and, notwithstanding foreign attacks, has always reserved her charms for the use of her own country men."

Her connection with Lord Berkeley lasted longer than was usual, though it by no means follows that she was any more faithful to her lover than her husband. "You cannot imagine what an entertaining fourth act of the opera we had the other night. Lord Vane, in the middle of the pit, making love to my lady. The Duke of Newcastle, his uncle, has lately given him three-score thousand pounds to cut off the entail of the Newcastle estate. The fool immediately wrote to his wife to beg she would

return to him from Lord Berkeley ; that he had got so much and now they might live *comfortably* ; but she will not live *comfortably* : she is at Lord Berkeley's house, whither go divers after her." Walpole ten years later has another reference to her amours : " Lady Vane has taken a trip to Flanders after a cousin of Lord Berkeley, who is as simple about her as her own husband is, and has written to Mr. Knight at Paris to furnish her with the money she wants. He says she is vastly to blame ; for he was trying to get her a divorce from Lord Vane, and would then have married her himself. Her adventures [the *Memoirs*] are worthy to be bound up with those of my good sister-in-law, the German Princess, and Moll Flanders."

The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle appeared in 1751. The book was widely read, but no part of it attracted so much attention as the interpolated *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, which were everywhere discerned. The identity of the " Lady of Quality " was soon an open secret. How it came about that these were inserted in the novel has been argued in many ways, the favourite theory being that Smollett was paid a sum of money for so doing. As *Peregrine Pickle* is so discursive a work, the *Memoirs* do not really affect the scheme, such as it is, and the sense of humour of the novelist may have been tickled by the idea of inserting a portrait of a female Peregrine Pickle. The surprising thing is that Lady Vane did not publish her scandalous history in a little volume by itself.

As regards the actual authorship of the *Memoirs*, nothing is known, and several theories have been put forward. One is that Lady Vane wrote them herself and had them touched up by Smollett or Dr. John Shebbeare, a well-known political writer, who presently

suffered imprisonment for the expression of his opinions ; another is that Shebbeare wrote them. Certainly Smollett did not.

Another whose name has been mentioned as a possible compiler of the *Memoirs* is Daniel Mackercher—the “ Mr. M—— ” of *Peregrine Pickle*, and a man whom Smollett, the most generous of persons to lame dogs, had more than once befriended. “ I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. M—— from his youth,” Smollett wrote in that novel, and everything which I shall relate concerning him, you may depend upon as a fact which has fallen under my own cognisance, or been vouched for upon the credit of undoubted evidence.” According to John Taylor, Mackercher was one of Lady Vane’s lovers. “ Dennis, he means Daniel Mackercher, Esq., an Irish gentleman of fortune, was said to have written her memoirs as they appeared in *Peregrine Pickle*,” he stated in his *Records of my Life*, “ and Dr. Hill was employed by Lord Vane to write the history of ‘ Lady Frail ’ to counteract the impression on the public. The infidelity of the lady had induced Mackercher to separate from her. When he was near death, she anxiously desired to see him, but he would not suffer her to approach.”

Smollett’s account in *Peregrine Pickle* of the relations between Lady Vane and Mackercher is as follows :

“ He had upon his first arrival in England, become acquainted with a lady at an Assembly not far from London ; and though at that time he had no thoughts of extending his view farther than the usual gallantries of the place, he met with such distinguishing marks of her regard in the sequel . . . that he could not help entertaining hopes of making an impression upon the heart of his agreeable partner, who was a young lady of

an ample fortune and great expectations. He therefore cultivated her good graces with all the assiduity and address of which he was master ; and succeeded so well in his endeavours that, after a due course of attendance, and the death of an aunt, by which she received an accession of fortune to the amount of three and twenty thousand pounds, he ventured to declare his passion, and she not only heard him with patience and approbation, but also replied in terms adequate to his warmest wish. Finding himself so favourably received, he pressed her to secure his happiness by marriage ; but to this proposal, she objected the recency of her kinswoman's death, which would have rendered such a step highly indecent, and the displeasure of her other relations, from whom she had still greater expectations, and who at that time importuned her to marry a cousin of her own, whom she could not like. However, that M—— might have no cause to repine at her delay, she freely entered with him into an intimacy of correspondence, during which nothing could have added to their mutual felicity, which was the more poignant and refined from the mysterious and romantic manner of their enjoying it ; for though he publicly visited her as an acquaintance, his behaviour on these occasions was always so distant, respectful, and reserved, that the rest of the company could not possibly suspect the nature of their reciprocal attachment ; in consequence of which, they used to have private interviews, unknown to every soul upon earth except her maid, who was necessarily intrusted with the secret. In this manner they enjoyed the conversation of each other for about twelve months, without the least interruption, and though the stability of Mr. M——'s fortune entirely depended upon their marriage, yet as he perceived his mistress so averse to it, he never urged it with vehemence, nor was at all anxious

on that score. . . . Be that as it will, his indulgent mistress, in order to set his mind at ease in that particular, and in full confidence of his honour, insisted on his accepting a deed of gift of her whole fortune, in consideration of their marriage ; and after some difficulty, he was prevailed upon to receive this proof of her esteem, well knowing that it would still be in his power to return the obligation. Though she had often entreated him to take upon himself the entire administration of her finances, and upon divers occasions pressed to accept large sums, he never abused her generous disposition, or solicited her for money, except for some humane purpose, which she was always more ready to fulfil than he to propose.

.

“ He had, from his first departure, corresponded with his generous, though inconstant, mistress with a religious exactness and punctuality ; nor was she for some time less observant of the agreement they had made. Nevertheless, she, by degrees, became so negligent and cold in her expression, and so slack in her correspondence, that he could not help observing and upbraiding her with such indifference, and her endeavours to palliate it were supported by pretexts so frivolous as to be easily seen through by a lover of very little discernment. While he tortured himself with conjectures about the cause of this unexpected change, he received such intelligence from England, as, when joined to what he himself had perceived from her manner of writing, left him little or no room to doubt of her fickleness and inconstancy. Nevertheless, as he knew by experience that informations of that kind are not to be entirely relied upon, he resolved to be more certainly apprised : and, for that end, departed

immediately for London. . . . On his arrival in England, he learned, with infinite concern, that his intelligence had not been at all exaggerated ; and his sorrow was inexpressible, to find a person, endowed with so many noble and amiable qualities, seduced into an indiscretion, that of necessity ruined the whole plan which had been concerted between them for their mutual happiness. She made several attempts, by letters and interviews, to palliate her conduct, and soften him into a reconciliation ; but his honour being concerned, he remained deaf to all her entreaties and proposals. Nevertheless, I have often heard him say, that he could not help loving her, and revering the memory of a person to whose generosity and goodness he owed his fortune, and one whose foibles were overwhelmed by a thousand good qualities. He often insisted on making restitution ; but far from complying with that proposal, she afterward often endeavoured to lay him under yet greater obligations of the same kind, and importuned him, with the warmest solicitations, to renew their former correspondence which he as often declined."

Smollett, as was usual with him, had in the above passages "improved" upon the facts.

Lady Vane's explanation of the publication of the *Memoirs* is : " By the circumstances of the story which I am going to relate, you will be convinced of my candour, while you are informed of my indiscretion : you will be enabled, I hope, to perceive, that however my head may have erred, my heart hath always been uncorrupted, and that I have been unhappy, *because I loved, and was a woman.*" The actual reason for giving this history to the world must have been a pitiable craving for notoriety at any cost, unless, as has been suggested, she wanted to force her husband to divorce her, which he constantly

declined to do. It was said that she gave him the manuscript to read, and that he refused to peruse it. If notoriety was, indeed, the reason, there was no lack of it forthcoming at once. "My Lady Vane," Walpole told Mann, "has literally published the memoirs of her own life, only suppressing part of her lovers', no part of the success of the others with her : a degree of profligacy not to be accounted for ; she does not want money, none of her lovers will raise her credit, and the number, all she had to brag of, concealed !" Lady Mary Wortley Montagu also read and commented in a letter to her daughter, the Countess of Bute. "I think Lady Vane's *Memoirs* contain more truth and less malice than any I ever read in my life. When she speaks of her own being disinterested, I am apt to believe she really thinks so herself, as many highwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the character of honesty, please themselves with that of being generous, because, whatever they get on the road, they always spend at the next ale-house and are still as beggarly as ever. Her history, rightly considered, would be more instructive to young women than any sermon I know. They may see what mortifications and variety of misery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantries. I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortune she has gone through. Her style is clear and concise, with some strokes of humour, which appear to me so much above her, I can't help being of opinion the whole has been modelled by the author of the book in which it is inserted, who is some subaltern admirer of hers. I may judge wrong, she being no acquaintance of mine, though she has married two of my relations. Her first wedding was attended with circumstances that made me think a visit not at all

necessary, though I disoblged Lady Susan by neglecting it ; and the second, which happened soon after, made her so near a neighbour, that I rather choose to stay the whole summer in town than partake of her balls and parties of pleasure, to which I did not think it proper to introduce you ; and had no other way of avoiding it, without incurring the censure of a most unnatural mother for denying you diversions that the pious Lady Ferrers permitted to her exemplary daughters. Mr. Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the conquest of two such extraordinary ladies, equal in their heroic contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex, the one for beauty, and the other for wealth, both which attract the pursuit of all mankind, and have been thrown into his arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared to me gentle, well-bred, well-shaped and sensible ; but the charms of his face and eyes, which Lady Vane describes with so much warmth, were, I confess, always invisible to me, and the artificial part of his character very glaring, which I think her story shows in a strong light."

Not only those who knew Lady Vane wrote about the *Memoirs*, but anonymous scribes wrote parodies, which caused much amusement. Among these were the *Parallel between the Character of Lady Frail and the Lady of Quality in "Peregrine Pickle"* : *In which the facts alleged in both are stated and compared, the character of the heroine set out in a true light, the several other characters examined, etc. ; An apology for the Conduct of a Lady of Quality, lately traduc'd under the name of Lady Frail. Wherein her case is fairly stated and injurious accusations and reflections that have been cast upon her fully confuted ; and some particular anecdotes of the life exhibited, that were never before made publick. In "a letter from a Person of Honour to a*

Nobleman of Distinction ; By an Impartial Hand” ; and “A Letter to the Honourable the Lady V——ss Vane,” Occasioned by the publication of the Memoirs in the “Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.” Whether it was the attraction of the *Memoirs* or the fascination of the book itself, *Peregrine Pickle* was almost at once pirated in Ireland and published in a French translation and in Amsterdam.

Someone evidently got a hint of what was happening, for in the catalogue of books in the *Monthly Review* for February 1751 there appeared a review of *The History of a Lady of Quality, or, The Adventures of Lady Frail*, which was as follows :

“Whether these memoirs have any foundation in fact, we know not ; nor who is the person designed to be understood with the name of Lady Frail. The public, ever ready to be caught by such baits, have on this occasion agreed to give the name of a lady who is credibly reported to have given real memoirs of herself to the author of a famous novel, entitled the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, to be inserted and made public in a new work of his. Accordingly, this author has signified by repeated advertisements, ‘That no memoirs of that lady that may be obtruded upon the public under any disguise whatever are genuine (but an imposition, etc.), except what are comprised in his work.’ And we are inclined to believe him, not only from the regard due his public declaration, but from our persuasion on a perusal of this history : in which there are many things too monstrous to be believed, especially on the credit of a nameless writer, whose chief design was, apparently, to make his advantage of the impatience of the public ; and whose hasty, crude performance seems, in every page, to put the reader in mind of the great hurry its

author was in, *to come out first*. He has introduced no Abraham Adams, no Parson Trulliber, no Thwackums, Westerns, or Straps ; so that the reader who takes up this book with any expectation of finding in it that fund of laughter and merry entertainment that the works of Fielding and the author of *Roderick Random* afford, will find himself utterly disappointed."

That the shame of Lady Vane was broadly known may be gathered from the lines " To Lady Vane (handed to her on leaving Bath)":

" As in your person without fault,
So should your conduct be ;
For what avails a beauteous form,
When stamp'd with infamy.
If you'd not give up worldly ease
For titles, wealth, and fame,
Nor forfeit every hope of Heav'n
To gain contempt of shame,
Hate vice ; let virtue be your guide,
For all her paths are peace ;
And nobly toil to make your mind
As beauteous as your face."

Lady Vane's extravagance was such that she impaired even the more than ample fortune of her husband, who, at one time, resided for a while within the Rules of the King's Bench, to be quit of the importunities of her numerous creditors. A lover of dancing—she was acclaimed the finest minuet dancer in England—she gave entertainments on a large scale at the family seat of Fairlawn in Kent ; and set up considerable establishments at Bath and other watering-places, where she gambled recklessly. Fortunately for what remained of Lord Vane's fortune, Lady Vane contracted a disease, which caused her to spend the last twenty years of her life in bed. A curious anecdote concerning Lady Vane was related :

“ About 1775, a young divinity student, named Thomas Stuart, while attending the Edinburgh University, was selected by Principal Robertson to go and take charge of the education of a boy named Hawes, who lived with his mother in a villa near Bath. It was set forth to him, that, beside a handsome salary he might, in the event of giving satisfaction, hope for promotion in the English Church, as the lady had influence with the Earl of Bute. He was pleased with the situation, and only remarked with some surprise that of Mrs. Hawes’s many visitors few were ladies. At length, as they were one day passing along a public walk in Bath, the young tutor heard the crowd repeating the name of Lady Vane, mingled with expressions of reprobation, and the truth instantly flashed upon him. He had inadvertently gone into the service of the lady of quality whose memoirs had been published upwards of twenty years before by Smollett. He wrote to Principal Robertson, to explain the necessity he was under of resigning his post. When he communicated his resolution to the lady, she changed colour, but did not upbraid him. Charles Fox was present, conversing gaily, on the evening when he departed from Lady Vane’s house by a passing stage-coach. The lady at parting put a ring upon his finger, and whispered in his ear, ‘ Had these wan cheeks been twenty years younger, your Scotch pride might have been vanquished.’ ”

CHAPTER XIII

AUGUSTA OF SAXE-GOTHA,
CONSORT OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES

(1719-1772)

HISTORY has an unpleasing knack of repeating itself. George, Prince of Wales, quarrelled violently with his father, George I; Frederick, Prince of Wales, in his turn, quarrelled with his father, George II, even as later the Prince who became George IV was on bad terms with both his father and mother. When Frederick was a child, a marriage had been arranged by George between his grandson and Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, Princess Royal of Prussia, but the engagement was presently broken off by George II on his accession. It was said by Carlyle that Frederick was "eager to be wedded to Wilhelmina as one grand, and, at present, grandest, source of his existence," and other writers have attributed his antipathy to his father to the action the latter took in this matter. However, there were other reasons for what can only be stated as enmity between the Prince and his family. His Royal Highness had few, if any, engaging qualities, and such as he had he did not display to his relatives. "My dear first-born," his mother is said to have remarked, "is the greatest ass, the greatest liar, and greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it." Maternal candour can go no further. The Princess Amelia was scarcely behindhand in her

detestation of her brother : “ He is the greatest bear that ever spoke, and will put one arm round anybody’s neck to kiss them, and then stab them with the other.”

“ The Prince’s behaviour at his first coming over, though little more respectable, seemed much more amiable than, upon his opening himself further, it turned out to be, for though there appeared nothing in him to be admired, yet there seemed nothing in him to be hated—neither anything great nor anything vicious. His behaviour was something that gained one’s good wishes, while it gave one no esteem for him, for his best qualities, while they prepossessed one the most in his favour, always gave one a degree of contempt for him at the same time.”

Frederick, who was born at Hanover in 1707, was two years later created Duke of Gloucester, and in 1717 received the title of Duke of Edinburgh. At the end of 1728, he came to England, and within a few weeks was created Prince of Wales. He was already heavily in debt and looked to his father to make him financially sound ; but this was not done. His creditors pressing him inconveniently, he looked round for a way to relieve himself of his embarrassments. He suggested to the old Duchess of Marlborough, or she to him, that he should marry her grand-daughter, Lady Diana Spencer, who would have a dowry of £100,000. According to rumour, the couple became engaged, and were to have been privately married—only Sir Robert Walpole heard of the scheme in time to prevent it.

When, in 1734, the Princess Royal married the Prince of Orange, Frederick regarded it as a personal grievance, because she was given a grant from Parliament, whereas he, the Heir to the Throne, was still dependent for his income from his father, who was niggardly in this respect.



AUGUSTA, CONSORT OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES
(After Vanloo)

Finding that it was in vain to get an independent income, he determined to have his tit for tat with the King. With the aid of Bubb Dodington, he set up a Court, to which came all the leaders of the Opposition and all who were dissatisfied. He made a bid for popularity, and the bid was successful. Not content with annoying his father, he entered the field against his sister, the Princess Royal. She set up as a patron of music, and gave her support to Handel at the Haymarket Theatre : Frederick became the patron of Buononcini at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The King and Queen sided with their daughter, and society was convulsed by the alarums and excursions of the two parties. "The affair grew as serious as that of the Greens and Blues under Justinian at Constantinople," Hervey wrote ; "and an anti-Handelist was looked upon as anti-courtier, and voting against the Court in Parliament was hardly a less remissible sin or more venial sin than speaking against Handel or going to the Lincoln's Inn Fields opera." Victory, for a while, went first to one side, then to the other, but in the end the Buononcini faction carried the day, and Lord Chesterfield told the Prince, to his great delight, that he had been that day to the Haymarket Theatre, "but there being no one there but the King and Queen, and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away."

A marriage was arranged between Frederick and the Princess Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Gotha. "I believe," said Horace Walpole, "the Princess will have more beauties bestowed on her by all the occasional poets than ever a painter would afford her. They will cook up a new Pandora, and in the bottom of the box enclose Hope that all they have said is true." Actually, the girl of seventeen was, according to Hervey,

“rather tall, and had health and youth enough in her face, joined to a very modest and good-natured look, to make her countenance not disagreeable ; but her person, from being very ill made, a good deal awry, her arms long, and her motions awkward, had, in spite of all the finery of jewels and brocade an ordinary air, which no trappings could cover or exalt.”

Augusta arrived at Greenwich on April 24, 1736, when she was waited on by the Prince, who, so an ancient chronicler put it, “afterwards gave her the diversion of passing on the water as far as the Tower and back in his barge, finely adorned, preceded by a concert of music. Their Highnesses afterwards supped in public.” Two days later the marriage was solemnised at St. James’s. The *Gentleman’s Magazine* gives an account of the ceremony, which reads quaintly to-day : “After supper their Majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bedchamber and the bridegroom to her dressing-room, where his brother the Duke of Cumberland undressed him and his Majesty did his Royal Highness the honour to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the Princesses, and, being in bed in a rich undress, his Majesty came into the room ; the Prince following soon after in a nightgown of silver stuff and cap of the finest lace, the *quality* were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in bed, surrounded by all the royal family.”

Those who had thought that a reconciliation between the King and the Prince was now certain were wrong in their reckoning. Circumstances made the breach even wider. Every move by either party was at once interpreted as an insult or a slight by the other. The position soon became hopeless, and remained so for the remaining fifteen years of the life of Frederick.

When the Civil List was £700,000 a year, George II, when Prince of Wales, received an annual amount of £100,000. Now that the amount of the Civil List had increased to £800,000, the Prince felt that it was only common justice that he, too, should receive £100,000 a year. On the marriage of his eldest son the King increased his allowance to £50,000, and firmly declined to do more. Finding requests useless, the Prince, acting on the advice of his friends, made an appeal to Parliament, but Court influence was too strong, and his Address was rejected in both Houses.

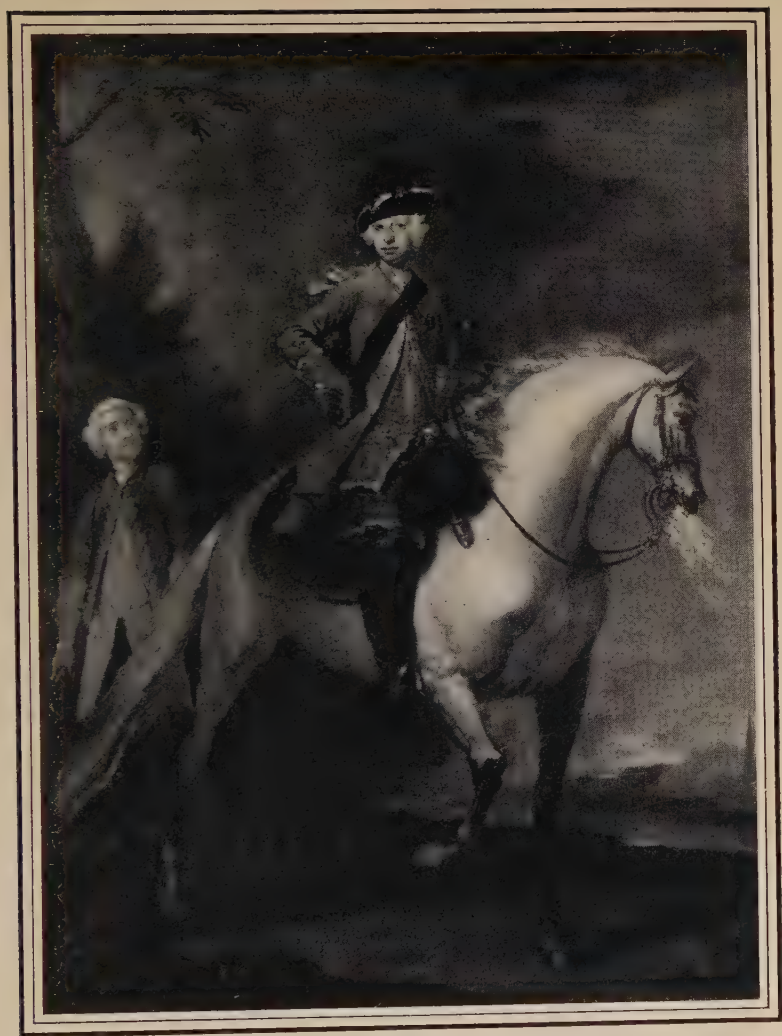
Frederick had (as is related elsewhere) dismissed Anne Vane, but he had not broken off with Lady Archibald Hamilton. "The Prince," Hervey relates, "had contrived to put Lady Archibald Hamilton so well into the Princess's good graces, that she was her first favourite and always with her; and to obviate any alarms that might be given to her jealousy he told the Princess himself that malicious people had set it about that she was his mistress; and that the Queen, who was glad of any pretence to cross him, had laid hold of this excuse to refuse making her one of the Ladies of the Princess's Bedchamber, though he had pressed it extremely; and that the Queen had owned she never believed there was the least foundation for any such report. At the same time he extolled Lady Archibald's merit and virtue, and said, though she was married very young to an old man, and had been very pretty, that not the least blemish had even been thrown upon her character till some of the King and Queen's Court, to vex *him* and to please *them* (who grudge him the friendship of every man and woman that ever attached themselves to him), made this malicious insinuation. This had its effect so well that the Princess requested the Queen that she would write to Hanover

to the King to ask his leave for her to take Lady Archibald Hamilton into her service ; to which the King consenting, Lady Archibald was immediately made Lady of the Bedchamber, Privy-Purse, and Mistress of the Robes to the Princess with a salary, for all three together, of nine hundred pounds a year."

The year after his marriage the Prince put himself hopelessly in the wrong as regards his father and mother. He did not notify them that Augusta was with child, and at the eleventh hour he removed her in the middle of the night from Hampton Court to St. James's Palace, where no preparations had been made for the event, accompanied only by Lady Archibald Hamilton. It was a most extraordinary, as well as a most reprehensible thing to have done, and the only reason that can be assigned for it is that he wished to prevent the Queen being present at the birth. But this is an explanation ; not, by any means, an excuse.

There was, not unnaturally, a furious uproar in Court circles.

"The King has commanded me," the Earl of Essex wrote from Hampton Court on August 3, 1737, to the Prince of Wales, "to acquaint your Royal Highness that his Majesty most heartily rejoices at the safe delivery of the Princess ; but that your carrying away of her Royal Highness from Hampton Court, the then residence of the King, the Queen, and the Royal Family, under the pains and certain indication of immediate labour, to the imminent danger and hazard both of the Princess and her child, and after sufficient warnings for a week before, to have made the necessary preparations for this happy event, without acquainting his Majesty, or the Queen, with the circumstances the Princess was in, or giving them the least notice of your departure, is



FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES
(After B. Dandridge)

looked upon by the King to be such a deliberate indignity offered to himself and to the Queen, that he resents it to the highest degree."

In the correspondence that followed, the Prince stated that the reason for the removal of his Consort was that she had been seized by the pains of labour sooner than was expected, and that at Hampton Court there was no midwife or other assistants. This explanation the King declined to accept.

"The professions you have lately made in your letters, of your peculiar regards to me, are so contradictory to all your actions, that I cannot suffer myself to be imposed upon by them," he wrote to the Prince on September 10. "You know very well you did not give the least intimation to me or to the Queen that the Princess was with child or breeding, until within less than a month of the birth of the young Princess : you removed the Princess twice in a week immediately preceding the day of her delivery from the place of my residence, in expectation, as you have voluntarily declared of her labour ; and both times upon your return, you industriously concealed from the knowledge of me and the Queen every circumstance relating to this important affair : and you, at last, without giving any notice to me, or to the Queen, precipitately hurried the Princess from Hampton Court, in a condition not to be named. After having thus, in execution of your own determined measures, exposed both the Princess and her child to the greatest perils, you now plead surprise and tenderness for the Princess, as the only motives that occasioned these repeated indignities offered to me and to the Queen your mother.

"This extravagant and undutiful behaviour in so essential a point as the birth of an heir to my Crown, is such evidence to your premeditated defiance of me, and

such a contempt of my authority and of the natural right belonging to your parents, as cannot be excused by the pretended innocence of your intentions, nor palliated or disguised by specious words only.

“But the whole tenour of your conduct for a considerable time has been so entirely void of all real duty to me, that I have long had reason to be highly offended with you. And until you withdraw your regard and confidence from those by whose instigation and advice you are directed and encouraged in your unwarrantable behaviour to me and your Queen, and until you return to your duty, you shall not reside in my Palace : which I will not suffer to be made the resort of them who, under the appearance of an attachment to you, foment the division which you have made in my family, and thereby weaken the common interest of the whole.

“In the meantime, it is my pleasure that you leave St. James’s with all your family, when it can be done without prejudice or inconvenience to the Princess. I shall for the present leave to the Princess the care of my granddaughter, until a proper time calls upon me to consider of her education.”

Frederick seems to have thought that he had gone too far. He proposed to make in person an explanation to the Queen, but her Majesty declined to receive him. At his suggestion, the Princess wrote to the King and Queen on his behalf, but her letter had no result. On the other hand, George, in his furious and practically impotent rage, went so far as to publish the “Letters . . . between the King, Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, on the occasion of the birth of the young Princess.” An effective reply was the printing by Frederick of the letters, not very dissimilar, that his father, when Prince of Wales, had written to George I. The King expressed

his wish that no one should visit at Leicester House, but this was so generally disregarded that he entrusted the Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Grafton, to issue the following notice :

“ His Majesty having been informed that due regard has not been paid to his order of September 11, 1737, has thought fit to declare that no person whatsoever, who shall go to pay their court to their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, shall be admitted into his Majesty’s presence, at any of his Royal Palaces.”

“ At the Prince’s Court there is a great revolution,” Horace Walpole wrote in 1745 ; “ he, or rather Lord Granville, or perhaps the Princess (who, I firmly believe, by all her quiet sense, will turn out a Caroline), have at last got rid of Lady Archibald Hamilton, who was strongly attached to the coalition. They have civilly asked her, and grossly forced her to ask civilly to go away, which she has done, with a pension of twelve hundred a year. Lady Middlesex (wife of Charles, Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of Lionel, Duke of Dorset) is Mistress of the Robes. She lives with them perpetually, and sits up till five in the morning at their suppers. Don’t mistake ! not for her person, which is wondrous plain and little : the town says it is for her friend, Miss Granville, one of the Maids of Honour ; but at least yet, there is only scandal. She is a fair, red-haired girl, scarcely pretty ; daughter of the poet, Lord Lansdowne. Lady Berkeley is Lady of the Bedchamber, and a Miss Lawson Maid of Honour.”

Frederick became more and more popular, for there was an impression among those who did not know him that he and his Consort had been scurvily treated. The situation was well put by Justin McCarthy : “ The

truth is, that the people in general, knowing little about the Prince, and knowing a good deal about the King, naturally leaned to the side of the man who might at least turn out to be better than his father." The disgust at St. James's was hearty. "My God, popularity makes me sick but Fritz's popularity makes me vomit," the Queen is reported to have declared emphatically. The King was at least as bitter, and refused to admit him to the Queen's death-bed. Walpole endeavoured to effect a reconciliation, but in vain; but after that Minister's downfall the King and Prince met and embraced—and parted and quarrelled more vigorously than ever until the death of Frederick at Leicester House in the early spring of 1751.

"Here lies Fred
Who was alive and is dead :
Had it been his father
I had much rather ;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another ;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have married her ;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation ;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,—
There's no more to be said."

In the matter of the quarrel between George II and his eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, Walpole in 1737 did not see quite eye to eye with his Majesty, although he had his way on one important matter. "Sir Robert Walpole's misfortune at this time," Hervey commented, "was, that he had not now the resource he used to have on all other occasions, which was making use of the alkali of the Queen's temper to sweeten the acid of the King's ;

for his Majesty needed an alkali to take off the sharpness of her own as much as his Majesty ; and Sir Robert found her not as usual an auxiliary on his side, but another opponent he had to conquer ; and though he could make the conquest, he apprehended himself to be in the same sort of situation with Louis XII after the battle of Ravenna, who said, when he was felicitated on his victory, that such another would ruin him."

The King did not extend to the Princess of Wales his hatred for his eldest son. When he heard of the death of Frederick, he sent Lord North to assure her Royal Highness that he would do everything she could desire, and he followed up this message with a letter in his own handwriting expressing the same sentiments. He became and remained on friendly terms with her, and when, after the period of mourning had expired, he gave orders that the same honours should be hers as had been paid to the late Queen.

Then, the question of a Regency, in the case of a minority—George was only thirteen at the time—had to be settled. At first it was thought that the Princess should be at the head of it ; then that she should have a Council of nine of the great officers of State to be continued in their posts till the majority, which is fixed for eighteen, nothing to be transacted without the assent of the greater number—a sad restriction of power, which her Royal Highness liked not at all.

As the guardian of her eldest son, now Heir-apparent, Augusta occupied an important place in the State, and her Court was well attended by those who hoped for favours to come, perhaps in the near future. She was outwardly most circumspect in her conduct ; but gradually it began to be believed that she was under the influence of John Stuart, Marquis of Bute.

Lord Bute, who was born in 1713, came into the royal circle more by accident than design. Frederick, Prince of Wales, was one day watching a cricket match when it came on to rain. Taking shelter from the shower, he expressed for a rubber of whist. A fourth at the table was wanting—and Lord Bute, then unknown to his Royal Highness, was invited to take the vacant place. The Prince took a liking to him, and in 1749 appointed him one of the Lords of his Bedchamber. After the death of Frederick, he was made Groom of the Stole to young George, with whom he became very popular. Lord Waldegrave described him as having a handsome person, a theatrical air, a pair of well-turned legs, a sententious and solemn pomposity of manner. “The Princess Dowager,” he added ambiguously, “discovered other accomplishments, of which the Prince, her husband, was, perhaps, not so competent a judge.” As for Frederick, he said that Lord Bute would make an excellent Ambassador in a Court where there was no business.

“It had already been whispered that the assiduity of Lord Bute at Leicester House, and his still more frequent attendance at Kew and Carlton House were less addressed to the Prince of Wales than his mother,” Walpole mentioned. “The eagerness of the Pages of the Backstairs to let her know whenever Lord Bute arrived, and some other symptoms, contributed to dispel the ideas that had been conceived of the rigour of her widowhood. On the other hand, the favoured personage, naturally ostentatious of his person, and of haughty carriage, seemed by no means desirous of concealing his conquest. His bows grew more theatric, his graces contracted some meaning, and the beauty of his leg was constantly displayed in the eyes of the poor captivated Princess. . . . Her simple husband when he took up the character of the

Regent's gallantry, had forced an air of intrigue even upon his wife. When he affected to retire into gloomy *allées* with Lady Middlesex, he used to bid the Princess walk with Lord Bute. As soon as the Prince was dead they walked more and more, in honour of his memory." Nor was Walpole the only person to make comment on the relations between the Princess of Wales and Lord Bute. "It cannot be denied," Wraxall said, "that Lord Bute enjoyed a higher place in the favour of the Princess, if not in her affection, than seemed compatible with strict propriety. His visits to Carlton House (which were always performed in the evening), and the precautions taken to conceal his arrival, though they might perhaps have been dictated more by an apprehension of insult from the populace, to whom he was obnoxious, than from any improper reasons, yet awakened suspicion. He commonly made use on these occasions of the chair and the chairmen of Miss Vansittart, a lady who held a distinguished place in her Royal Highness's family: in order more effectually to elude notice, the curtains of the chair were close drawn."

"I am so much convinced," Horace Walpole stated on another occasion, "of an amorous connexion between Lord Bute and the Princess as if I had seen them together." That this was also the general impression may be gathered from a print that was published in which Elizabeth Chudleigh, having been reprimanded for her conduct by the Princess, retorts, "*Chacun à son but.*" Certainly Bute became the most hated man of his day, and his association with the Princess deprived her of such popularity as she had enjoyed. For years there was no caricature so liked by the public as that of "The Boot and the Petticoat." "Bute was hated with a rage of which there have been few examples in English history,"

Thackeray wrote. "He was the butt of everybody's abuse ; for Wilkes's devilish mischief ; for Churchill's slashing satire ; for the hooting of the mob that roasted the boot, his emblem, in a thousand bonfires, that hated him because he was a favourite and a Scotchman, calling him ' Mortimer,' ' Lothario,' I know not what names, and accusing his royal mistress of all sorts of crimes—the grave, lean, demure, elderly woman, who I daresay, was quite as good as her neighbours."

"Do you love royal quarrels ?" Horace Walpole wrote to Richard Bentley in the winter of 1755. "You may be served—I know you don't love an invasion—nay, that even passes my taste ; it will make too much party. In short, the Lady Dowager Prudence [*i.e.* the Princess of Wales] begins to step a little over the threshold of that discretion which she has always hitherto sanctimoniously observed. She is suspected of strange whims ; so strange, as neither to like more German subsidies or more German matches. A strong faction, professedly against the treaties, openly against Mr. Fox, and covertly under the banner of the aforesaid Lady Prudence, arose from all quarters against the opening of the session." Her Royal Highness carried her dislike so far, that when about this time Fox and Sir George Lyttelton, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, kissed her hand, she did not say a word to either.

The position of the Princess of Wales was not altogether pleasant. As regards the education of her children, specially of the Heir-apparent, she and the Ministers held divergent views. The various tutors did not work together in harmony. Indeed, the quarrels between them were very bitter, each being jealous of the other. Lord Harcourt, a Lord of the Bedchamber to the King, had been appointed Governor to George in April 1751 ; the Preceptor was Thomas Hayter, Bishop of Norwich.

Andrew Stone was Sub-governor and Scott Sub-preceptor. Hayter one day found in the Prince of Wales's apartments a copy of Father d'Orleans' *Revolution d'Angleterre*, a book written to justify the measures of James II—a work which, in the opinion of the preceptor, was not fit reading for a lad who was being trained to be a constitutional monarch. There was a rumpus, and Hayter, it is recorded, removed Scott from the royal chamber “by an imposition of hands, that had at least as much of the flesh as the spirit in the force of the action.” “The Bishop of Norwich thinking himself already minister to the future King, expected dependence from, never once thought of depending upon, the inferior Governors,” Walpole relates in *Memoirs of George II*. “In the education of the two Princes, he was sincerely honest and zealous ; and soon grew to thwart the Princess whenever, as an indulgent, or perhaps a little as an ambitious mother (and this happened but too frequently), she was willing to relax the application of her sons. Lord Harcourt was minute and strict in trifles ; and thinking that he discharged his trust conscientiously if on no account he neglected to make the Prince turn out his toes, he gave himself little trouble to respect the Princess, or to condescend to the Sub-governor.”

As a mother, the Princess, however well-intentioned, was not a success. The Court of Saxe-Gotha, from where she had derived her ideas of sovereignty, was despotic, and her advice to the young Prince of Wales was “Be a King, George.” Walpole says that the Prince of Wales lived shut up with his mother and Lord Bute, which “must have thrown them into some difficulties : their connexion was not easily reconcilable to the devotion which they had infused into the Prince ; the Princess could not wish him always present, and yet dreaded him

being out of her sight." Junius in his "Address to the King," did not mince matters. "The plan of tutelage and future dominion over the heir-apparent, laid many years ago at Carlton House, between the Princess Dowager and her favourite, the Earl of Bute, was as gross and palpable as that which was concerted between Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin, to govern Lewis the Fourteenth, and in effect to prolong his long minority to the end of their lives. That Prince had strong natural parts, and used frequently blush for his own ignorance and want of education, which had been wilfully neglected by his mother and her minion. A little experience soon showed him how shamefully he had been treated and for what infamous purposes he had been kept in ignorance. Our great Edward, too, at an early age, had sense enough to understand the nature of the connexion between his abandoned mother and the detested Mortimer. But since that time human nature, we may observe, is greatly for the better. Dowagers may be chaste, and minions may be honest. When it was proposed to settle the present King's household as Prince of Wales, it is well known that the Earl of Bute was forced into it in direct contradiction to the late King's inclination. *That* was the salient point from which all the mischiefs and disgraces of the present reign took life and motion. From that moment Lord Bute never suffered the Prince of Wales to be an instant out of his sight. We need not look farther." But, of course, Junius would say anything.

The King objected to the seclusion that was enforced upon his grandson, who had no youthful companions. "The boy is good for nothing but to read the Bible to his mother," he said ; but he took no definite action, and matters went on very much the same during his lifetime. "The Princess began to perceive an alteration

in the ardour of Lord Bute, which grew less assiduous about her, and increased towards her son," Walpole noted in 1758. "The Earl had attained such an ascendancy over the Prince, that he became more remiss to the mother ; and no doubt it was an easier function to lead the understanding of a youth than to keep up the spirit required by an experienced woman. The Prince even dropped hints against women interfering in politics. These clouds, however, did not burst ; and the creatures of the Princess vindicated her from any breach with Lord Bute with as much earnestness as if their union had been to her honour."

After the accession of George III, the Princess soon ceased to have any influence over her son, and, after Lord Bute retired from the office of Prime Minister, she became entirely negligible in politics.

CHAPTER XIV

HANNAH LIGHTFOOT (*b.* 1730)

THERE have been women who, centuries after they have passed away, still attract much attention by virtue of their beauty, their charm, their misconduct, their influence, or their ways; other women there have been in whom posterity is interested mainly on account of the mystery in which their lives are shrouded. Such a woman of mystery was Hannah Lightfoot, commonly called "The Fair Quaker" and most aptly dubbed by one "The Elusive Quakeress." The human race dearly loves a romance: any story of a lover and his lass is assured of a warm welcome the whole world over; but the story of a royal lover and a maid of low degree always arouses a vast enthusiasm. Let the story be ever so improbable, let it be entirely unsupported by reliable evidence, yet it will most certainly find fervent believers, for whom it has a fascination that scarcely anything else on earth can equal. A great number of articles have been written on the relations, real or imaginary, of Hannah Lightfoot with that Prince of Wales who afterwards became George III. In the sixties of the last century, W. H. Thoms made a thorough investigation of the matter, and he came to the conclusion that the alleged intrigue had no basis in fact. He also expressed the belief that there never was a Hannah



HANNAH LIGHTFOOT
(Ascribed to Sir Joshua Reynolds)

Lightfoot ; but from this position he had to recede when John Heneage Jesse discovered an entry in a Register of the Society of Friends of the birth of a Hannah Lightfoot. From that day to this the controversy has raged intermittently. Mr. Boulton has no doubt that the story is a myth : Miss Mary Pendered inclines to the belief that the Prince of Wales married Hannah, and she clearly has no doubt that if there was not a marriage, there was at least a *liaison* between the woman and the royal youth. Miss Pendered was induced to enter the thorny path of this controversy because, she states, it had fallen to her lot "to know a little more of the girl, Hannah Lightfoot, than is generally known at this time ; not much, it is true, but something on which to found a certain belief." She had, indeed, had the good fortune to see "two or three letters written by Hannah to her mother and a sampler worked by her at school." Unfortunately Miss Pendered has not been able to obtain permission to publish the letters, but she read them some years ago, and remembers several important points, which, we are told, are the *raison d'être* of her book.

"First, I gathered clearly from the letters that Hannah and her mother were not well-to-do. In each missive there were references to pecuniary embarrassments, and strongly expressed desires on the part of the writer to aid her mother in shaking them off," she writes. "Secondly, I found in the faded handwriting distinct evidence of intimate facts that touched me greatly. I read a very warm and affectionate heart in the writer, combined with much delicacy of feeling ; and I could never believe, after reading her letters, that Hannah Lightfoot was anything but chaste of soul, whatever temptations may have assaulted and seduced her. But

the most important 'internal evidence' of the letters was contained in their frequent allusions to 'a Person,' or 'The Person,' I found scattered about the yellow papers. This 'Person' was obviously playing a large part in the writer's life at that moment (unfortunately the letters are undated, so that I cannot definitely state when the exact moment was), and she professed complete trust in him, urging her mother to feel the same. Plainly, Mrs. Lightfoot had heard rumours and was anxious about the girl. The replies are evasive but reassuring. All will be well ; there is nothing to fear ; and she hopes soon to free her dear mother from every difficulty. This I read clearly, and my impression at the time was, as I have said, that Hannah and her mother were poor ; Hannah loved her mother very much ; Hannah implored her mother to trust her and 'a certain Person,' who could be firmly relied upon to work nothing but good in their common fortunes."

From this *précis* of the unpublished correspondence, anyone unacquainted with the legend would merely deduce the fact that the young woman was being wooed by a man of means (or a man pretending to have means), who, being married, or being of a station superior to that of the young woman, had bound her over to maintain secrecy as regards his name. Miss Pendered, knowing the legend, at once fits the letters into the alleged romance. "Is it over-credulous to believe that this 'Person' was George, Prince of Wales?" she asks : adding, "it is otherwise difficult to imagine who it could be." The reply to the question is surely, that it is over-credulous to believe that this "Person" was George, Prince of Wales.

First, let the facts concerning Hannah Lightfoot, that are proved by existing documents, be stated. She was

the daughter of Matthew and Mary Lightfoot, members of the Society of Friends, the father being by trade a shoemaker or cordwainer. She was born at St. John's, Wapping, on October 12, 1730. On December 11, 1753, she was married to Isaac Axford at Keith's Chapel, Mayfair. It was an offence against the laws of the sect for a Quaker to marry outside the body and to be married by a priest. The matter was brought before the Westminster Meeting of the Society of Friends on January 1, 1755, when, it being reported "that Hannah Lightfoot is married by the priest and since absconded from her husband," three members of the Society were charged to visit her and demand an explanation. They could not find her, however, and eventually called on Mrs. Lightfoot, who informed them that her daughter was married by a priest, but that she was not fully satisfied that the young woman was "absented from her husband." In the following January the three members reported that they had "made enquiries after her and cannot hear where she can be spoke with or where she is." Thereupon they, with two other Friends to assist them, were instructed to prepare a Testimony of Denial against Hannah Lightfoot for marrying by a Priest against the known rules of the Society. In March the Testimony of Denial was handed in to the Meeting. It ran as follows :

"Whereas Hannah Lightfoot a Person educated under our Profession and who for Several years past resided with the Compass of the Meeting did then Enter A State of Marriage by the Priest with one not of our Society which is doubly repugnant to the good Rules and orders well known to the Established amongst us on which this Meeting appointed Friends to visit her who Several Endeavours to find where she was in order to speak with

her But to no purpose nor could they Obtain any intelligence where she is We therefore being desirous (as much as in us lies) to Clear the truth which we Profess and our Selves from any Aspersion which through this Misconduct of the said Hannah Lightfoot may be cast upon Friends do hereby testify against Such her Prosedings as Aforesaid and disown her for the same as one with whom we can have no fellowship untill from a penitent Mind and true Contrition of heart she shall be induced to Signifie her unfeigned Sorrow for the offence and that this may be her Case is what We truly desire."

It is known, then, that Hannah, in her twenty-fourth year, married Isaac Axford, and that at some time within twelve months of her marriage, she left her husband. It is known, further, that Axford was born in 1734; that he married again, one Mary Bartlett, in 1759; and that he died in 1816. Beyond this it cannot be too strongly stated, all is conjecture.

Now to trace the history of the legend and to examine its probability. Thoms was unable to discover any reference to the story during the lifetime of George III. Since his day, however, some allusions have been discovered, though not the most careful investigations have produced anything earlier than the following announcement, which appeared in the *Citizen* for February 24, 1776:

"Court Fragments, which will be published by the *Citizen* for the Use, Instruction, and Amusement of Royal Infants and Young Promising Noblemen.

"(II) The History and Adventures of Miss Lt, the Fair Quaker; wherein will be faithfully portrayed some striking pictures of female constancy and princely

gratitude, which terminated in the untimely death of that young lady, and the sudden death of a disconsolate mother."

It was more than a score of years after the alleged intrigue is stated to have begun that this reference to it was made, and even here there is no direct allusion to the King. Not until 1779 was the King named in connection with Hannah Lightfoot, and then only in an article in the *Royal Register*, said to have been written by William Combe, a man who stands convicted of literary forgery, and one always willing to profit by exploiting any scandal.

"It is not believed even at this time, by many people who live in the world, that he King George, had a mistress previous to his marriage," he wrote. "Such a circumstance was reported by many, believed by some, disputed by others, but proved by none; and with such a suitable caution was this intrigue conducted that if the body of the people called Quakers, of which this young lady in question was a member, had not divulged the fact by the public proceedings of their meeting concerning it, it would in all probability have remained a matter of doubt to this day."

The first reputable person to make allusion to the subject was Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his *Memoirs of My Own Times*, published in 1815; but clearly he did not believe in the rumours of the *liaison*.

"Pleasure of every kind, in the common acceptance of the word, as meaning dissipation, presented scarcely any attraction for him the King, even previous to his marriage," he remarks. "Stories were indeed generally circulated, of his attachment to a young woman, a Quaker, about this time of life, just as scandal, many years afterwards whispered that he distinguished Lady

Bridget Tollemache by his particular attentions. The former report was probably well founded ; and the latter assertion was unquestionably true : but those persons who have enjoyed most opportunities of studying the King's character, will most incline to believe, that in neither instance did he pass the limits of innocent gallantry, or occasional familiarity."

There was yet one more reference to the matter during the lifetime of George III, and this is contained in Bridgman's *Sketch of Knole*, published in 1817, wherein a portrait at Knole is described as : "Portrait of Miss Axford. This is the fair Quaker noticed by His Majesty when Prince of Wales."

After the death of the monarch, allusions to Hannah and her relations with him became numerous. Huish, a writer so unreliable that his uncorroborated testimony is valueless, referred to the matter in his *Public and Private Life of George III*, dating the intrigue as beginning shortly after the attempt of George II to marry his heir to the Princess Sophia of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel : "His [the Prince of Wales's] affections became enchained, he looked no more to Saxe-Gotha nor to Brunswick for an object on which to lavish his love ; he found one in the secret recesses of Hampton, whither he often repaired, concealed by the protecting shades of night ; and there he experienced, what seldoms falls to the lot of princes, the bliss of the purest love. The object of his affections became a mother, and strengthened the bond between them."

The year 1821 in which Huish published his biography of George III, saw the commencement of a lengthy correspondence anent Hannah Lightfoot in the pages of the *Monthly Magazine*. The ball was set rolling in April by a correspondent "B," who stated that, "All the world's

acquainted with the attachment of the late King to the beautiful Quakeress of the name of Wheeler. The lady disappeared on the royal marriage in a way that has always been interesting because unexplained and mysterious. I have been told she is alive, or was lately." He asked for further information, and in the July number of the periodical it was supplied by "Warminsteriensis."

"Your correspondent enquires for an account of the fair Quaker who once engaged the affections of Prince George. Her name was not Wheeler but Hannah Lightfoot. She lived with her father and mother at the corner of St. James's Market, who kept a shop there (I believe a linen-draper's). The Prince had often noticed her on his way from Leicester House to St. James, and was struck with her person. Miss Chudleigh, late Duchess of Kingston, became his agent. The royal lover's relations took alarm and sent to enquire out a young man to marry her. Isaac Axford was a shopman to Barton the grocer, on Ludgate Hill, and use to chat with her when she came to shop to buy groceries.

"Perryn, of Knightsbridge, it was said, furnished a place of meeting for the royal lover. An agent of Miss Chudleigh called on Axford, and proposed that on his marrying Hannah he should have a considerable sum of money.

"Hannah staid a short time with her husband, when she was taken off in a carriage, and Isaac never saw her more. Axford learned that she was gone with Miss Chudleigh. Isaac was a poor-hearted fellow, or, by making a bustle about it, he might perhaps have secured to himself a good provision. He told me, when I last saw him, that he presented a petition to St. James, which was not attended to; also that he had received some money from Perryn's assignees on account of his wife.

“ Isaac lived many years as a respectable grocer at Warminster, his native place, but retired from business before his death, which took place about four years ago, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

“ Many years after Hannah was taken away, her husband, believing her to be dead, married again to a Miss Bartlett of Keevil, North Wilts, and by her succeeded to an estate at Chevrell of about £150 a year. On the report reviving, a few years since, of his first wife’s being still living, a Mr. Bartlett, first cousin to Isaac’s second wife, claimed the estate on the plea of the invalidity of this second marriage.

“ It is said that the late Marquis of Bath, a little before his death, reported that she was then living, and the same has been asserted by other gentlemen of this neighbourhood.”

The Editor of the *Monthly Magazine* also made enquiries. He found that the Axford family were still grocers on Ludgate Hill, and from a son of Isaac by his second marriage gleaned the following information :

“ Hannah lived six weeks with her husband, who was fondly attached to her ; but one evening, when he happened to be from home, a coach and four came to the door, when she was conveyed into it and carried off at a gallop, no one knew whither. It appears her husband was inconsolable at first, and at different times applied for satisfaction about his wife at Weymouth and other places, but died after sixty years in total ignorance of her fate. It has, however, been reported that she had three sons by her lover, since high in the army ; that she was buried in Islington under another name ; and even that she is still alive.”

Further particulars were given by a correspondent in September :

“ Isaac Axford never cohabited with Hannah Lightfoot. She was taken away from the church door the same day they were married, and he never heard of her afterwards. Miss Chudleigh (the late Duchess of Kingston) was the agent employed to get Isaac to marry her, with a promise of a small sum of money. Isaac was then a shopman to Bolton the grocer on Ludgate Hill, and she lived with her father and mother at the corner of St. James Market, and the King frequently saw her at the shop door as he drove by in going to and from Parliament, etc. A Mr. Perryn of Knightsbridge was a relation of hers, and at his death left her forty pounds a year, which Isaac had. Axford presented a petition to the King himself about her in the Park on his knees, as directed, but obtained but little redress.”

These communications attracted much attention, and the subject was not allowed to drop for a long time, and in October an “ Inquirer,” whom Thoms believed to be Olivia Wilmot Serres, supplied a letter from a cousin of Hannah Lightfoot :

“ Hannah Lightfoot, when residing with her father and mother, was frequently seen by the King when he drove to and from Parliament House. She eloped in 1754, and was married to Isaac Axford at Keith’s Chapel, which my father discovered about three weeks after, and none of her family have seen her since, though her mother had a letter or two from her, but at last died of grief. There were many fabulous stories about her, but my aunt (the mother of Hannah Lightfoot) could never trace any to be true.”

“ Inquirer ” supplemented this with the statement that the general belief of Hannah’s friends was that she was taken into keeping by Prince George immediately

after her marriage with Axford, and that she never lived with her husband. Mrs. Piozzi, annotating Wraxall's *Memoirs*, put as a footnote to the passage quoted earlier in this paper, "Hannah's son by Prince George is still alive." "Inquirer" had something to say of another child :

"I have lately seen a half-pay cavalry officer from India, who knew a gentleman of the name of Dalla, who married a daughter of Hannah Lightfoot by the King, but who is dead, leaving several accomplished daughters, who, with the father, are coming to England. These daughters are secluded from society like nuns, but no pains spared in their education. Probably on the arrival of this gentleman more light will be thrown on the subject than now exists."

At last, almost every statement that had been made by one correspondent having been contradicted by another, there seemed nothing left to say, but in July 1822, "T. G. H." supplied a long article to the *Monthly Magazine*, giving an account of how one Jack M——, assisted by a Mrs. H—— procured Hannah for the Prince, who kept her at Lambeth, or Knightsbridge, or elsewhere. He made the abduction take place from St. James's Market, that is to say, before the marriage of Hannah and Axford, of which he was clearly in ignorance. Two months later "Warminsteriensis" made a further communication :

"It is certain that the fair Quaker's name was Hannah Whitefoot, and not Wheeler. I showed to Axford's own niece only yesterday the account given by T. G. H. She admits all he says about the situation of the shop, and the way Prince George got a sight of her in his frequent visits to the Opera House. To put a stop to these visits was the reason of her being married to Axford,

who had paid her some attention while he was shopman at a grocer's on Ludgate Hill. Mrs. S——, his niece, told me yesterday, that after they married they cohabited for a fortnight or three weeks, when she was one day called out from dinner, and put into a chaise and four and taken off, and he never saw her afterwards. Mrs. S—— says it was reported that the Prince had several children by her, one or two of whom became generals in the army. When Axford, many years after, married a second wife, and it was reported that Hannah was still living, the late Lord Weymouth on enquiry asserted that she was not then living."

The last word in the *Monthly Magazine* was said in December 1822, by "Curiosus," who mentioned that he had dealt with Axford the grocer at the corner of the Old Bailey, for nearly half a century, and that the marriage between Hannah and Axford had been arranged by a certain eminent surgeon.

As this closes the first phase, it is well to pause awhile, and summarize the legend as it has been enfolded by the various persons about a century ago after the events are supposed to have happened.

The young woman was called Hannah Wheeler, or Lightfoot. How she came to be alluded to as Wheeler, and spoken of as living with her father and mother, is explained by Miss Pendered, who states that after the death of Matthew Lightfoot in 1732, his daughter Hannah went, sooner or later, to live with her maternal uncle, Henry Wheeler, a linen-draper, whose shop was at the eastern corner of St. James's Market (near where Waterloo Place now stands).

The Prince of Wales frequently passed by this shop on his way from Leicester House to St. James's Palace, or the Opera House, and he was attracted by the good

looks of the young woman, who used to watch the royal procession.

The Prince used to meet her at a place arranged by Perryn of Knightsbridge.

Jack M—— procured Hannah for the Prince when she was living with the Wheelers, and the Prince took her into keeping.

The Prince visited Hannah at Wheeler's shop, and to put an end to these visits her relatives married her to Axford, who had been courting her.

Elizabeth Chudleigh (on behalf of the Court) paid Axford to marry Hannah, and then carried her off to the Prince.

From these four statements it will be seen that Hannah's *liaison* with the Prince began before her marriage and that her *liaison* with the Prince began after her marriage; that Axford married because he was in love with her and that he married her because he was paid to do so; that the Wheelers urged her to marry Axford so as to get her out of the Prince's reach, and that Miss Chudleigh bribed Axford to marry Hannah so as to get her into the Prince's reach.

Axford, by the way, was shopman to Barton or Bolton, a grocer on Ludgate Hill; he was a grocer trading for himself for fifty years at the corner of the Old Bailey and Ludgate Hill; and he lived for many years as a respectable grocer at Warminster.

The Prince kept Hannah at Knightsbridge, or Lambeth, or Hampton, or elsewhere.

Axford did not know what had become of his wife, and he knew that the Prince had her abducted, for he presented a petition to the Prince begging that Hannah be restored to him, and this petition he presented on his knees in the Park, or at St. James's, or at Weymouth.

Hannah was taken away from her husband at the church door, or two or three weeks after marriage, or six weeks after marriage. She was called away from the dinner-table and taken away in a coach, and she was taken away when her husband was out. Also, from another account (quoted by Miss Pendered from a letter in her possession, the date of which is unfortunately not given) the enquirer learns further :

“ I have heard my mother tell, some few times, what her grandmother told her, *viz.* that her father married Hannah Lightfoot, who was taken from him at the Church door, and driven away in a travelling coach. He followed on horseback until his horse dropped, but was unable to overtake the coach, because the driver shouted ‘ Royal Family,’ and immediately the turnpike gates were opened and the coach passed through, while he had to stop to pay the toll. He also said his father appealed to the King for his wife. But he never heard anything of her.”

To continue—no one ever knew what became of Hannah after she left Axford, and the anxiety so preyed upon her mother that she died suddenly of grief and shame—about seven years after her daughter had eloped. It is further stated that Hannah disappeared mysteriously at the time of the King’s marriage, which took place in 1761 ; but if it is known that she disappeared then, someone must have been aware of her existence during the past eight years. That person has kept his knowledge to himself—which is a pity, because it is the one piece of information essential to the solution of the mystery.

The secret of Hannah’s death has been preserved as carefully as the secret of her life. Axford married again

in 1759, and, as bigamy was then a capital offence, it is a fair assumption that he had reason to believe she was dead. Lord Weymouth is said to have declared she was dead in 1759; the Marquis of Bath, who died in 1796, is stated to have said a few years earlier that she was still living; and there were persons who asserted in 1822 that she had only recently died, and others who asserted that she was even then alive—at such date she would have attained the patriarchal age of fourscore and twelve.

This then is the legend of Hannah Lightfoot as it was unfolded in 1821-22, and who reads may well think it strange that there are still folk who assert that the story is well supported. The evidence, if such it can be called, which would connect the names of Prince George and Hannah Lightfoot would fail to convict a Rochester or a Casanova or “Old Q” of the commonest intrigue. Indeed, the more the legend is examined, the more surprising it seems that there can be people who accept it.

Of Hannah Lightfoot nothing is known save that she was good-looking—beautiful, it has been said, though this report is not substantiated by the Knole portrait. Miss Pendered having read some of Hannah’s letters, declares that she must have been a good woman; but against this Miss Pendered is anxious to show that this good young woman of three-and-twenty ran off with a boy of fifteen—which, if it were true, would scarcely bear out such a view of Hannah’s character.

Of George, Prince of Wales, much is known. A dull, lethargic lad, over-worked, over-watched, over-managed, he was the last person in the world to arrange at the age of fifteen the abduction of a woman, and to arrange it so well that the secret has not to this day been discovered.

Horace Walpole, who heard most things, never heard of Hannah Lightfoot, for if he had it is certain such a tit-bit of scandal would have been imparted to at least one of his correspondents.

“Peter Pindar,” that scallywag who contrived to hear of even the most trivial happenings at Court, certainly never heard of it, else undoubtedly there would have been an allusion to it in one of his lampoons. When George III in 1770 heard of the Duke of Cumberland’s intrigue with Lady Grosvenor, “I cannot enough express how much I feel at being in the least concerned,” he wrote to Lord North, “in an affair that my way of thinking has ever taught me to hold as highly improper ;” and when eleven years later he heard of his eldest son’s entanglement with “Perdita” Robinson, “I am happy at being able to say,” he said to the same Minister, “that I was never personally engaged in such a transaction, which perhaps makes me feel this the stronger.” Whatever opinion may be held of George as a Sovereign, every one is agreed as to the moral conduct of his domestic life. There is, then, everything against the theory of the abduction by this boy of fifteen of a woman eight years his senior. It is probable that he may have seen her ; it is possible that, as the chronicler of Knole puts it, he may have “noticed” her ; but it is all Lombard Street to a china orange that he never went further than to express his admiration. Such admiration would certainly draw attention to the young woman, and the *roués* of the day may well have subsequently clustered round her, and one of them may have induced her to leave her husband and follow him.

As regards the children said to be borne by Hannah to the Prince of Wales, there is no evidence that the Prince of Wales was the father. A doctor in the Madras Medical

Service was said to have married a daughter ; a family in South Africa is said to have been descended from a son ; and, at the time of Thom's investigations, no less than three other families wrote to him, claiming to be descended from other children.

The fact is, that there is no proof of the intrigue between the Prince and Hannah, and that it is but a mere assumption that they ever saw one another ; it is not necessary at any great length to discuss the question of a marriage between them, that was first made known to an astonished and, it must be confessed, a credulous world in 1824, in an anonymous work entitled, *An Historical Fragment relative to her late Majesty Queen Caroline*. From this book one brief passage may be quoted :

“ The Queen [Caroline] at this time laboured under a very curious, and to me unaccountable, species of delusion. She fancied herself in reality neither a queen nor a wife. She believed his present Majesty to have been actually married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and she as fully believed that his late Majesty George the Third was married to Hannah Lightfoot, the beautiful Quakeress, previous to his marriage with Queen Charlotte, and as that lady did not die until after the birth of the present King and his Royal Highness the Duke of York, her Majesty really considered the Duke of Clarence the true heir to the throne. . . . I was requested to call upon Mrs. Hancock to make enquiries relative to what she might think on the subject, as she had the pleasure of being intimate with Miss Lightfoot. I was also requested to see the person who styled herself (whether justly or unjustly signifies little to the subject) Princess of Cumberland, to know if any of her real or presumed documents contained references to that subject.”

What the “ Princess of Cumberland ” could know, or

who Mrs. Hancock was, is not clear. The author of the *Fragment* sent someone to interview Mrs. Hancock, who stated that "all the documents were in her own possession." What these documents were it cannot be imagined, unless they were the marriage certificates that were later printed in *The Appeal to Royalty*.

The writer of the *Fragment* followed the general lines of the legend in the *Monthly Magazine*, but this was embellished in the *Authentic Records of the Court of England for the last Seventy Years*, written, there is every reason to believe, by that Mrs. Serres who claimed to be Princess Olivia of Cumberland. According to this authority the Prince of Wales saw Hannah and fell in love with her :

"One individual only was the friend of the Prince on this occasion, and in the year 1759 the Prince was legally married to this lady, Hannah Lightfoot, at Curzon Street Chapel, Mayfair. The only witness of royal faith was the Prince's eldest brother Edward, Duke of York, who at all times was the adviser or friend of George, and whose honour the prince knew was inviolable."

The Ministry, so this story goes, became alarmed, abducted the girl, and paid Axford to marry her. The King was distracted, and "entreated Lord Chatham to go in disguise and endeavour to trace her abode." The Great Commoner obeyed the Monarch's behest, but his search was unsuccessful. In the *Authentic Records* it is stated that Dr. Wilmot, in the presence of Edward, Duke of York, remarried the King and Queen at Kew in 1765. Finally, in *The Appeal to Royalty* of Mrs. Serres' daughter, Mrs. Ryves, published in 1858, it is stated—and copies of the certificates are printed—that Dr. Wilmot married Hannah to the Prince of Wales, first at Kew Chapel on April 17, 1759, and again at their residence at

Peckham on May 27 of the same year, William Pitt and Anne Taylor being the witnesses, and Edward, Duke of York, being present on each occasion. The certificates were subsequently produced in a Court of Law, and pronounced by the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, and Sir J. P. Wilde to be beyond all question forgeries.

Miss Pendered apparently believes in the authenticity of these certificates, and adduces reasons why the Prince of Wales might have married Hannah, even though Hannah had already married Axford. A Marriage Act was passed in June 1753, to abolish the Fleet marriages, etc., but it did not become operative until Lady Day of the following year. "Might not any two persons who desired to be free of an irksome bond very naturally conclude that the tie was not binding after this Bill had been drafted and passed?" Miss Pendered asks. "It would not be very surprising, therefore, if George thought himself free to marry Hannah Lightfoot, even after she had married Axford, seeing that she was a Quaker, and Quakers (having marriage sacraments of their own) were declared outside the marriage law, that Keith's Chapel was closed in March, 1754, a few months after her wedding there; and that the new Marriage Act pronounced no union legal unless certain formalities had been observed. It is remarkable, to say the least of it, that Axford married again in the same year that George is most generally reported to have married Hannah."

Now if there is one thing clear in the whole involved legend, it is that Axford did not know that the Prince of Wales had married Hannah, and consequently his second marriage cannot have been the outcome of this. It may also be remarked that, even if George did not know the provisions of the Marriage Act, it is certain that Pitt did,

and that he would not have acted as a witness at a bigamous alliance of the heir to the Throne—though, indeed, he was just as likely to do this as to be present at the Prince of Wales's secret marriage, or to roam through the London streets in disguise in search of the residence of Hannah Lightfoot. Now, one of the facts concerning Hannah Lightfoot is that she left her husband at some time between the day of the marriage, December 11, 1753, and the end of the following year ; and one of the probabilities, for here the correspondents to the *Monthly Magazine* corroborate one another, is that she left him at latest within six weeks of the marriage. The date of the alleged marriage of Hannah Lightfoot with the Prince of Wales is always given as 1759. What then was Hannah doing, and where was she living, during the intervening five years ? Until that question is answered by those who support the marriage, it is unnecessary for those who do not believe in it, and who can see not the slightest reason even to regard it as feasible, to concern themselves further with the matter.

Will one ever hear anything more of Hannah Lightfoot ?

INDEX

A

- Addison, Joseph, 16, 84, 159, 170, 171
 Amelia (daughter of George II), 41, 147, 218
 Ancaster, Duchess of, 238, 239
 Anne, Queen of England, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 62, 63
 Anne, Princess Royal (daughter of George II), 32, 41, 42, 122, 147, 268, 269
 Apsley, Henry Bathurst, first Baron. *See* Bathurst
 Arbuthnot, Dr. John, 74, 102, 179, 236
 Aremberg, Duke of, 190
 Argyll, John Campbell, second Duke of, 23, 24, 29, 30
 Argyll, John Campbell, fourth Duke of, 37, 99, 202, 203, 204, 205, 207
 Albemarle, Lady, 217
 Atterbury, Dr. Francis, Bishop of Rochester, 151
 Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, 124, 137, 138, 139, 140, 267-283
 Axford, Isaac, 287, 288, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 302, 303
 Axford, Mrs. Isaac. *See* Lightfoot, Hannah

B

- Baltimore, Lord, 249, 252, 253
 Bartlett, Mary. *See* Lightfoot, Hannah
 Bateman, Lady, 218

- Bath, William Pulteney, first Earl of, 177, 178, 179, 220
 Bathurst, Allen, first Earl, 44, 78, 81, 82, 83, 84; correspondence *quoted*, 82-83
 Bathurst, Henry, second Earl, 84
 Beauchamp, Viscount, 224
 Beaulieu, Lord, 244
 Bedford, Duchess of, 123, 244
 Belhaven, John Hamilton, second Baron, 36
 Bellenden, Hon. Henry, 37
 Bellenden, Hon. Madge, 40
 Bellenden, Hon. Mary. *See* Campbell, The Hon. Mrs. John
 Bellenden, John, second Baron, 199
 Bentley, Richard, 280
 Berkeley, Countess of, 37, 275
 Berkeley, Earl of, 24, 256, 257
 Berkeley, Hon. George, 114
 Bernstorff, Andreas Gottlieb, Baron von, 22, 29, 155
 Big, Sarah, 136
 Bingley, William; his biography of Frances, Duchess of Somerset, *quoted*, 223
 Blount, Madge, 66
 Blount, Martha, 40, 66, 78
 Bolingbroke, Henry St. John, Viscount, 147
 Bolton, Duchess of, 37
 Booth, Hon. Langham, 37
 Bowde, Mrs., 151
 Bradshaw, Miss, 37
 Brand, Mr., 220
 Bridgewater, Duchess of, 243
 Brill, Paul, 228
 Bristol, Augustus John, third Earl of, 197

Bristol, Frederick Augustus, fourth Earl of, 197
 Bristol, George William Hervey, second Earl of, 197
 Bristol, John Hervey, first Earl of, 177, 186, 194, 197
 Bristol, Lady (second wife of John, first Earl), 186
 Brooke, Lord, 220, 221
 Buckenburgh, Countess of, 38, 149, 155, 156
 Buononcini, 269
 Burlington, Countess of, 243
 Burnet, Dr. Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury, 158, 223
 Bute, Countess of, 173
 Bute, John Stuart, third Marquis of, 173, 277, 278, 279, 280, 282, 283

C

Cadogan, Charles, second Baron, 30
 Campbell, Hume, 240
 Campbell, John (of Mamore), 203
 Campbell, Colonel John. *See* Argyll, fourth Duke of.
 Campbell, The Hon. Mrs. John, 36, 37, 38, 40, 42, 63, 66, 151, 156, 176, 184, 185, 199-205, 207
 Cardigan, Countess of, 244
 Cardigan, Earl of, 244
 Carlyle, Thomas, 267
 Caroline (daughter of George II), 41, 57, 58, 147
 Caroline of Anspach (Consort of George II), 11, 21, 24, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 40, 42, 43, 44, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 62, 63, 74, 75, 76, 92, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106-113, 116, 117, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 130, 131, 132, 134, 135, 136, 140, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 156, 166-168, 176, 183, 209, 212, 218, 222, 223, 233, 234, 267, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 301
 Carter, Mrs. Elizabeth, 224
 Carteret, Bridget, 88, 188, 204
 Carteret, John, second Baron. *See* Granville
 Cathcart, Charles, 37
 Charles II, King of England, 37, 149
 Charles Edward ("The Young Pretender"), 190
 Charles VI, Emperor, 11
 Chatham, William Pitt, first Earl of, 190, 239, 240, 302
 Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of, 44, 85, 190, 269; correspondence *quoted*, 40, 65, 85-87, 101, 105, 106, 138, 179, 183
 Chetwynd, Lady, 114, 115
 "Christening, The," 25
 Churchill, Charles, 177, 280
 Churchill, General Charles, 37, 93
 Cibber, Colley, 132
 Clarke, Dr. Alured, Dean of Exeter, 130; correspondence *quoted*, 132-133, 134-135
 Clarke, Dr. Samuel, 130
 Clavering, Mary. *See* Cowper, Countess.
 Clayton, Mrs. Charlotte. *See* Sundon, Lady.
 Clayton, William. *See* Sundon, Baron
 Clayton, Dr. Robert, Bishop of Cork, 129, 130
 Clarendon, Thomas Villiers, first Earl of, 63, 64
 Cobham, Lady, 238
 Coke, Thomas, 42, 148
 Combe, William, his "Court Register" *quoted*, 289
 Compton, Sir Spencer. *See* Wilmington

Condé, Prince of, 193
 Congreve, William, 150, 159, 227
 Conway, Lord, 220, 221
 Cowper, Mary, Countess, 37, 124,
 142-156, 196; her *Diary quoted*,
 29-32, 34, 35
 Cowper, Lady Susan, 151, 152
 Cowper, William, first Earl, 29, 30,
 31, 142, 143, 144, 145, 151, 154,
 156
 Craggs, James, the younger, 30, 31,
 32, 62, 75, 151, 168
 Craven, Elizabeth, Baroness, 174
 Croker, John Wilson, 37
 Cumberland, Princess Olivia. *See*
 Serres.
 Cumberland, William Augustus,
 Duke of, 43, 53, 57, 270
 Curll, Edmund, 181

D

Dalkeith, Lady, 114
 Darlington, Earl of, 246
 Darlington, Sophia, Countess of,
 40, 42, 48, 153; correspondence
quoted, 125-126
 Delany, Mrs., 124, 238
 Deloraine, Henry Scott, first Earl
 of, 36
 Deloraine, Lady, 155
 Denbigh, Lady, 210
 Denbigh, William Feilding, third
 Earl of, 157
 Devonshire, William Cavendish,
 second Duke of, 32
 Dodington, Bub. *See* Melcombe
 Dorchester, Henry Pierrepont, first
 Marquess of. *See* Kingston-
 upon-Hull, first Duke of
 Dorchester, Lady, 147
 Dorset, Duchess of, 105, 218
 Dorset, Lionel, Duke of, 275
 Douglas, Lady William. *See* Vane,
 Viscountess
 Douglas, Lord Charles, 229, 246

Douglas, Lord William, 255
 Draper, Elizabeth, 83
 Drelincourt, Mrs., 235
 Drumlanrig, Henry, Earl of, 229,
 245
 Dryden, John, 193
 Duck, Stephen, 131, 132, 133, 134,
 135, 136
 Dyve, Charlotte. *See* Sundon,
 Lady
 Dyve, Dorothy, 37, 137, 138, 154,
 188, 217; correspondence *quoted*,
 137-138, 139-140, 141-142
 Dyve, John, 116

E

Edwin, Lady Charlotte, 238
 Egerton, Lady Diana, 243
 Eleanora Erdmutha Louisa, Mar-
 gravine of Brandenburgh-Ans-
 pach, 11
 Ernest Augustus (brother of
 George I), 30
 Ernest Augustus, Elector of Han-
 over, 14
 Essex, William Capel, third Earl
 of, 272
 Eusden, Laurence, 131

F

Fagniani, Maria. *See* Hertford
 Fagniani, Marquis, 246
 Falmouth, Viscountess, 123
 Farrington, George, 205
 Farrington, Mary. *See* Selwyn,
 Mrs. John
 Fermoy, Lady Charlotte, 213
 Fermoy, Lady Sophia, 213, 215
 Feilding, Lady Mary, 157
 Ferrers, Lady, 263
 Fitzgerald, George, 198
 Fitzherbert, Mrs. Maria, 300
 Floyd, Mr., 145

Forster, Lady, 209
 Fox, Charles James, 266
 Fox, Henry. *See* Holland
 Frankland, Mr., 219
 Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, 269
 Frederick I, King of Prussia, 11, 190
 Frederick, Prince of Wales, 138, 139, 182, 240, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278

G

Garrick, David, 243
 Garrick, Mrs. David, 243
 Garth, Sir Samuel, 159
 Gay, John, 38, 68, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 94, 95; his poems *quoted*, 39-40, 74, 75, 169, 199; correspondence *quoted*, 76-77, 95, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 233-235
 George I, King of England and Elector of Hanover, 13, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25-27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 62, 147, 148, 168, 179, 267
 George II, King of England and Elector of Hanover, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25-27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 40, 42, 45, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 63, 64, 76, 100, 101, 103, 105, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 117, 118, 121, 122, 132, 149, 150, 153, 156, 166-168, 177, 178, 201, 202, 203, 204, 232, 233, 234, 240, 242, 243, 254, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 282
 George III, King of England and Elector of Hanover, 277, 280,

281, 282, 283, 284, 286, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303
 George Augustus, Electoral Prince of Hanover. *See* George II, King of England
 George Lewis, Elector of Hanover. *See* George I, King of England
 George William, fifth son of George II, 24
 Germaine, Lady Betty, 96, 114, 218; correspondence *quoted*, 96
 Gibson, Dr. Edmund, Bishop of London, 130
 Godolphin, Lord, 124
 Grafton, Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of, 38
 Grafton, Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of, 41, 132, 147, 275
 Grandison, Viscount, 101
 Grant, William. *See* Preston-grange, Lord
 Grantham, Thomas Robinson, first Baron, 26, 27, 41
 Granville, John Carteret, Earl, 46, 215, 216, 275
 Granville, Lady, 124, 241
 Granville, Miss, 275
 Griffin, Miss, 38
 Gwyn, Nell, 37

H

Halifax, Charles Montagu, Earl of, 16, 63, 170
 Hamilton, Duchess of, 174
 Hamilton, Lady Archibald, 238, 247, 248, 249, 271, 272
 Hamilton, Lord Archibald, 248
 Hamilton, James Douglas, fourth Duke of, 255
 Hanbury-Williams, Sir Charles; his "New Ode to a Great Number of Men Newly Made" *quoted*, 46

Hancock, Mrs., 301
 Handel, George Frederick, 181, 269
 Harcourt, Mrs., 149
 Harcourt, Simon, first Viscount, 16, 17, 280
 Hardwicke, Philip Yorke, first Earl of, 190
 Harley, Edward; correspondence *quoted*, 27, 32
 Harrington, William Stanhope, first Earl of, 246
 Hawes, Frances Anne. *See* Vane, Viscountess
 Hawes, Francis, 254
 Hayter, Thomas, Bishop of Norwich, 280, 281
 Herbert, Hon. Mrs., 37, 154
 Herbert, Lord. *See* Pembroke, Henry Herbert, ninth Earl of
 Herbert, Miss, 88
 Hertford, Frances, Countess of. *See* Somerset, Duchess of
 Hertford, Lady, 140
 Hertford, Lord. *See* Somerset, Algernon Seymour, seventh Duke of
 Hervey, Carr, Lord, 36, 177
 Hervey, Hon. John. *See* Hervey of Ickworth, Baron
 Hervey, General Lord William, 197
 Hervey, Lady Caroline, 198
 Hervey, Lady Emily, 198
 Hervey, Lady Lepell. *See* Mulgrave
 Hervey, Lady Mary, 197
 Hervey of Ickworth, John, Baron, 36, 37, 47, 51, 52, 120, 127, 172, 211, 239, 246, 247, 248, 249, 253; memoirs *quoted*, 36, 40, 43, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 89-90, 99-101, 102-103, 104, 117, 118, 119, 177, 178, 179, 180, 182, 183, 190, 200, 201, 202, 205, 270, 271-272, 276, 277

Hervey of Ickworth, Mary, Lady, 37, 38, 40, 42, 66, 176-198, 199, 211
 Hewet, Mrs., 161
 Hill, Dr., 258
 Hoadly, Benjamin, 119, 130, 189; correspondence *quoted*, 126-127
 Hobart, Henrietta. *See* Suffolk, Countess of
 Hobart, Sir Henry, fourth bart., 61
 Holland, Henry Fox, first Baron, 190, 280
 Holmes, Mrs., 139
 Howard, Hon. Charles, 61, 62, 96, 98, 99, 100, 105; correspondence *quoted*, 97-98
 Howard, Hon. Mrs. Charles. *See* Suffolk, Henrietta, Countess of
 Howe, Emanuel Scrope, 208
 Howe, Scrope, first Viscount, 208
 Howe, Sophia, 37, 66, 208-211
 Hughes, Margaret, 208
 Huish, Robert, his "Life of George III" *quoted*, 290
 Huntingdon, Lady, 238
 Hyde, Lady Catherine. *See* Queensbury, Duchess of

I

Islay, Earl of, 29, 89, 99

J

James II, 147
 Jannsen, Henrietta, correspondence *quoted*, 210
 Jeffreys, Hon. Henrietta Louisa. *See* Pomfret, Countess of
 Jesse, John Heneage, 285
 John Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, 11
 John George, Duke of Saxe-Eisenach, 11

Johnson, Samuel, 253; his biography of Richard Savage *quoted*, 223
 Junius, *quoted*, 282

K

Kendal, Duchess of, 35, 40, 179
 Kent, Duchess of, 123
 Kent, Henry Grey, Duke of, 24, 123
 Kielmansegg, Sophia, Baron of. *See* Darlington, Countess of
 Kingston, Elizabeth [Chudleigh], Duchess of, 279, 291, 293, 296
 Kingston-upon-Hull, Evelyn Pierrepont, first Duke of, 24, 157, 158, 163, 164
 Kirk, Mrs., 144, 145, 153
 Knight, Mr., 257

L

Lansdowne, George Granville, Baron, 275
 Lawson, Miss, 275
 Leibnitz, Gottfried Wilhelm, Baron von, 11, 12, 21
 Lennox, Lady Emily, 242
 Leominster, Thomas Fermor, second Baron. *See* Pomfret
 Lepell, Brig.-Gen. Nicholas, 176
 Lepell, Mary. *See* Hervey of Ickworth, Lady
 Lepell, Thomas, 185
 Lightfoot, Hannah, 284-304
 Lightfoot, Mary, 287
 Lightfoot, Matthew, 287
 Lilly, William, 237
 Lincoln, Lady, 243
 Lonsdale, John Lowther, first Viscount, 210
 Louisa (daughter of George II), 76
 Lovelace, Miss, 217
 Lowther, Anthony, 210, 211
 Lowther, Colonel (of Hackthorp), 210

Lumley, Lord. *See* Scarborough, William Lumley, second Earl of
 Lyttelton, George, first Baron, 280
 Lyttelton, Lady, 239
 Lyttelton, Sir George, 239

M

McCarthy, Justin, *quoted*, 276
 Macclesfield, Countess of, 223
 Macclesfield, Thomas Parker, first Earl of, 27
 Mackercher, Daniel, 258-261
 Mann, Galfriden, 216
 Mann, Sir Horace, 219
 Manners, Lord William, 36
 Mansfield, John Murray, first Earl of, 240
 March, William Douglas, Earl of. *See* Queensberry
 Marlborough, Sarah, Duchess of, 116, 120, 178-179, 183, 200, 201, 268
 Mary, Queen of England, 14
 Masham, Lady, 102
 Mason, Mr., 144
 Mazarin, Cardinal, 282
 Meadows, Margaret, 37, 38, 66, 188, 204, 206-208, 211
 Melcombe, Bubb Dodington, first Baron, 46, 93, 269
 Melmoth, William, 191
 Methuen, Sir Paul, 152
 Middlesex, Countess of, 275, 279
 Modena, Duke of, 243
 Molesworth, Hon. Mrs.; her correspondence *quoted*, 33
 Montagu, Edward Wortley, 159, 160, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 168, 170, 173
 Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, 39, 157-175, 182, 213, 237, 262-263; correspondence *quoted*, 81, 120, 237-239, 256
 Montagu, Lord, 244
 Montagu, Mary Wortley. *See* Bute, Countess of

Montford, Lord, 196
 Montgomery, John, 37
 Mordaunt, Miss, 138, 188
 Morley, Mrs., 143
 Morris, Rev. Edmund, 189, 190,
 197
 Mulgrave, Constantine Phipps, first
 Baron, 197
 Mulgrave, Lady, 197
 Murray, Miss, 40
 Murray, William. *See* Mansfield

N

Nash, Richard ("Beau"), 240,
 241
 Naylor, Mr., 219
 Neale, Mrs., 137
 Newcastle - under - Lyme, Henry
 Fiennes Clinton, second Duke
 of, 256
 Newcastle-under-Lyme, Thomas
 Pelham-Holles, first Duke of,
 24, 25, 26, 33, 34, 46, 113, 190
 North, Lord, 277
 Nottingham, Lady, 147

O

Orange, Prince of, 43, 122, 247,
 268
 Orford, Horace Walpole, fourth
 Earl of, 174, 190, 219, 226, 227;
 correspondence *quoted*, 23, 24,
 114-115, 120, 173-174, 199-200,
 202, 205, 213, 214, 215, 216, 224,
 239, 241, 242, 243, 244, 262,
 275, 278-279, 280, 281-282;
 "Parish Register of Twicken-
 ham" *quoted*, 170; *Memoirs*
quoted, 45, 64, 65, 281
 Orford, Robert Walpole, first Earl
 of, 24, 28, 30, 31, 32, 45, 46, 47,
 48, 49, 53, 54, 55, 59, 92, 93,
 101, 106, 113, 116, 117, 118,
 120, 121, 130, 151, 177, 178,
 205, 246, 268, 276, 277

Orleans, Duchess of; her corre-
 spondence *quoted*, 28
 Ormond, James Butler, second
 Duke of, 153
 Oxford, Robert Harley, first Earl
 of, 32, 74, 78, 106

P

Palmerston, Henry Temple, first
 Viscount, 189
 Partridge, John, 237
 Pembroke, Countess of, 126
 Pembroke, Henry Herbert, ninth
 Earl of, 32, 36, 89
 Pendarves, Mrs. *See* Delany
 Pendered, Miss Mary, her "Life
 of Hannah Lightfoot" *quoted*,
 285, 286, 302-303
 Penzance, James Plaisted Wilde,
 first Baron Penzance, 302
 Peterborough, Charles Mordaunt,
 third Earl of, 67-72, 168
 Pickenbourg. *See* Buckenburgh
 Pierrepont, Hon. Evelyn. *See*
 Kingston-upon-Hull, first Duke
 of
 Pierrepont, Mary. *See* Montagu,
 Lady Mary Wortley
 Pinkerton, John; his "Walpoli-
 ana" *quoted*, 44
 Piozzi, Mrs., *quoted*, 294
 Pitt, Mrs., 101
 Pitt, William. *See* Chatham
 Pollock, Sir Jonathan Frederick,
 first Baronet, 302
 Pomfret, George Fermor, second
 Earl, 221
 Pomfret, Henrietta Louisa, Coun-
 tess of, 120, 121, 140, 212-222,
 237, 256
 Pomfret, Thomas Fermor, first
 Earl of, 120, 127-128, 212
 Pope, Alexander, 38, 73, 75, 84,
 131, 133, 136, 190, 218, 219,
 227, 231, 236; poems *quoted*,

36, 38-39, 60, 66, 165, 169-170, 171, 172, 182, 211; correspondence *quoted*, 42, 59, 73, 76, 77, 236-237, 241

Pope, Mrs., 37

Portland, Lady, 32

Poyntz, Margaret Georgiana, 195

Poyntz, Stephen, 195

Prestongrange, William Grant, Lord, 240

Prior, Matthew, 84, 132, 226, 227

Pulteney, William. *See* Bath

Q

Queensberry, Catherine, Duchess of, 95, 220, 226-245

Queensberry, Charles Douglas, third Duke of, 220, 226, 227, 233, 234, 237, 240, 245

Queensberry, William Douglas, fourth Duke of, 245, 246

R

Ranby, John, 116

Retz, Cardenal, 190

Rich, Lady, 39

Richmond, Duchess of, 217, 242

Rigby, Richard, 190

Robertson, Principal, 266

Robethon, John, 30

Robinson, "Perdita," 299

Rochford, Lord, 220

Rockingham, Lady, 244

Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 192

Rowe, Mrs. Elizabeth, 224

Roxborough, Duchess of, 156

Roxborough, John Ker, first Duke of, 24, 26

Roxburgh, Robert Ker, second Duke of, 197

Rundle, Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Derry, 195

Rupert, Prince, 208

Ruperta, 208

Ryves, Mrs., 302

S

St. Albans, Duchess of, 37, 147, 148, 154

Saunderson, Sir William, 238

Savage, Richard, 131, 132, 223

Scarborough, William Lumley, second Earl of, 31, 36, 88, 209, 210

Schulenburg, Marshal von der, 20, 21

Schütz, Baron George von, 16, 17, 38, 155

Schütz, Mdlle, 154

Schütz, Mr., 93

Scott, George, 281

Scott, Sir Walter, *quoted*, 37

Secret History of Vanella, 253

Sedley, Sir Charles, 147

Selwyn, Col. John, 37, 205

Selwyn, George, 37, 246

Selwyn, George Augustus, 205

Selwyn, Major-General William, 205

Selwyn, Mrs. John, 37, 88, 205-206, 217

Serres, Olivia Wilmot, 293, 301, 302

Sévigné, Mme de, 157

Seymour, Conway, 153

Shebbeare, Dr. John, 257, 258

Shenstone, William, 224

Shirley, Hon. Servallis, 256, 263

Shrewsbury, Duchess of, 34, 140

Sinclair, James, 223

Skerrett, "Molly," 232

Smollett, Tobias, 246, 254, 257, 258, 261, 264, 265, 266; *Peregrine Pickle* *quoted*, 255-256, 258-261

Somerset, Algernon Seymour, seventh Duke of, 36

Somerset, Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of, 222

Somerset, Frances, Duchess of, 212, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 223-225
 Somerville, William, 130
 Sondes, Lady, 244
 Sophia Charlotte, Electress of Brandenburg, 11
 Sophia Dorothea (Consort of George I), 21, 35
 Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, Princess Royal of Prussia, 267
 Sophia, Electress of Hanover, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 62, 63, 168
 Spence, Rev. Joseph; his *Anecdotes quoted*, 159, 173
 Spencer, Lady Diana, 123, 268
 Spencer, Mr., 195
 Stair, James Dalrymple, second Earl of, 178
 Stamford, Thomas Grey, second Earl of, 13
 Stanhope, Charles, 24
 Stanhope, James, first Earl, 23, 24, 36, 170
 Stanhope, William, 232, 233
 Steele, Sir Richard, 84, 130, 159; correspondence *quoted*, 130, 131
 Sterne, Laurence, 83, 192; correspondence *quoted*, 83-84
 Steuart, Lady Frances, 174
 Stone, Andrew, 281
 Stuart, Lady Louisa, *quoted*, 158, 183
 Stuart, Thomas, 266
 Strafford, William Wentworth, fourth Earl of, 114
 Strafford, Countess of, 244
 Suffolk, Henrietta, Countess of, 37, 39, 40, 42, 44, 54, 61-115, 121, 122, 150, 154, 156, 184, 200, 201, 203, 204, 206, 207, 208, 228, 229, 230, 236, 237; correspondence *quoted*, 87-89, 90-91, 97, 98-99, 103-104, 185, 186, 187, 188, 201

Suffolk, Henry Howard, tenth Earl of, 62
 Sunderland, Charles Spencer, third Earl of, 24, 27, 29, 30, 38, 151
 Sundon, Charlotte, Baroness, 37, 93, 116-141, 150, 154, 155, 205, 212
 Sundon, William, Baron, 125
 Swift, Jonathan, 73, 77, 78, 84, 90, 91, 94, 95, 96, 101, 179, 214, 226, 227, 233, 234, 235, 236; poems *quoted*, 72, 78, 136; correspondence *quoted*, 77, 78, 94-95, 231, 235, 236; "Character of Lady Suffolk" *quoted*, 91-94
 Synge, Dr. Edward, Bishop of Clonfert, 129; correspondence *quoted*, 129-130

T

Talbot, Lord, 195
 Tankerville, Charles Bennet, Earl of, 132
 Taylor, Anne, 302
 Taylor, John, 258
 Temple, Lord, 190
 Tenison, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, 14, 129
 Thackeray, W. M., *quoted*, 279-280
 Thomas, Lady Sophia, 243
 Thoms, W. H., 284
 Thomson, James, 133, 224
 Thynne, Frances. *See* Somerset, Duchess of
 Thynne, Hon. Henry, 222
 Titchbourne, Miss, 217
 Titchbourne, Mrs., 37
 Toland, John; his "Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover" *quoted*, 16
 Tollemarche, Lady Bridget, 290
 Townshend, Charles, second Viscount, 24, 29, 32, 47, 150, 151

"Trip to the Garden of Love at Vauxhall," 254
 Townshend, Countess, 214
 Tron, Madame, 153
 Turenne, Viscount Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, 190
 Tyrconnel, Lord; correspondence *quoted*, 131-2

V

Vanbrugh, Sir John, 16, 159
 Vane, Fitz-Frederick, 246, 247, 249, 253, 254
 Vane, Hon. Anne, 37, 182, 188, 246-254, 271
 Vane, Frances Anne, Viscountess, 246, 254-266
 Vane, William, second Viscount, 255, 256, 257, 258, 265
 "Vanella, or, the Humours of the Great," 254
 "Vanella on the Straw," 254
 "Vanessa: the Humours of the Court of Modern Gallantry," 254
 Vansittart, Miss, 279
 Vehse, Edouard; his *Geschichte der Höfe der Hauses Braunschwig in Deutschland und England*, *quoted*, 41
 Vere, Lady Harriet, 142, 143, 144, 145
 Vere, Lady Mary, 153
 Violette, Eva Maria. *See* Garrick, Mrs. David
 Voltaire, 136-137, 176, 190

W

Wake, Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln; correspondence *quoted*, 128
 Wallmoden, Gottlieb Adam von, 48

Wallmoden, Johann Ludwig von, 57
 Wallmoden, Madame von. *See* Yarmouth, Countess of
 Wallop, Mrs., 154
 Walpole, Horace. *See* Orford
 Walpole, Lady, 213, 219
 Walpole, Mrs., 37
 Walpole, Sir Robert. *See* Orford
 Watts, Isaac, 224
 Weedon, Mrs., 144
 Wendt, General Johann Franz Dietrich von, 48
 Westmorland, Lady, 238
 Weymouth, Thomas Thynne, first Viscount, 222
 Wharton, Philip, Duke of, 170, 171
 Wharton, Thomas, Marquis of, 143, 206
 Whiston, William, 132, 134
 Whitehead, Charles, 227
 Wilde, James Plaisted. *See* Penzance
 Wilhelmina, Caroline of Anspach. *See* Caroline of Anspach
 Wilkes, John, 280
 William III, King of England, 14
 Williams, Miss, 217
 Wilmington, Spencer Compton, first Baron, 44, 45, 46, 47
 Wilmot, Dr., 302
 Wolseley, Frances, 116
 Woodford, Mr., 151
 Worsly, Mr., 219
 Wortley, Anne, 159, 162
 Wraxall, Sir Nathaniel, *Memoirs quoted*, 279, 289

Y

Yarmouth, Countess of, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 105, 121
 York and Albany, Ernest Augustus, Duke of, 24, 30
 York, Edward, Duke of, 302
 Young, Edward, 191

